

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

When he began the practice of law at Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, in 1845, in the firm of Buckland and Hayes (1845-1849), after his graduation from the Harvard Law School and his admission to the Bar of Ohio at Marietta.



**DIARY AND LETTERS OF  
RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES**



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RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD  
HAYES**

**NINETEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES**

**EDITED BY  
CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS**

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**VOLUME I  
1834 — 1860**

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## PREFATORY NOTE

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THE *Diary and Letters* of Rutherford Birchard Hayes contain so much of interest, both in revealing the character of their author and in throwing light on the social and political history of their period, that the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society renders a most useful service in providing for their publication. In arranging the material for the press, I have striven to give exactly what Mr. Hayes wrote. If at times the text here differs in small details from that of the same passage as it appears in the *Life*, it is due to the fact that further study of Mr. Hayes's handwriting, which often was very crabbed and difficult, has enabled me to decipher the true reading.

Not all the extant letters are given, nor every entry in the *Diary*. Many letters of purely family interest, and many passages in the *Diary* of a similar quality, or that were mere memoranda of ephemeral significance, are omitted. I have preferred, however, to err on the side of fullness rather than the reverse. Moreover, letters have frequently been curtailed by omitting unimportant portions. This is shown in the text.

The only liberties I have taken with the text are, (1) to write out most abbreviations and to give full names where initials only were used; (2) to make the punctuation more careful and regular, so as to render the meaning clear; (3) to correct the very few misspellings—most of them obvious slips of the pen. Wherever it seemed necessary to add a word, a sentence, or a paragraph to clarify the text, this has been enclosed in brackets.

CHARLES RICHARD WILLIAMS.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, OCTOBER, 1921.



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**DIARY AND LETTERS OF  
RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES**



# DIARY AND LETTERS OF RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

## CHAPTER I .

### BOYHOOD — VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND

**T**HE earliest extant writing of Rutherford B. Hayes is a narrative, written in his twelfth year giving an account of a visit made in company with his mother and sister to relatives in New England. This was in the summer of 1834. The journey was made by stage, steamboat, and canal boat, with one short railway ride. The journal is in a small paper-covered notebook. The penmanship is reasonably plain and clean, the spelling for the most part accurate, though there are numerous slips especially in proper names, but there is little punctuation and much irregularity in the use of capitals. The narrative follows.]

We left home, Delaware, Wednesday, June 1834; arrived at Lower Sandusky [now Fremont] the same evening. We stayed with Uncle Birchard till the 8th; then went down the Sandusky River to Portland [now Sandusky]. Monday evening went on board the *Henry Clay*. Had a pleasant passage down Lake Erie to Buffalo. We went on board a canal boat Wednesday morning. Arrived at Schenectady Monday morning. Then went on the railroad to Saratoga. Visited the springs and my Grandfather Birchard's grave.

Tuesday, came in the stage to Bennington. Wednesday, came to Wilmington. Thursday, arrived at my Grandfather Hayes', in Brattleboro. We spent a week in this pleasant village. We spent two weeks in the pleasant village of Fayetteville [now Newfane], at my Uncle Austin Birchard's. From there we went over the Brookline mountain to Putney where I had lots of fun with George breaking up bumblebees' nests. We went from

Uncle Noyes' to Chesterfield in New Hampshire. Had a pleasant visit at Mr. Mead's. Had a fine sail on the pond. Came through Westmoreland then to Putney; from there to Dummerston. Had a pleasant visit at my Uncle Roger Birchard's.

We visited many other towns in the State of Vermont. Then to Massachusetts, through Northfield, Montague, Sunderland, and Amherst. The college and Mount Pleasant School at Amherst are most beautiful. We then spent a week in Granby at my Uncles Robbins' and Smith's.

We then started for Chesterfield [Massachusetts]. Went to the summit of Mt. Holyoke. The scene was most delightful. The windings of the beautiful Connecticut, together with the beautiful villages of Northampton, Hadley, Amherst, and Granby below us, presented a scene such as I never beheld before. We then went through the beautiful village of Northampton. The Crowned Hill School at this place is beautifully situated, with trees back of it—which presents a fine appearance. We arrived at Chesterfield the same evening.

We staid [at] Uncle Bancroft's about a week. We had a very pleasant visit. We then went through Williamsburg, Whately, Deerfield, Greenfield, and Guilford, and arrived at Brattleboro the same evening.

I then went to Dummerston; then went to Putney. Staid there an hour, then went to Fayetteville [Newfane] with my Uncle Roger. Staid there three days at my Uncle Austin's—court week. Went several times to Brattleboro. Went up to my grandfather's with Horatio N[oyes]. Staid there over night. Then went to Putney to my Uncle N's [Noyes's], where we are staying now.

Mr. Trowbridge, his wife, and sister from New Haven spent a day at Uncle Noyes'. Mr. Mead and his family came over from Chesterfield to Uncle N's. We then went to Dummerston where we are now, September 25.

We then [on] September 27 went to Brattleboro. I went to meeting; heard Mr. Stark preach. I then went down to the east village to my Uncle William's. With H. N. [Horatio Noyes] we went down to the river. We sent Fanny in after sticks. We then put a board across the brook; we then climbed up the rocks

and went down to where the river run in a very narrow place and so swift [boats] could not get up; so they fixed a large log with a long rope tied to it, so that by tying it [the rope] to the boat [and] by turning the log it will pull the boat up. We then went down to the furnace and saw all the moulds for making stoves, kettles, boilers, and every kind [of] iron ware. We then went to the steam sawmill and saw them drag a log up by steam.

I staid at Uncle W's [William's] over night. H. N. went to New Haven in the morning. It rained today and I stayed in the house and Aunt Hayes and Jane T— made some candy and I had sport enough a-pulling it. The next day I went down to Uncle Elliot's. Took dinner there. In the afternoon Uncle, Aunt, and Jane came there to tea. Samuel Elliot and I went to the paper-mill and saw a great many new things. I then [went] up to my grandfather's.

The next day Uncle W. and Aunt Hayes, Uncle Elliot, Belinda, and Jane came up to tea. Saturday Grandfather and John Pease carried us to Wilmington. Staid over Sunday at Mr. Rugg's.

Start Monday the 6th of October for home. Mr. Rugg carried us to the tavern where we took the stage. Went across the mountain. Could see snow on an opposite mountain. Arrived at Bennington at noon; took dinner there. Passed through Hoo-soc [Hoosick] and Lancenburg [Lansingburg] and arrived at Troy in the evening. In [the evening] I walked all over Troy. It is a very beautiful city. Took the 7 o'clock stage for Schenectady; arrived there at ten. Took a canal boat. Nothing important till Little Falls. There is scarcely a place on the canal.

[Hayes's sister, Frances Arabella Hayes, (always called Fanny), was born at Delaware, Ohio, January 25, 1820. She was educated at a seminary at Putnam, Ohio, being valedictorian of her class at graduation. She was married, September 2, 1839, to William A. Platt, a prosperous business man of Columbus, Ohio. She died July 16, 1856, leaving three daughters and one son. Hayes, who had always been most devoted to her, mourned her loss throughout his life. Soon after her death he wrote his early recollections of her. This narrative is given here because it abounds in interesting details of his boyhood life.]

My sister Fanny Arabella Hayes was born at Delaware, Ohio, January 25, 1820. The family then consisted of our father and mother, Rutherford and Sophia Hayes; an older sister, Sophia; an older brother, Lorenzo; Uncle Sardis, Mother's brother; and a cousin of Mother's, Arcena Smith, afterwards Mrs. Wasson. Sophia died before Fanny's recollection, in 1821, and Lorenzo was drowned at the age of nine years while skating on the mill-pond at Delaware in January, 1825. Fanny always retained a very pleasant recollection of him. He was kind and good-natured, prompt, energetic, and courageous, and the earliest protector of his little sister. Father died before Fanny was three years old, on the 20th of July, 1822, of a fever. I was born a few months afterwards. At the time of my first recollections, our family consisted of Mother, Fanny, Uncle Sardis, Arcena Smith, and myself. It is probable that Mr. Rheine and Mr. Thomas Wasson (afterwards married to Arcena) were members of the family, or lived with us as boarders soon after my father's death. I recollect them both as far back as I remember any one. During these early years Uncle was regarded as the stay of the family and our protector and adviser in every trouble. He was appointed guardian of Fanny and myself, and during all our lives has been a father to us.

We lived in a new two-story brick house on the northeast corner of William and Winter Streets, opposite the old brick Methodist meetinghouse in Delaware. It was building at the time of Father's death and remained in part unfinished until about 1828. Our garden, grass plot, and barnyard occupied, I think, two village lots about twelve rods on William Street by sixteen on Winter Street. We had two apple trees, six or eight fine English cherry trees, several peach trees, a couple of quince, and currant bushes in abundance. At the outer edge of the sidewalk, in front of the house on William Street, were planted a number of locusts, which grew to a large size. The kitchen was an old one-story frame building, fronting on Winter Street, adjoining the new house. About a year after Father's death we moved into the new house, but our resources were so limited that we got no new furniture and were rather scantily supplied. A new bureau and stand, still to be seen in Mother's room at



**HAYES HOME AT DELAWARE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.**  
The first brick dwelling-house in Delaware, Ohio; erected by the father of Rutherford Birchard Hayes, Captain Rutherford Hayes (1787-1822), prior to his death July 20, 1822.





Columbus, and plain wood-bottomed chairs, a gilt-framed looking-glass, a good carpet, and cheap curtains furnished the parlor. We were well provided with all that was necessary for comfort and our red-brick house, built fronting on the street, was as grand as the houses of our neighbors. I do not know that Fanny or myself ever envied the condition or possessions of our friends, except, perhaps, the picture and story books which Mr. Pettibone, the leading lawyer of the village, gave his children. And after Uncle Birchard went into business we were well supplied with everything of the sort by him.

Mother's income was derived from the rent of a good farm about ten miles north of town on the east side of the Whetstone. We received as rent one-third of the crops and half of the fruit, delivered at our barn and house in town.

The great events of our childhood were connected with this farm. We visited it three or four times a year, each trip occupying a whole day. Sugar-making, cider-making, cherry time, and gathering hickory nuts and walnuts were the occasions of these long looked for and delightful trips. Mother sometimes rode on horseback, carrying one and sometimes both of us on the horse behind her. Generally, however, we walked and crossed the river a short distance below the farm in a canoe. The tenants always were attentive to Fanny and myself. They gave us colored eggs filled with sugar at Easter, pet birds, squirrels, rabbits, quail's eggs, turtle's eggs, and other curious gifts easily found in the country at that time.

My earliest recollection of Fanny is as my protector and nurse when I was a sickly, feeble boy, three or four years old. She would lead me carefully about the garden and barnyard and on short visits to the nearest neighbors. She was loving and kind to me and very generous. With the grown persons in the family she was at this time quick-tempered and obstinate. Uncle Birchard, to tease her, would put her on the mantel-piece and tell her she must stay there until she asked him to take her down. This she would not do, but sitting perfectly upright to avoid falling, her face flushed with anger, she would bid him defiance, and rarely if ever gave up. She slept with Arcena and loved her dearly. The first important incident of her life, which I recollect,

was a long and severe illness in the summer of 1827. At one time her life was despaired of, and for many weeks she was dangerously sick. After the disease (dysentery) left her, she was a long time regaining her strength. It was in the summer during the warmest weather. After she was able to sit up, I daily gave her little rides upon a small hand-sled which with great difficulty I hauled about the garden. We were both very happy. I can remember no happier days in childhood than these. Fanny was very grateful and appeared so glad that I could be happy spending the days with her. We have often spoken of it in later years and recurred to that period as the beginning of the warm attachment which has lasted during life. While she was recovering she had a wonderful appetite and ate with the keenest relish potatoes roasted in the ashes and slices of fat pork broiled on the coals. I shall never forget with what delight we all watched her as she was eating.

About this time we first began to go to school together. Fanny was always the best scholar in school of her age. She was a favorite with scholars and teachers. Her superiority and success as a scholar were united with such modesty and sweetness of disposition that unfriendly feelings of rivalry were rarely, if ever, excited against her. She read a great deal when she was a child. All the books we had were read by her before she was ten years old. Uncle gave her a history of England in two volumes — small volumes — abridged, I think, from Hume and Smollet, about 1830. She soon had it at her tongue's end. She knew by heart "The Lady of the Lake" and a great part of "Lalla Rookh" — gifts from Uncle Birchard — almost as long ago as I remember anything about books. These and a collection, styled "Original Poems," containing "The Last Dying Speech and Confession of Poor Puss," "Tit for Tat," and other pieces of about equal merit, were our constant companions. Finer poetry we have never seen since. When she was about twelve, she read all the plays of Shakespeare, and without any aid from friends, so far as I know, selected those which are generally esteemed the best, to be read again and again. This reading of plays suggested the writing of plays, and she with my assistance undertook to dramatize "The Lady of the Lake." I am sure neither of us

had ever heard of such a thing. This job done on joint account occupied a good deal of our thoughts for a long time. Our success was not very flattering. Long afterwards we learned that it was a common thing to dramatize poems, and that "The Lady of the Lake" had been upon the stage many years.

In 1835 when I began to prepare for college and recited Latin and Greek to Mr. Finch at his house or office, she also took up the same studies and recited to me after my return from recitation with Mr. Finch and thus got the benefit of his corrections and explanations. In these studies she was very successful and used often to wish that she was a boy so she might go with me to college. She was persevering in her efforts to draw and paint and, as compared with her schoolmates, made encouraging improvement. But she always said that she had no natural gift either for music, painting, or drawing, and that her only paintings that were tolerable were those she painted when a little girl with colors obtained from mustard blossoms, hollyhock, and other garden flowers. Mother was pleased with Fanny's paintings and fond of showing them. This continued until Fanny grew up, and became ashamed of the schoolgirl "daubs." She destroyed or hid a great part of them, but Mother preserved a few of them and in later years Fanny and myself have had many a happy laugh over them. What wit and fun she used to pour out over these pictures and the troubles they had given her!

When very young she was taught to ride, play chess, and shoot with a rifle. Although she was always a retiring, quiet, modest little girl, even so as to be a favorite with those whose sense of propriety swallows up every other virtue, yet in many manly sports she was perfectly fearless and very successful. She rode gracefully and was the best rifle-shot of any lady I ever knew. She was a skilful player at chess and indeed of many other games. She was small of her age as a girl, round, plump, and healthful, neat in her dress, and of very winning manners. I do not remember to have ever thought her beautiful until after she was married. Mrs. Wasson says she always thought her the prettiest girl she ever saw.

In 1828 Uncle Birchard's health failed and he travelled South, hoping to be benefited by a change of climate. During his ab-

sence Fanny and I followed him in his travels by tracing his route from his letters on the map. We talked of him constantly. His absence of perhaps ten or fifteen months seemed like an age. He had been so in the habit of teasing Fanny that she still disliked him. Still, we took great interest in his letters and enjoyed the scenes and adventures he described and looked forward anxiously to his return. When he returned Fanny had grown and improved so much that he no longer thought of teasing her and they were forever after dear friends. He went to reside in the northern part of the State, but his visits were frequent and made us very happy.

In 183 — Arcena married Mr. Thomas Wasson and soon after they moved into a house just opposite to ours on the south side of William Street. When Fanny learned the object of Mr. Wasson's visits, she became very angry; she scolded at him and about him; she locked the door when she saw him coming and declared he should never have Arcena for his wife. She finally became reconciled and after the marriage spent much time at Mr. Wasson's.

In the fall after Mrs. Wasson had gone to housekeeping, Mother went to Lower Sandusky to nurse Uncle through a severe sickness (bilious fever), and was absent five or six weeks. Fanny and I boarded with Mrs. Wasson while Mother was gone and were constantly together. This was an eventful period in our lives. We were very homesick and had a great many childish trials and troubles. Our friends were very kind to us, but nothing could comfort us. We wanted our mother! We had never before known how much we loved her, nor how necessary she was to our happiness. One of our greatest trials was the loss of our old cat. Our old family puss, which had been with us ever since we could remember, was left in the house during Mother's absence. There being no one to feed her at home, she wandered off and for several days we didn't know where she was. After hunting all over the neighborhood, we found her dead under an apple tree in a neighbor's garden. Her loss under any circumstances would have been a sore trial to us, but something led us to think she had been stoned to death! We suffered almost as much as if she had been a human being. She was one

of the family — our little family. We buried her with suitable solemnities and were inconsolable several days.

Before Mother returned a district school was opened near our house and Mr. Wasson thought it best for us to go. The school was free to all and was crowded with scholars of all ages, from little folks of our own size up to young men grown. The school-master, Daniel Granger, was a little, thin, wiry, energetic Yankee, with black hair, sallow complexion, and piercing black eyes; and when excited appeared to us a demon of ferocity. He flogged great strapping fellows of twice his size, and talked savagely of making them "dance about like a parched pea," and throwing them through the walls of the schoolhouse. He threw a large jack-knife, carefully aimed so as just to miss, at the head of a boy who was whispering near me. All the younger scholars were horribly afraid of him. We thought our lives were in danger. We knew he would kill some of us. Fanny and I begged Mr. Wasson with many tears to take us out of school. But he knew Mr. Granger to be a kind-hearted little man [and] insisted on our going. We then looked forward to Mother's return as our only hope. We grew homesick. We had never before been separated from Mother and went about mourning together and could not be comforted. One dismal rainy day we were told as we came out of school that Mother had returned. She had travelled on horseback five days through mud and water from Lower Sandusky, now Fremont. We flew to meet her with a joy rarely experienced even in childhood. We staid at home from school that afternoon, sitting in Mother's lap and clinging to her in perfect happiness.

During the following winter, about 1831, Sarah Moody, now Mrs. Kilbourne, came from Massachusetts and spent several months with us. She was the first relative we had ever seen except members of our own family. Our cousin was then about nineteen or twenty years old and had many accomplishments not then common in Delaware. We soon grew very fond and very proud of her. Fanny at once began to learn from our cousin and was soon possessed of all her acquirements. I shall never forget how we enjoyed her recitations of poetry and how Fanny soon learned from her lips "The Adventures of a Raindrop,"

asking Sarah to repeat it without letting the object be known until she had it by heart.

After Mrs. Wasson left us Fanny and Mother did all the housework. Fanny became ambitious to make a good housekeeper and easily acquired all the mysteries of cooking, baking, and the like. She rose early, called us up to breakfast in the winter before daylight, and on washing days—Mondays—hurried us all up and, working with Mother, often had the clothes “out to dry” before breakfast time. Once in her eagerness to be early up and doing she had a fire built and kettles of water boiling, when, upon calling up Mother, it was found not to be yet midnight!

In 1834 we made our first journey. In company with Mother, we visited all our relatives in Vermont and Massachusetts. I recollect very little about Fanny during this trip. She was with her cousins, the girls; I was with the boys. I recollect I was proud to hear what was said about her. Grandfather Hayes and Grandmother and, indeed, all the kindred loved her. There were several superior girls among the Hayes cousins. In fact, the observations I then made are the foundation of the notion I have often expressed that the Hayes women were far superior to the men. And yet I think that then and since Fanny has always been the favorite of all the grandchildren. Uncle William R. Hayes, the youngest and best educated of our uncles, loved her as if she were his own daughter. Uncle Austin Birchard, a man of sterling native talent and of a warm generous nature, used to watch her with his bright face and eyes beaming with love and delight. From this time I began to prize her at her true value and to think of her as the joy of our little home circle. Whatever advantages other boys had over me, none had such a sister as mine!

During the next two years Fanny attended a high school, the best in the village, and she was the best scholar in it. Mrs. Howison, I think, was the principal. In addition to her studies at school, she read all, or nearly all, the readable books in the circulating library and all she could borrow. Before she went to a boarding school at Putnam, she had read all the novels and the greater part of all the other books in Delaware. I say *all* the

novels, perhaps there were some exceptions; but in 1837 I spent about six months galloping through novels and found none which she had not read.

In the spring of 1835 we made a trip together to Lower Sandusky to visit Uncle Sardis. It happened that General Hinton was in the stage and was very kind to us, taking care that we were provided at the hotels with seats at the table, sleeping rooms at night, and whatever we needed. Supposing that he attended to everything, I asked no questions about bills and travelled the whole distance, getting regular meals and stopping twice — at Tiffin and Marion — over night without paying a cent. I first learned this when, having reached Lower Sandusky, I prepared to settle with General Hinton the bills he had paid for us on the route. On our return two or three weeks after, it was all made right. Our good luck was due to Uncle Sardis. All the landlords knew him, and in some way — probably from the stage drivers — it was learned that we were his little folks. While we were at Lower Sandusky, I was occupied chiefly in watching the fishermen drawing their seines in the Sandusky River and in gazing open-mouthed at Governor Lucas' army of invasion or protection who were marching to the Michigan frontier.

It was perhaps this year, soon after our return home, that Fanny was chosen by the girls Queen of May. She heard that one of her school friends, Miss — (possibly Cynthia Lamb) was disappointed in not being selected. Fanny quietly contrived to decline the honor and to have it conferred on her friend.

In the summer of 1836 I went to Norwalk to attend the Methodist Academy, under the charge of Mr. Chapman [Chaplin], and was separated from Fanny a great part of the time until I left college in 1842. We corresponded very regularly when apart and spent the vacations together. Before I left home to prepare for college, Fanny was in the habit of teasing me a great deal. To her ridicule I could only oppose my superior strength. When I was from nine to twelve years old we had many little quarrels, she always having the better with her tongue and I with my fists. This was a singular fact in our lives. I remember how I feared her ridicule. We loved each other dearly and yet behaved often as if we were hateful enough.

After I returned from my first absence at school, we had one renewal of our former quarrels, which we laughed ourselves out of before it was fairly begun, and from that time we were loving sister and brother, our love growing stronger and warmer with every meeting, without the slightest interruption or jar, to the day of her death. She cultivated her character and disposition with as much care as she improved her mind, and with what wonderful and glorious success!

While I was at the Norwalk Academy and Mr. Webb's school in Middletown, Connecticut, preparing for college, she took the liveliest interest in my studies and improvement. She went with Mother to a seminary in Putnam. I heard much of her scholarship and beauty. This was the first time it ever occurred to me that she was not rather plain-looking. I began to grow proud of her. Never shall I forget the happiness with which we met in the fall of 1838 on my return from Middletown. She had graduated and I had returned for a short visit before entering college. We had been separated a whole year. The stage-coach drove up to the door of our old home in Delaware. Fanny, her face so beautiful and joyous, ran out to meet me. Alas! how my heart aches as I write! We are to meet no more this side the grave!



## CHAPTER II

### SCHOOL DAYS — NORWALK, OHIO, AND MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT, 1836-1838

**T**WO years after the New England trip, young Hayes, then in his fourteenth year, was sent to Norwalk, Ohio, to become a pupil in the Norwalk Seminary, a Methodist school, of which the Rev. Jonathan E. Chaplin was principal. The seminary building, a pretentious brick structure, had burned in February, 1836, but the school was continuing in the Methodist and Baptist Churches, while the new building was being erected. Young Hayes spent the school year 1836-37 at Norwalk. The few letters that remain follow.] -

NORWALK, June 21, 1836.

DEAR UNCLE:—I do not think I shall have to go home because I am homesick. I like staying here better than any other school in Ohio. The object of my letter is to have you send me — if you can get — my shoes. I want them very much. I am well. Do not give my love to anybody. This letter is large enough for me and a bad pen.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

NORWALK SEMINARY, HURON Co., OHIO,

[September 20, 1836].

DEAR UNCLE:—I arrived here Sunday. I write to get some money, as Mr. Chaplin says the Directors of the Seminary have determined that a single scholar shall not be taught but one day without the tuition being advanced. I board at the same place I did before. I will have to pay \$1.75 per week here. Mother and Fanny were well Friday when I left home.

You must excuse my bad writing as I cannot write any better,

and I have a poor pen. I am in a great hurry as I have to learn a long lesson. Give my love to Austin.

Your affectionate nephew,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

NORWALK, HURON CO., OHIO,

October 13, 1836.

DEAR MOTHER:— Today is Sunday. I thought it would [be] as well [to] write now as to put it off any longer. I received your letter Wednesday. I was very glad to hear from you and that you was getting well. I am doing very well in my studies. Wednesday was composition day. I wrote one about Liberty. A week ago Wednesday was speaking day. I spoke a eulogy on Lord Chatham. I got along tolerably well, considering. I think that I can so that I will not be scared quite to death. I was not scared as much as the most of the boys are the first time they speak.

Uncle Birchard was here Thursday evening. He was on his return home from New York; he stopped only an half hour; he seemed in very good health. He gave Mr. Chaplin money to bear my expenses. He, I think, said he saw General Harrison in New York. He said there was more attention paid the general than any other man that ever was in the city except Lafayette. They expected to see a childish old man, but they thought different very soon, for there are few men that can make a better offhand speech than General Harrison.

The weather is cold. It snowed here Monday near two inches deep; it snowed this morning one inch deep; it is all gone now. The sun is very warm. Election took place the 11th. This county give the Whigs five hundred majority; they hear from half the counties General Vance (he is a Whig) [candidate for Governor] is six thousand ahead so far. Geauga County gave eighteen hundred majority to Vance. Delaware County gave three hundred. Write soon. Tell who is elected to the offices of the county. Ask Mr. Wasson about it. Mrs. Briggs [the woman

with whom he boarded] sends her love to you. Eliza does too. Give my love to all who need it. I will write to Fanny soon.

Your affectionate son,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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[In the autumn of 1837 Hayes was sent to Middletown, Connecticut, to the private school of Isaac Webb. Mr. Webb was a graduate of Yale College; had been a tutor in the college, and was highly commended by President Jeremiah Day. It was a family school, the number of pupils being restricted to twenty, and great care being exercised to receive only boys of diligence and good character. Mr. Webb intended that the reputation of the school should "rest on thorough study, faithful instruction, and steady discipline. Habits, principles, feelings, and tastes were to be assiduously cultivated; truth, justice, honor, and religion to be regarded as the cardinal points of character." The terms were two hundred and fifty dollars a year, covering everything but incidental expenses. Two other Ohio lads, William Lane, of Sandusky, and Converse Goddard, of Zanesville, were also in the school and became devoted friends of Hayes. The letters that remain show that the year in Middletown was happy and profitable.]

MIDDLETOWN, Ct., December 9, [1837].

DEAR UNCLE: — In compliance with your request that I should write to you in about a month, I have commenced a letter. I will begin with my studies. I study Latin and Greek; am in the same class as W. Lane. At first it was rather hard to keep up with the class but now I can get along very well. We get up at half past 6 o'clock, breakfast at 7, prayers, and school begins at 9; dinner at 12; begins at 1 till 4, then from 6 till 9. I like this school very much indeed. I never heard of a school that I should like near so well. All the scholars like the school very much and that is more than can be said of most schools. We all like Mr. W [Webb] very much. I think he is the best calculated to take

care of a parcel of boys of any man I 'most ever saw, for they soon find out that he is not to be trifled with, and at the same time that he is very pleasant when they suit him.

It is rather curious how always it happens always that when I have staid out of school six months that I enter in the same class with others who have been to school all the time. When A. Picket went to Norwalk he was in the same class with me. As there was no class that he could go into, he had to go in a class below him and in six months he had not got much farther than he was when he left me, so that I went in the same class. It was nearly the same way here. Although I have to study rather harder, I'd rather study when I do study and play the more.

As you know, I have an aversion to the Yankees. I hate to find one that there a'n't some fault peculiar to them where I cannot have an excuse for. I had begun to hunt up some excuse for Mr. W—, when I found that he was a real Buckeye in every sense of the word, and thinks as much of the Queen of the West as I do—and that [is] not a few. The folks here celebrated the Whig victory here as usual. Half of the subscription went for powder and fireworks, the other half to the poor—a first-rate way to electioneer, I take it.

The time flies very fast indeed. I never knew a month to pass quicker or happier at school any how. I am well prepared for winter. I've only had to buy one book. W. Lane sends his respects. He's well, so am I. Give my respects to all my cousins and all the belles. Tell J. Pease [John R. Pease, a cousin, living in Lower Sandusky, who was an ardent Democrat] not to go crazy on the New York election for accidents will happen to the best of folks.—Mr. W— is a Whig.

Your affectionate nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

MIDDLETOWN, CON., Jan. 6, [1838].

DEAR MANLY:—I received your letter about a month ago, and was very glad to receive it. The time flies the fastest here of any place I ever was in, and you know that it would be very

different if I was not happy. I think you must have had lots of fun election times. It seems rather hard that I can never be at home election day. I have not been there for four years election day and then I did not know enough about matters and things to see anything strange in it. We have had lots of fun here too. The celebration of the New York victory in this city was splendid. There was nearly a constant roar of cannon throughout the day and in the evening three hundred dollars' worth of fireworks [was] sent off, and from the great number of fireballs flying in the air we could read anywhere within two miles.

Thanksgiving was the 30th of November. I suppose you have heard of the richness of the dinner in this Yankee country on that day; but it beat everything all hollow that I ever saw. Our dessert alone, I should think, would cost fifty dollars. This place is remarkable for its confectionery and we had things [I] never dreamed of there being such.

The Nanjacks must have thought they were doing it election night to be parading the streets. I should think Allen must have felt rather cheap when he found he wasn't elected. The Whigs acted rather foolish to make so much fuss about the victory they knew they would gain. H. Williams must have been half drunk to have tried to get the balls from a parcel of boys.

Mr. Webb for our amusement read an account (just now) of a lawsuit in Massachusetts between a couple of sailors where it was decided (after two years' lawing) that each party should pay his own costs, about twelve hundred and fifty dollars apiece. It [the lawsuit] was about eighty-two cents' worth of slabs!

I should like to have seen that fight of your letter. Shinn ought to stop fighting. Who do you mean by Rosem? Old Goodrich? There has been no slaying [sleighting] of any account here, but there's been skating pretty much ever since the 16th of November. For about a week there has been very warm pleasant weather, so warm the ice has got out of the river and we saw a steamboat go down the river yesterday, the 5th of January. The river here is half a mile wide. Just before it shut up it was covered with vessels of every kind all the time.

Tell me how A. Picket flourishes with the gals. Tell him I flourish like a green bay-tree. Tell that very dear friend of

mine (whoever he is) that's so particular about how I give him my love, to write to me how he wants me to give it to him and I'll try and accommodate him, and if he won't do that, tell him to go to Canada with his sheepskin fiddle and fight the British for a living!!!

Manly, if you study hard as long as you tell me about, you beat me all hollow for I study only nine hours and I learn the fastest I ever did in my life. Give my love to Mr. Wasson's family. Tell D. Selvaene you want [to] know how his name is spelt for I shall want to write it some of these oddsomes-shorts [*sic!*].

Now I am a-going to run on a certain passage in your letter. You said that you was very respectfully mine. Well now, I have strong reasons to doubt your being mine; for if you was, I'd set you to work to earn money for me to spend. My opinion is that you belong to Mr. C. Covell of Delaware, Delaware County, Ohio.

This is a pleasant town. There are about eight thousand inhabitants. It is a real Van Buren hole; nearly every man is one. Mr. Webb is a real Whig. You may tell our folks that I shall write to them soon. Don't show them any more of my letters.

I remain your dear, loving, kind, everlasting, hurrah-boys friend,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — This letter has nothing in it for the best of reasons. I've nothing to write. (Write soon.)

To M. D. COVELL,  
From R. B. HAYES.

MIDDLETOWN, CON., Feb. 24, [1838].

DEAR HARRIET: — I have forgotten whether I promised to write to you or Sarah or to either of you, but it's no great odds. I am a-going to write to you as you'll begin to suspect by this time. What to write is the next thing to look "arter"!

When I was in Vermont I staid two days at Uncle Elliot's and had fun for divers reasons; first, case I liked his new wife real first-rate; second, case Belinda and the rest of the gals were

home; third, case the male cousins were gone from home; fourth, case as how they had shells and W. I. [West Indian] plants that I never before had seen. Lastly because there was a little cousin there about three years old, funny too as Elek was!!! I forget whether it was a boy or girl, but I believe it was a girl. No great odds, though. Uncle Russell has got a real good wife. I move he has good luck getting married. There has been very "few" snow this winter. I 've had one sleigh-ride, but give me a Buckeye ride in mud two feet deep [rather] than a Yankee one in snow the same depth. There are divers things in this blue country that I like better than Ohio; for example, Thanksgiving dinner, or even a fast, for we had one the 22d; and if that is a Yankee fast I move I should like to see a feast!!

The French tutor is a passionate old fellow. He looks more like a plump feather bed than anything else I know of!! Here he is. [Sketch.]

We have to go to meeting twice every Sunday. The priest [a common New England designation for minister at that time] prays thirty minutes; everything else in proportion. He's a harder case than Mr. V — for length and not near so interesting. I ha'n't no more to write. Give love to all the folks in the house, Sal, Bet, Mary, and all. Write right, right off!!! Don't excuse nothin'num.

Your first-class friend,

R. B. HAYES.

To MISS H. MOODY,  
*Delaware, Ohio.*

I got [a] strong s'picion this letter a'n't worth postage. [The postage on it was twenty-five cents!]

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., April 5, 1838.

DEAR UNCLE:—I received your letter of the 18th of March about two weeks since. I have nothing particular to write. I like the school [as] well as ever. Time passes very pleasantly. There are very fine places to walk here. About five miles from here the scenery is beautiful. Saturday afternoons, when it is pleasant, we walk out to a mountain eight miles off where we

can see Hartford, New Haven, Saybrook, and ten or eleven small villages. It is a long walk, or rather run for we trot most of the way, but it pays well for the trouble.

My clothes do very well. I shall not want any more money this term as I know of. I gave what you sent to Mr. Webb. I room with William Lane. We are real good chums. I do not study French because I have as much as I can do without. I think I shall study it next term. The Frenchman is a mean old chap. He gets mad and goes off from table very often. He'll not stay here next term.

I was reading the acts of the last legislature and I saw a bill for McAdamising [macadamizing] Black Swamp. I hope now you will have a good road there. Friday evenings Mr. Webb reads us the speeches of the great men in Congress, so I know more what is doing than I do at home. Mr. Webb being a Whig was elected First Alderman of this city. Election took place three or four days ago. There was n[o] school.

Give my love to all the cousins. Tell Mr. Pease that if the New York election last fall did not make him feel queer, I don't know what will unless it's the Connecticut election. Though I suppose he's heard it before this, it will do him good to keep him in mind of it. The Whigs have carried the State by five thousand seven hundred majority. There is but one Van Buren [man] out of twenty-one in the Senate. This is eight thousand Whig gain!!

Your affectionate nephew,

from R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — W. G. Lane sends his compliments, etc.

To S. BIRCHARD,

*Lower Sandusky, Ohio.*

MAPLE GROVE, MIDDLETOWN, CONN., April 28, 1838.

DEAR UNCLE: — I received your letter on the 18th. It looked as if it had received sundry hard knocks. I will start for Vermont day after tomorrow morning unless something extra happens. I shall try to act so that my visit will be agreeable to my relations and pleasant to myself. Mr. Webb has, I believe,





SOPHIA BIRCHARD HAYES (1792-1866), MOTHER, AND HER BROTHER SARDIS BIRCHARD (1801-1874), UNCLE  
AND GUARDIAN OF RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.



written to you lately, and as he knows best about my progress in my studies, I refer you to his letter.

I shall study France next term. We speak French at table altogether. I shall be fitted for college by next fall, but Mr. Webb says I am too young to enter next fall. I don't believe it, though. I had rather go to college at the West, of course.

W. Lane is a real splendiferous chap. He is a very odd chap. He will make, if nothing happens, a very smart man — as smart as his father, and that will do, I reckon.

As I have a sore hand, a bad pen, and nothing to write about, I'll stop. — Your affectionate nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Give my love to all the cousins.

MR. SARDIS BIRCHARD,  
*Lower Sandusky, Ohio.*

[Mr. Webb wrote Mr. Birchard, April 30, 1838, in these words: "Your nephew, R. B. Hayes, has now closed a profitable term to himself, I think, and am happy to say, satisfactory to myself. . . . Rutherford has applied himself industriously to his studies and has maintained a consistent and correct deportment. I think he will avail himself of the advantages of an education and fully meet the just anticipations of his friends. He is well informed, has good sense, and is respected and esteemed by his companions. He is strictly economical and regular in his habits, and has established a very favorable character among us.

"Rutherford is too young to enter college. Another year of preparation would be a vast advantage in his education, and the expense, I am sure, would be richly rewarded. Were he my son, I would by all means give him another year to be prepared in. I shall be glad to know your views in the matter. Judge Lane's son has made up his mind upon his own judgment, that he is too young to enter college next fall, and purposes remaining another year. I am exceeding desirous for Rutherford's sake that he should remain with Wm. Lane. I shall hope for a communication from you in relation to the matter."]

MIDDLETOWN, CT., June 6, 1838.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have been here now four or five days and am very glad to get back; not but that I spent vacation very pleasantly, but it seems like home here more than anywhere else, though I make myself at home anywhere in five minutes.

I went to see all my relations in Vermont. They are all well. The more I see of Uncle Austin the better I like him. Aunt looks older and takes more care of home and less of the store than she used to do. Mary is very handsome. She wants to go to Ohio very much. Uncle Noyes' folks tried to make an Abolitionist of me, but that would not work. They all thought Mr. Webb's would be a good place for George, but when I told them there was not an Abolitionist in school, oh! horrible! Then they'd as soon send him to a lion's den!!

You said in your letter to Uncle Austin that Mr. Webb had written to you about my staying here another year. If [I] thought it would be a great advantage to me I had rather stay, but I don't think it would; for persons who have been through college say that when a person enters college so that he can get on the first year very easy, after that [he] don't get along so well as those who have to work hard when they first enter.

If I don't enter college till a year, I'll have to stay a year longer in college and that year spent in studying human nature would be more profitably [spent] than studying dead languages. Things being so, I had rather not stay another year.

I received one hundred and fifty dollars from Uncle Austin the 28th of May of which I paid to Mr. Webb one hundred and forty-three dollars the 1st of June; the rest were travelling expenses.

If you think it best that I should stay a year longer, I am perfectly willing to do it without going home.

Grandmother said she in her will had [given] Fanny and I each fifty dollars.

Give my love to all the relations.

Your affectionate nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

Please write soon.

MR. S. BIRCHARD.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., July 7, 1838.

DEAR MOTHER:—I received your letter a short time since and by it I see that if you do not hear from me often [you are worried about me. With me it] is just the opposite. When I haven't heard from you for some time I know you are well or you'd write to me. Every letter I get I am almost afraid to open it for fear of bad news. If I am sick you shall hear from me very often. I shall try to be careful of my health.

I hope that J. Rigsur may yet recover his health. He has always been an excellent friend of mine. I know nothing of cures, but I should think if he were thrown into cold water it might cure him.

I think it is not best to stay another year. If I can enter college this year, I can go through very well I am certain. And unless it is harder to enter than the college here, I can enter. I have went through five books of Virgil more than is required and shall review all the studies again. This term I've begun French and I get ahead very well. The time flies as it did last term and that's saying considerable. Converse tells me more about your doings at Putnam than you did!

They had a grand celebration here on the Fourth. The Governor and the best troops in this State and New York City were here. The common soldiers were dressed better than the general officers out our way. We have just as many cherries and strawberries out of Mr. Webb's garden as we can eat, and have had these three weeks. [One line cut out.]

It is laughable to see the difference between the beginning and end of your letter. I should think by the first part that all the folks were dead, by the latter that they were getting married. I am glad that F. [Fanny] is going to Norwalk. I hope it will be good hunting when I get home for if nothing happens I will hunt considerable. Don't be afraid of writing too long letters. Tell M. Covell I've received his letter. Is W. L. Webb at home? I don't know of anything more to write about. Give my love to the relations that are in Delaware and Mr. Wasson's family in particular. I intend to send a little paper to Jenny today. Tell F. to write too.

From your affectionate son.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that four of us were invited to dinner by one of the boys who lives fifteen miles from here. We walked over there; staid ten hours and walked back by bed time—thirty-six miles in six hours. Three of us were Buckeyes, the other was an Alabamian. Quite pedestrians, the Buckeyes!

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Here is my crest. It is the implements of haying to show I am a farmer and hay, in the plural Hayes. [The "crest" is a rude pen drawing showing within a circle a scythe, a rake, and a pitch-fork crossed, and a haystack in the background, with "R. B. H., Buckeye" underneath.]

DEAR MOTHER:—Converse Goddard received a letter from home asking him to come home next vacation and wishes my company as you'll see by the following:

MIDDLETOWN, THURSDAY EVE'G, August 30, 1838.

MADAM:—I take the liberty of addressing you from the long friendship I entertain for your son. My object at present is to inform you that, as I intend returning to Ohio the next vacation, I would be very happy of the company of your son, at the same time assuring you that I would keep him out of danger and all dissipation. I hope you will not fail to permit him to return, knowing as you do that it would conduce very much to his happiness.—Respects to Miss Hayes.

Your ob't servant,

D. C. GODDARD.

I have not as yet received an answer to my letter of July 30, but expect to receive one soon. D. Con. Goddard's letter was written in case that I should go to Yale College, as in that case I told him I supposed I'd not return this fall. Now, I, as a matter of course, should like very well to come home; but do not (if you have determined that I shall not come) change your mind for anything I say. If I do come, I wish to come with D. C. Goddard, as I like him and W. Lane a little "taller" than anybody else in Connecticut. He will go by the way of New York and Philadelphia, as it is from here altogether the quickest route. He says it cost him twenty-seven dollars to go there, and back he thinks it'll cost about sixty dollars.

Tell me if I shall bring my books, if I come. I better not unless I go to Kenyon. I have written this more on Con's account than mine. Enough of this. I am now studying French, arithmetic, etc.

Con went to a wedding yesterday about twelve miles from here,— Mr. Hawes of Zanesville and Miss Hale of Glastonbury. W. Lane and myself talk werry "loud" of (if we go to Yale) walking to Ohio some vacation!

(R. wants to go home very much but thinks you do not wish him to.

Very respectfully, GODDARD.)

That is a mistake.

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., Sept. 18, [1838].

I received your letter dated September 9 this evening. As a matter of course, we begin to think considerable of vacation. We will scatter on the 28th of this month. Converse Goddard, son of General Goddard of Zanesville, Ohio, is a-going home by the way of Philadelphia, and as we are great chums it would be very pleasant to go in company. We had it all planned out how we would travel when I received Mother's letter telling me that Mr. Powers would send me money four or five days before vacation and I should return with him, as he would be ready to start from New York by the 2d or 3d of October; and if I find that I'll have to wait four days, I'll call on Mr. Powers and tell him, and go right on with C. Goddard. He wishes to stay a day in New York and in that time we will be able to see the most of the city.

Although you have not asked my notions "about war," I'll let you have some of them. I should have written more as if I wished to go to Yale, had it not been that I was afraid Mother and Sister would think that I did not wish to see them, and that I thought more of the Yankees than of them.

The next term of Kenyon College will begin in about four weeks after I get home; and in a fortnight after I get home I would like to get a little wagon and take a few books over and be examined, come home, go and see you, then back to

college (provided I could enter), stay through freshman year, and, if I wished, I could then go and enter Yale freshman with W. G. Lane and D. C. Goddard, if they conclude to go to Yale. But I won't "count the chickens before they are hatched." I should like "bad" to learn to ride and hunt considerable in vacation. I've grown "werry tall" since I've been here. Mr. Webb not having yet come in and he'll have to tell me about what is now due; so I'll stop for now.

Mr. Webb says my bill is not yet made out but that I can carry it home, and then will be soon enough to pay it. I think there will be ten or twelve dollars due. Do not write to Mother as though I would be home so soon, but if I go with Converse Goddard I'll be home by the 4th of October which is my birthday.

I remain your affectionate nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

Give my love to all my cousins and all others whom it may concern. W. G. Lane and D. C. Goddard send their best respects; being with myself the only Buckeyes here, we form quite a friendly trio.

SARDIS BIRCHARD, ESQ.,  
*Lower Sandusky, Ohio.*

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DIARY.

*October 4, 1838.*— Birthday; sixteen years old. The forenoon spent on board the steamboat *Columbus* on Lake Erie; very warm pleasant day. Afternoon spent in Sandusky City.

*October 5.*— Spent in riding from Sandusky to Marion in the stage; very hot and dusty. Arrived at Marion 7 o'clock.

*October 6.*— Rode to Delaware by 8 in the morning after being absent a year; very glad to get home. Everything quite natural.

*October 7.*— Spent loping about, seeing the folks.

*October 8.*— Election day tomorrow is all the talk.

*October 9.*— Election; the Whigs used up complete. — From this to the end of the month spent in hunting, loafing, etc.



## CHAPTER III

### AT KENYON COLLEGE, 1838-1840 — FRESHMAN AND SOPHOMORE YEARS

**O**CTOBER 31, 1838. — Spent in going to Mount Vernon on way to Kenyon College.

*November 1.* — Arrived at Gambier; looks as I expected.

*November 3.* — I was examined for the freshman class by Messrs. Kendrick, Menscher, Smith, and Wing. Passed without any trouble. My teachers are Messrs. Sandels and Ufford.

*November 6.* — Recited for the first time. The lessons are not hard, about the right length.

*November 27.* — Went skating for the first time and broke through the thin ice where the water was eight feet deep; was not scared much. My companions helped me out without much trouble. I could have got up without any help.

*December 21.* — [At] 4 o'clock A. M., started for home on foot in company with Lamb, Comstock, and Calhoun. I arrived at Delaware, forty miles, having been on the road about twelve hours. I was not much fatigued. Spent a week very pleasantly.

*December 28.* — Started back alone on foot. Staid at Mr. Calhoun's over night. Started in the morning at 5 o'clock. It was very stormy and the snow was three or four inches deep. Arrived at Gambier at 4 o'clock, rather tired and lame.

*January 1, 1839.* — We had recitations as usual but [I] did not study any as I thought I would begin the New Year happily if not profitably. I spent in the Christmas holidays but seventy-five cents, my journey included.

*January 18.* — This evening one of my friends had some eggs and was about making some custard in his room in company with three others. The tutor came to the door [and] knocked. M— went and unfastened it. In the meantime the others had hid, one under the bed and the others in the closet. The tutor found them and sent them to their rooms, feeling rather sheepish. He then jawed M— and cleared out.

GAMBIER, OHIO, February 5, 1839.

DEAR SISTER: — Seein' as 'ow I've not written a letter to you entirely since I've been here, I'll do it now. (An excellent reason for so doing). Now I'll tell you the snaps there have been of late in this province. As long as "his supreme highness," Rev. William Sparrow, Vice-President of Kenyon College, a true son of Erin, keeps away, so long all things here go along pleasantly; but as soon as he begins to exercise his "justice," then comes trouble. As soon as he got back, in the chapel after prayers, he said: "Young gentlemen, you will stop a very short time while I make a very few remarks." He then talked about an hour, all very good considering who it came from, and ended by saying, "You will come to me after this to render all excuses!" Ho! ho! how kind! I have not been obliged to be excused yet for anything and shan't if I can help it while old S. is the law and prophet. Among his few remarks he said: "I do think if any one is despicable it is a hypocrite." Most of us at that time "smiled gently like a wolf." Ho, ho!

In the Grammar School the faculty "in their wisdom" concluded they would oblige the scholars to call the roll themselves and in this way save the expense of hiring it done. They all called it in their turns, like a set of fools, till it came the turn of a young man by the name of Harrison, but when the roll was given to him, he put it in his pocket and did not call it. The next day the Principal told him to go out of the room. He went out. Some of the other scholars looking rather mutinous, the old Principal got up and made a flaming speech telling them, "this is a monarchical form of government; and the power of commanding is fixed here," at the same time striking his breast an awful blow.

And what did the honorable faculty do upon this? Why, went and said that the Principal of the Grammar School had done his duty and that Mr. Harrison should beg his pardon or leave the institution. An excellent alternative. As a matter of course Mr. H. chose to leave but was obliged to wait till he could get money from home. A day or two ago old Sparrow met him and told him [if] he did not leave the hill in eight hours he would give him a public dismissal. And "Mr. Sparrow

is a very kind, affectionate man; he'll do just right." A petition was got up for the purpose of trying to turn the faculty's decree, and every student in college signed it except one and he is a "Marylander from old Frederick," same as old Sharpe & Co. Mr. H. is now in [Mount] Vernon; the faculty have not yet acted on the petition.

"Resist tyranny in every shape," is my motto, "but in none [is it] so dangerous as when exercised by a number of tyrants." This latter clause suits the faculty of Kenyon College. They give a student a fair trial, they say, but do not allow him to say a thing for himself. This is a "fair trial" truly.

As to going to Hudson College: I may possibly agree to go there when I am turned away from this, provided they wish me to go there very much. The same will apply to all the colleges in the world except Yale and Georgetown, Kentucky. That's my honest opinion on colleges. Mother wants me to like my teachers. Well, I do like them—a great ways off. She says I must not think my teachers are partial. Well, I don't think they are. I know so; and do believe they are partial to me—for one. Mother told me to begin a letter on receipt of hers. I did so, and then burnt it. She says I must be careful of my health. Well, I is careful. She also says I must dry my clean clothes by the fire. Well, if I did that I should put none on. As to our friends over to the Hall, H. Howard does not like Mr. Dyer much, but Mr. D. likes him quite well. S. and E. Hinton neither like Mr. D. nor he them.

I see you are so much obliged to me for five words that you cannot express it, and now, of course, you'll be so much obliged to me that you'll sneeze, gap [gape], and other omens of the kind. Don't congratulate yourself too much about my making short sermons when I am a preacher. If you had seen some documents that proceeded from my pen, you'd be congratulating yourself on the idea of what a long time you'd have to sleep in sermons. I must say something about gaping. You need not try to save any for me, for if you do your mouth will be open all the time. . . .

Please send me a half dozen "Downfalls of Babylon" to cover books with. If you don't get a *Journal and Register* once in a

while, just lay it to Amos Kendall [Postmaster General], for I start one from here every month and rainy days oftener. . . .

And so Miss F. A. Hayes wishes R. B. Hayes to like his teachers. You better get Uncle, Mr. Wasson, and all others concerned to write to me to like my teachers.

I went into the college library for the first time and there saw books some of which [looked] as if printed when Methuselah's grandmother was a babe, and others so large they'd weigh fifty pounds. I shall give you a list of the books I saw there that you should by all means procure and read forthwith: viz.: Bibles in the following languages, German, Irish, Welsh, Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, Gælic, Danish, Malay, Carshun and Syric, Turkish, Chaldee, Singhalese, Georgian, Kythee, Nugée, and last, not least, the English, all of which were 'most twice as large as Mr. Vandeman's.

The dreaded examination comes on in six weeks and I verily fear that about a dozen of us will have to study in vacation. The beloved vacation is in six weeks from next Wednesday and is changed to three weeks long. Good. In my next letter I shall give you an account of how I spent my money and also that I want forty dollars which is fifteen or twenty more than I want next term.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES, Esq.,

No. 13, West Division, Kenyon College.

MISS F. A. HAYES,  
*Delaware, Ohio.*

GAMBIER, OHIO, March 10, 1839.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am about to try to write an answer to your and F.'s "bone" letter; "bone" 'cause it had forty dollars in it. When I get home so as to talk it over I think I can convince you about the "dismissions" being unjust, but I am too lazy to write enough for that. There has been a very smart young man dismissed from the junior class since I wrote last, and I think unjustly. But as I don't expect to be dismissed, I shall drop this subject. You said Uncle said "I must not walk

home in a day." Well, it is immaterial. I'd as soon be a minute or two over a day as under. But what pleased me particularly was your saying I must "bring my clothes home," as if I would forget to wear any. You say I missed seeing many friends by not being home, but if I had not been here I should not have seen some of my friends, for instance Mr. Sparrow or Mr. Dyer, etc. Uncle will get a letter at the end of the session from old Sparrow and I reckon it will say I am a tolerable good boy, considering my birthplace. I am afraid I will not write to Uncle this term. But the gun story took my eye. Edgar Hinton came over here the day I got your letter and I told him his gun had burst and 'most killed his father. He said, "Why, the gun ain't spoiled is it? He might have known he could not load it." That's good! ha! ha! whew! Now I will account for my money. You recollect I gave you an account of all except what I got Christmas and five dollars which I then had left. It has gone for

Wood .....	\$2 00
Society expenses .....	9 00
Sugar and my expense coming back.....	1 00
Tuition in oratory .....	1 50
Paper, stationery, etc.....	1 00
Postage on paper and letters.....	1 00
Portfolio .....	1 25
Gallon of oil .....	1 00
Algebra .....	1 50
Slate .....	25
2 Mending shoes .....	1 00
Supper at Cake Shop.....	25

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Total ..... \$20 75

Left in treasury \$4.25. Plus \$40 equals \$44.25.

Of the \$44.25 which I now have, I must pay \$2.00 for washing, \$34.75 for board, and \$2.00 which I owe to Mr. Jones in Mount Vernon. My debts are in all \$38.75. So you see my expenses this session, buying furniture and all, will be 'most \$100. This includes travelling expenses, etc.

We shall study none after Wednesday. Then comes examination and I am rather dubious whether I shall pass or not. I

rather think I shall. If I don't, I shall just bring a book or two home to study rainy days.

I am your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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DEAR F—:— I admire your story of the crackers very much for they are eatables. If R. Moody had been cunning he would have given me that gun. I rather fear we will not use it much. You say your risibles were excited by my letter. I s'pose that is some new-fashioned cape or bonnet, but I must say I don't see what there was in my letter to make your capes or bonnets shake about; but no odds, I don't doubt your word tho. But I hope you will not say I cut your letter in pieces without good authority, for I have neither cut up or burned one of your letters or otherwise mutilated them. So, now! I am glad you have travelled so much, but you will read no more of Dr. Fiske's travels for he is dead. He died two weeks ago. You ask me if we shall have time to go to Lower Sandusky this spring. I think we will, for if we went but two miles a day we would get there before the end of spring. I don't think we would have time for much of a visit but still I should like very well to go. I suppose your six-foot girls were measured with a pole where the feet were not more than nine inches long, but they should be tall, for the Mansion House is a tall house.

I am astonished at your cruelty in preferring quills to steel pens, for in using a steel pen you are assisting thousands of poor souls to gain their bread, viz., ironmongers, miners, blacksmiths, etc., who gain their living by making steel pens; but on the other hand you would reflect upon the pain of Madame Goose and Mr. Gander in having their feathers plucked out by the roots. Oh! it is horrid to think on, tho I am now using quills myself.

I hope to be home if nothing happens on Saturday the 23d of March. I don't know whether I shall write any more or not.

I remain your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MISS F. A. HAYES.

GAMBIER, OHIO, May 13, 1839.

DEAR F—:— I received yours and Mother's letter some time ago and ought [to] have answered it before now. John's death was hard news for me. When I heard of his death I did not know that Mr. W— [Wasson] had got home from Pennsylvania, and bad as it was I could not help thinking what bad news it would be to Mr. W—.

The student who saw Mr. W— said he had a niece with him whom he had brought from Pennsylvania. You say nothing of it.

I do not doubt that H. P. — can beat me at chess. I have played but once since I wrote to you before. Playing ball is all the fashion here now and it is presumed that I can beat you at that if not at chess. There is to be at Kenyon College (which, by the way, is not far from this place) a grand celebration by the students on the Fourth of July 1839, and if nothing happens it will be a tall affair. I do not know as ladies will partake of the dinner, but if they do I'll give you an invitation in due season. We shall undoubtedly have better speeches, if not eatables, than at Delaware, Ohio.

Now that this place is beginning to look like spring, I do not wonder that Mrs. Little thought it beautiful. I hope to see you here this summer sometime.

Your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MISS FANNY HAYES.

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DEAR MOTHER:— In your letter you show some fear that I do not write enough, but you need not fear, for this season we are compelled to write compositions of some kind or other at the rate of about three in two weeks; and as for improving in penmanship, I have given that up long since. I do not wish to go to Yale College but I think I shall remain here, though I think Hudson College is as good, if not better than this one is; and I have no doubt it soon will be much better than any other in the West anywhere.

I was sorry to hear that H. Moody is not to be married in Delaware, as I should very much like to go to the wedding.

My bill here this session will not be so much as it was last by

fifteen [or] twenty dollars, I think. The beginning of the session the studies were tolerable hard, but now I can get my lessons very easily.

As for writing long letters, I cannot do it when I have nothing in the world to write about.

I have not been absent from recitation or any other duty this session. We get up at five o'clock and have about two hours of playtime before nine o'clock; and as a matter of course if we have more playtime, I like the summer term the best.

I remain your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — I am thankful to you for sending papers. I've just received the *New Orleans Picayune* and *Express*. — R. B.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, OHIO, July 9, 1839.

[DEAR F—]: — I received the letter of Mrs. Hayes and Daughter in good health after a long but pleasant voyage of four days. The only news here now is, the big monkey is dead and pussy has got the hydr— I forget the rest of the word. As there is nothing else to write of I shall attempt to give you a history of our celebration of the Fourth of July, 1839. At 4 o'clock A. M., the flags were hoisted — one on a pole by the chapel, the others on the college, the band playing their prettiest in the meantime. We then went to prayers and thence unto a little the poorest breakfast you ever saw. Time then flew as it were upon snail's wings till half past 10 o'clock A. M., when after a great deal of trouble Marshalls Lane and Comstock succeeded in getting us in order. We marched into the chapel to the sound of martial music. A prayer by the chaplain, Bishop McIlvaine [*ex officio* President of the college], the Declaration of Independence by Reader Gibbs, and very good oration by Orator Lightner. We marched to Mr. Sawyer's, who is no more nor less than English Jimmy who used to live in Delaware, where we had the best dinner I ever saw; and every one of the faculty and all the rest said it was the best they ever saw. The first course, there was beef, veal, pig, bacon, mutton, chickens, turkeys, peas, beans,



new taters, new turnips, plum pudding, bread, butter, water, and other articles too numerous to mention.

Second course: twenty-nine kinds of cake more or less as the case may be. There were eight kinds of cake I never saw before; seven kinds I did not know nor never heard the names of.

Third course: lemonade to drink toasts in and ice cream.

There were lots of toasts given, a copy of which I hope to send. We then marched to the chapel and heard about a dozen speeches from different students. By this time it was 'most dark. We went home and I went to bed after having spent the happiest day I ever spent without exception. I believe there is not a student but thinks we had the most happiness here of any place in the United States. An ode was read at the table by Mr. Taylor, a member of our class. It was excellent and Dr. Sparrow was so much pleased with it that his toast on the occasion was "The Poet of the Occasion." Something of an honor to be toasted by such a man as the Doctor! I will send you a copy [of the ode] if it is printed, as I believe it is to be.

Mr. Calhoun was at your celebration at Delaware. He praised the generosity of you folks very much. He thought it a grand celebration; but I think I had rather have been here. We have commenced reviewing in all our studies, preparing for examination. If I pass, in five weeks I will be a sophomore. Commencement, there will probably be more here than ever before. The class that graduates is a very smart one. The orator of the Fourth and [the] reader are the smartest.

You in your letters quote Shakespeare more than Scriptor and I expect you read it more. However, an old stiff Presbyterian reverend in Vermont says Shakespeare is an exposition of Scriptor.

Give my respects to the Husted family and all other cousins. I know how to sympathize with you for having no knife as I have had none this session. I hope to come next session with a larger supply of everything than I did this. I hope you will have peas or squashes, as the case may be, when I come to visit you.

Good-bye. — "Consider me as one of your very best friends."  
—Milton.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

Henry Clay is at [Mount] Vernon. I hope to see him.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter was very acceptable. I was glad to hear that Uncle had found so good a friend. I hope he will soon be well. Do not make me more than one or two shirts now. Make them the same as my others, except much larger cuffs and necks, as my others choke me rather much. My clothes are not shabby but I have not enough. If it continues warm, I shall be obliged to get a pair of pantaloons. I can get thin clothes here much better than at home. I can get a "decent" pair for two dollars and fifty cents. If it is not hot long I shall not get them. My expenses here this term are more than I expected. For my first year here the expense will be one hundred and eighty-nine dollars. I never will or can get along as cheap again. The term so far at least has been to me very pleasant. One of the very worst and most profane fellows in college have been converted by Dr. Sparrow's lectures and it was truly a great change.

I remain this time your affectionate son (not brother),

R. B. HAYES.

F. A. HAYES: — My authority for signing brother is a certain Indian chief who lived in the time of Cæsar and ruled over Denmark, by name Mr. Col Wyconneechehechochuchekirmpanathenothén.

MISS F. A. HAYES,  
*Delaware, Ohio.*

GAMBIER, August, 1839.

DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter was received in due season and I hope hospitably. You appear to have been in part of your letter rather desponding and partly in fine spirits. I am very sorry Uncle's health does not improve. As you left Fanny the "*task*" of telling the story of her "thralldom," I will give her the *task* of reading my opinion of it.

The revival I spoke of in a former letter is now the all-engrossing subject here. There are now but ten in the whole college who are not changed. I am among the ten as yet, tho  
V I have changed my opinions of persons and things a great deal. I have changed my opinion of Mr. Sparrow and Mr. Stevenson. It now appears to me that it was a hard necessity which compelled them to act "tyrannically."



"OLD KENYON" (1927) OF KENYON COLLEGE, GAMBIER, OHIO.

The first academic building occupied by the college under its incorporation in 1824 by the Right Reverend Philander Chase, first Bishop of Ohio, and built by him from funds raised in England by means of a letter of introduction from Henry Clay to Lord Gambier, President of the Missionary Society of the Church of England, and his English colleague in the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, December 24, 1814.

The architectural design of the building was suggested by that of Christ Church College, Oxford. Bishop Chase preserved the names of the principal English donors by calling the institution "Kenyon College" in honor of Lord Kenyon and naming the hamlet in the centre of the eight-thousand-acre tract of land which had been purchased "Gambier" after Lord Gambier. Other early buildings were named "Bexley Hall" after Lord Bexley and "Rosse Hall" after the Deweager Countess of Rosse.



Every single one of my best friends are "gone," as it is called. I attend the meetings and read all the books that my friends request me to, but I find it is the loss of my friends which affects me more than anything else. When the revival began to take the "good" fellows as well as the "bad," I was frequently in company with five or six others, of whom I was the only one who would "acknowledge" my respect for religion, who are all "gone" but myself. I have but little hope I shall be among them. If I am not, I fear I can never spend as happy a time in Kenyon as I have. I know now the truth of the saying, "a person knows not the value of a friend 'til he is lost," although I know my old friends are better friends than those [of] "that line." All the Norwalkers and Lamb are, I believe, among them.

Dear me, what a fuss, but I forgot I was to write to Fan about the [engagement] instead of you.

I shall need twenty dollars more. I wish twenty-five dollars and hope you will send the latter as I should like to buy a book or two so that if I wish to stay a little longer than vacation I can study some.

I remain your affectionate son,

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, May 4, 1840.

DEAR MOTHER:—I am again comfortably settled at my studies. I am glad I came no sooner than I did for but few came before me. There are not near as many here as there was last session; but twelve in my class. The two best scholars are gone. Dr. Sparrow leaves for good at the end of the session, and several more of my class leave at the same time; there will not be more than five left.

A three-dollar bill I took from Chauncey H—, I found at Columbus to be counterfeit. I sent it back by Mr. Bunker. By the by, I had a pleasant time at Columbus. I was much pleased with William's\* plan of fixing his house. I shall spend my vacation very pleasantly there, I should think. Mr. Hinton's boys are very well pleased indeed. The teachers are fine men and

\* William A. Platt, who had married Fanny Hayes, September 2, 1839.

above all I believe they keep the house clean; the Grammar School is also much improved, but here it stops. The improvement in the college department is on the wrong side of the face. Harry Howard came back last week. I shall get thin clothes as I want them. I am out of the line so I will not attempt to strive against fate but stop short. If all leave who now think they will, I leave with them.

Your son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Tell F. I found Ossian's poems in both libraries. I have them out now.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, OHIO, July 19, 1840.

DEAR SISTER: — I can but look back with "fear and trembling" upon my folly in writing a letter characterized by such a foolhardy disregard of consequences as was my last; for among the first lessons taught me in my childhood was to shun everything like an attempt to startle or frighten a fellow-being for the sake of a moment's fun or a senseless laugh. Yet forgetting or disregarding this oft-repeated warning, I, as if goaded on by a demon, concocted, reduced to writing, and mailed to you a letter of three pages' length. "My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth," my knees knock together, and my hands refuse to perform their office when a glimmering of the jeopardy in which your reason and life was placed by that letter crosses my brain. Thanks to the soundness of your education, the strength of your intellect, and the firmness of your soul, you are saved; and believe me when I say that never, never, never again shall I run such immanent hazard of blighting forever all the happiness which our family now enjoys by writing a letter of such unusual length.

You and your little band of emigrants have by this time settled a colony in the northern part of that heathenish city, "about equally distant from the penitentiary, graveyard, rope-walk, and slaughter-house. Very appropriate." Ha! ha! That is a good joke on the Van Buren men.

Now, as I am remarkably well versed in the history of the ancient republics and well acquainted with the principles upon which a government should be framed, a little salutary advice will not be out of place. It is a fact well attested by the history of every new country, that whatever fraud or injustice is committed by colonists upon the aborigines of a country, is always reflected back upon the heads of those who commit [it], and that by a kind and conciliating manner toward the *natives* nothing is lost but often very much gained. My advice, therefore, is that [in] all your acts, both public and private, you continually keep this grand truth before your mind. Conducting yourself in this way, you may confidently and reasonably expect that your colony will become a great and wise people and be loved and esteemed by your friends and respected and admired by your enemies, and that, unlike all things else of human origin, your nation will never fall but go on "conquering and to conquer" till the end of time.

## MISCELLANY.

Commencement is on Wednesday, the 5th of August.

We had a fine time on the Fourth.

Eight students got into a snap and were put on probation, two of them professors of religion. One had to read a confession to escape dismission.

Mrs. Hayes is expected here the first of next month. Mr. and Mrs. Platt also.

Money is scarce and much needed, as the bankrupt law is defeated in the H. R. [House of Representatives].

By the end of the session R. B. H. *must* have thirty-five dollars. One installment of which is expected and needed in his next letter from home.

The mail will be closed in ten minutes.

A letter is requested immediately.

Ten more words is wanted to fill out this column.

Mother wishes me to keep my hair, "teeth," and nails cut short.

Your brother,  
R. BIRCHARD HAYES.

Give my respects to the family.

MRS. WM. A. PLATT.

[The Presidential campaign of 1840 was one of the most exciting and interesting political contests in American history. Never before had the people generally been so stirred. The Whigs early took the initiative. They held everywhere enormous meetings with singing, shouting, cheering processions of enthusiastic partisans. The campaign roused the ardor of young Hayes, who was an earnest Whig, and made a deep and lasting impression on his mind. He followed it throughout with intense interest and was jubilant at the overwhelming Whig triumph. This is manifest in the following brief history of the campaign which he wrote during its progress. It reveals such constraint and maturity that it is difficult to realize that it is the composition of a lad just completing his eighteenth year.]

A HISTORY OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

BEGUN JUNE 25, 1840.

In order to give a full and complete history of this campaign, it is necessary to go back to and examine the situation of the country, the policy pursued, and the measures which Mr. Van Buren was pledged to carry out when elected in 1836.

By the influence of General Jackson in 1834 the state bank system was substituted for the National Bank as the depository of the public moneys.

The "Pet Bank System" during the remainder of General Jackson's Administration apparently succeeded in accomplishing its object; and when he delivered his last message our affairs were in so prosperous a condition that he said with truth: "I leave the nation in prosperity and at peace with all nations."

Mr. Van Buren in his inaugural address, March 4, 1837, said: "I shall follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor"; an assurance which he has since found very hard [to] fulfill.

In May following, all the evils of the "Pet Bank System" burst upon the country. The banks were compelled to "suspend," and the commercial cities were filled with distress and ruin. An extra session of Congress was called. Mr. Van Buren recommended the sub-treasury scheme, the object of which was to separate the Government from the banks and reduce our cur-



rency to specie. Many of the heretofore members of the Van Buren party refused to support the measure. They called themselves Conservatives. Mr. Rives, Tallmadge, Ruggles, and several members of the House of Representatives were among the principal. The measure was rejected by a close vote.

The fall elections turned upon this point. The party opposed to Van Buren succeeded beyond all expectation. New York went against him by a large majority. But in his first annual message to the Congress of 1837-8, he again recommended the measure, and it became evident that the Administration were determined to "sink or swim" with the scheme. Mr. Van Buren said, alluding to the result of the fall elections: "The sober second thought of the people is seldom wrong and always efficient." The measure was again rejected. A caucus was held by the opposition members of Congress who recommended that a convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President be held at Harrisburg, December, 1839. Although this was later than many wished, yet, as it was recommended by the best "managers" in the land, it was agreed to by the party.

In the fall elections of 1838, the Van Buren party were successful. Ohio, Indiana, and Tennessee, *all* returned Democratic members, but New York still remained firm; so that the opposition were still in good spirits. In the session of 1838-39, the Sub-Treasury was again put down. In the fall elections of 1839, the Democratic party were very successful and the Whig party were low-spirited.

But the pressure of the times began to be felt all over the Union. The farmers and laboring classes, who before had not suffered, now were the most oppressed.

The Twenty-sixth Congress, after several weeks of trouble about contested seats, was organized and the administration party with the aid of the New Jersey members had a decided majority.

The Whigs now began to hope that with a popular candidate they could by *great* exertion succeed. Many thought the Van Buren party had not fulfilled their promises and expressed their dissatisfaction with the Administration.

In December, 1839, "the Convention" met. It was composed

of one delegate from each Congressional District. Nearly all the States were represented by the principal men in the nation. Governor Barbour, of Virginia, presided. The candidates for nomination were Clay, Scott, and Harrison. There was a spirit of concession manifest from the beginning which showed they [the delegates] were determined.

Harrison was nominated. The convention were *all* well satisfied. *Everywhere* the nomination was hailed with joy by the opposers of the Administration. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held in the different States to respond to the nomination.

John Tyler, of Virginia, was nominated for Vice-President *unanimously*. General Scott, Mr. Clay, Webster, Tallmadge, Rives, Generals Clinch, Gaines, and Van Rensselaer, all expressed their determination to go heart and hand for the nominations.

In this State (Ohio), many who had before been supporters of Van Buren came out publicly and declared their intention to go for Harrison. About this time the *Baltimore Republican*, a Van Buren print, sneeringly said of General Harrison: "Give him a pension of two thousand dollars and a barrel of hard cider, and he will be content to live in a log cabin the remainder of his days." Great use was made of this by the Harrison party. They styled themselves the "Log-cabin and hard-cider party." In February and March, 1840, log cabins began to be built for council houses for the Harrison party.

A convention was held on the 22d of February in this State (Columbus) to respond to the nomination and nominate candidates for state offices. Large and spirited meetings were held in the different counties nominating delegates for "the Convention." All knew that the State was aroused, but as the weather was bad, the roads almost impassable, few expected that there would be much of a "turnout"; but the day came, and with it the *greatest* [meeting] in many respects ever held. There was no plan or system, but each delegation bore as their emblem whatever their caprice dictated. Log cabins, hard cider, canoes, boats, all kinds, were brought with thousands of mottoes.

At this convention it was, that political songs were sung to any great extent, and this was the first of that series of great conventions for which this campaign will be remarkable. Num-

ber present twenty thousand. A convention was held in Connecticut, remarkable for its size, — five thousand.

The first contested state election after the nomination was in Connecticut. To this election the eyes of both parties were turned. Both claimed it and both knew it would test the popularity of the Harrisburg nominees. The result was a clear Harrison majority of four thousand five hundred. Rhode Island was also claimed by both parties. Harrison's majority, one thousand four hundred.

But again the eyes of both parties were directed to [the] Virginia election. Two senators were to be elected by the next Legislature. Two Van Buren and two Harrison men were up. The Van Buren party hoped that the nomination would be unpopular in the South; but the result showed a Harrison majority of ten on joint ballot. The township and charter elections were claimed by both parties as evidences of their strength.

Tremendous conventions began to be held in the summer by the Harrison party. [On the] 11th [of] June, Fort Meigs, thirty-five thousand. Tippecanoe, thirty thousand. Illinois, June 4, fifteen thousand. Both parties are straining every nerve. Now my belief is that the Harrison party will succeed. — June 30, 1840.

*July 30.* — The election in Louisiana came off on the 6th. The result was looked to with great interest as indicative of the state of feeling existing in the extreme South. It resulted in the triumph of the Harrison party.

*August.* — The battle waxes hotter; the Administration begin to hope for success in the elections in Kentucky, Iowa, Illinois, Mississippi, Alabama, and North Carolina. But they are doomed to be disappointed: the Harrisonians have carried the three large States.

*September.* — The Van Buren party, grown desperate by defeat, now begin to hope for the result in Maine and Vermont. They are beaten in both States.

*October.* — They know that nothing but success in this State can save them. They are accordingly straining every nerve. Johnson, Allen, Shannon, etc., are stumping it over the State. Mr. Corwin has also been before the people.

*October 13.*— Election day. The Whigs have carried the States of Georgia, Maryland, and Delaware. In fine spirits here. I believe Mr. Corwin will be elected by fifteen thousand.

*October 20.*— Returns all in. Corwin, Governor, by seventeen thousand five hundred!!!

*October 25.*— The result in Pennsylvania is doubtful. I think the Whigs will carry it on the 30th by eight thousand. And in this State by twenty-five thousand.

*November 5.*— The long agony is over. The “whirlwind” has swept over the land and General Harrison is undoubtedly elected President. I never was more elated by anything in my life. His majority in this State about sixteen acres, or twenty-three thousand. Kentucky and everywhere else is going fine. Glorious!

Up on the Reserve “Birney [James G. Birney, candidate for President of the “Liberty Party”] and Van Buren run about alike.” Ha! ha!

## CHAPTER IV

AT KENYON COLLEGE, 1840-1841 — JUNIOR YEAR

GAMBIER, October 11, 1840.

DEAR MOTHER:—Here I am once more at my four years' home and enjoying my full share of content and happiness. Upon the whole, I am glad that I came back with the intention of remaining through the winter. Though our teachers are not as yet at their posts, I am so situated that I think, so far as depends upon my own exertions, I shall gain much by remaining. At present we recite to the Bishop and shall continue to do so till the President arrives. As a teacher I like him very much. I am very much pleased with my room and roommate (*Solus*); the situation is high, dry, and healthy. I have risen (prepare for a thunderstroke!) at the first bell. I have never before felt like applying myself to my studies with such hearty good-will as at the present session.

Give my respects to Fanny, Jun., and please tell Fanny, Sen., to train up Fanny, Jun., in the way she should go, and when she is old (following in the footsteps of her illustrious mother), away she will go. Give my respects to the household, especially Dolly.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.—I wish you would Wednesday morning buy and box up some sweet potatoes and send them by the stage of that day. Direct on the outside to *me*, Gambier, Ohio. I want them for two reasons; first, I like the potatoes; next, I want an excuse to go to town [Mount Vernon] Wednesday.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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February 10, 1841.—I shall try and write from memory a history of my doings for the last two years, and not be so neglectful for the future. [This he failed to do.]

First, I will give a short sketch of the persons who have been my classmates and my opinion of their character and ability.

Lorin Andrews. — Left the class in 1840, (Ashland, Ohio.) I was introduced to him the first day of my arrival at college. My roommate who introduced me to him said he was a smart fellow, a pretty good fellow about most things; rather too desirous of popularity; would "suck in," as he expressed it. Mr. Andrews is a young man of good natural ability, is very industrious at whatever he undertakes. In fine, does everything with his whole soul. Through freshman year he was invariably at the head of the class in all the studies. In the winter term of sophomore year he became interested in the establishment of a magazine, called the *Collegian*; he spent his whole time in attempting to carry this scheme into operation. He was indefatigable in his exertions. There was a large *faction* opposed to the measure, but with the assistance of A. B. Buttles he finally forced the measure through the "Old Philo" [Philomathesian Society]. But it failed before it got in operation, and Andrews left college soon after. He was a warm supporter of General Harrison's; went to the birthday convention at Columbus on the 22nd of February, 1840, and came back a warm politician; spent last summer "stumping it." In my opinion, he is a talented, energetic, honorable young man, and if he will let politics alone, will make a good lawyer.

E. T. Austin, Texas. — Left the class in 1839. A Yankee by birth, a Texan by adoption. In appearance he was pale, thin, tall, and slim; he had no particular traits of character worthy of mention, would do well to trap bullfrogs; commonly known by the name of "Bones." — N. C., nuff ced.

George Burnside, Gambier, Ohio. — A large, red-faced genius, great at using figures of speech; is trying to make an orator; has a good disposition. I should call him a sort of a cleverish fellow.

Gilbert Mortier de la Fayette Burnside. — "What's in a name?" A little . . .; great at drawing pictures on the blackboard. Q. S., quite sufficient. Left the class in 1839.

Milton Boyd, Hillsboro, Ohio. — A large, full-grown man, say twenty-three years old; a fine fellow; succeeds well among the ladies; by no means smart.

Guy M. Bryan, Texas. — Fully retrieves the character of Texas. He is a Missourian by birth. He is a real gentleman, holds his honor dear, respects the wishes and feelings of others, is a warm and constant friend. Has good talents, though not a good scholar. He will, I trust, figure largely in Texan history; he is a true patriot. [This prediction came true. Bryan and Hayes were lifelong intimate friends.]

Douglas Case, Columbus, Ohio. — A good young man as ever lived; never did but one bad deed, and that was to leave our class; but that was unavoidable.

Leander Comstock, Worthington, Ohio. — Has a good disposition, tolerable talents, and great industry; will, I hope, make a *tall* man.

Ezra Cridland, Philadelphia. — Could drink liquor and roll into prayers; left in 1839.

E. B. Goodrich, Sandusky City, Ohio. — Unworthy to be mentioned as one of the class. Left in 1839.

S. Harrison, Mississippi. — A good-looking fellow — very fond of sprees. Left in 1839.

John Harris, Canton, Ohio. — A good fellow as far as I know him. Left in 1838.

R. B. Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. — The owner of this book; remarkable for self-esteem.

W. R. Harelett, Zanesville, Ohio. — A good mathematician, but poor at all else. Left in 1840.

E. C. Hodgkin, Detroit, Michigan. — A devoted Christian; a tolerable smart fellow. An Abolitionist, but an honest one. Left in 1840.

John Hickman, Paris, Kentucky. — John stutters. Ha! ha! ha! Left in 1839.

E. T. Kellogg, Cleveland, Ohio. — A good fellow, but has too little control over himself. He left in 1841 — dismissed.

O. A. Kinsolving, Charlottesville, Virginia. — First-rate. Will graduate.

A. B. Lamb, Delaware, Ohio. — My former roommate — a fine fellow but lacks decision of character. Will graduate.

H. Lee, Coshocton, Ohio. — A good-natured Christian — not smart. Left in 1839.

P. Lyon, Virginia. — The wildest little red-head that ever moved. Left in 1839.

G. W. Mason, Steubenville, Ohio. — A great inventive genius and mathematician. Good at heart — bad temper and quibbles. [Will] graduate.

Miller Moody, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. — Smart but wild. Dismissed 1839.

[Character sketches were never completed.]

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GAMBIER, FEBRUARY 10, 1841.

DEAR MOTHER: — Do not be frightened that I should so soon write again; nothing serious has happened, only I have turned over a new leaf about writing letters. In one of our rhetoric lessons the other day, there was a remark which struck me very forcibly. The substance of it was "that nothing but exercise could make a good epistolary writer"; and as I know of no one upon whom I can more properly *inflict* a few letters than my mother, I hope you will brace yourself to the task of reading a series of letters from my honorable self, and if you should ever grow weary or faint beneath the affliction, just recollect the old proverb that "no evil is so great that a cheerful heart cannot overcome it."

As this is the first letter of the first series I am in some doubt how to commence it. Shall I commence in the sky and come down to particulars? Or shall I commence with myself and the college-bell? By the way, just thank your fortune that you was never placed under the brazen tyranny of a college-bell. Somewhere in the New Testament it says "there is a time for all things." Now, the bell aforesaid acts upon the principle that there is no time to eat, sleep, or be merry, but only a time for



reciting, or, when it is in a peculiarly agreeable mood, it sometimes grants us a little time to study, but those moods are like "angels' visits, etc." Where was I when I went off on this tangent? No difference, though, where I was.

Sometimes I used to conceal from you my troubles and vexations, but those times are gone, and to be confidential—I am almost out of ink and I shall have to walk full two hundred yards to get some more; besides the weather is very cold. You know how I hate long walks in a cold day—especially towards church. But, as you know, I am a good deal of a philosopher, and I'm determined not to let either the bell or the want of ink destroy my peace. "What can't be cured must be endured," as Shakespeare says, and as I almost said. I presume by this time you have discovered that I have a great talent of writing "*multum in parvo*."

For fear you have not yet heard the news, I will here remark that our President has—not arrived. But five short weeks are left till this session closes. It has passed over very quick, and as I have to prepare a *something* between now and then, the remainder of it will pass equally fast. The thought occasionally comes into my head, what shall I do after leaving college? Now, I would not have you think that it troubles me, for I have no fears that I shall starve as long as I have "teeth and toe-nails." If I could have a good farm I would love to be a farmer, but if not I shall spend all the money I can lay fingers on to get a *good* and *complete* education, and when I am entirely run out I will practice law in some little dirty hole out West. I hope you will say nothing of all this to the rest of the family for although they may be deeply interested in my affairs, yet there is no *mother* among them.

I have just received Fan's letter. I am glad to hear you have got good help, especially as you have so much company. I wish I was at home. I enjoy such times very much. You must manage to get Hat a husband in Columbus; it would not do for such old friends as her and Fan to live apart. Tell F. I will answer her letter very soon. She forgot to mention anything of *Bob* and though she *expatiated* largely on the babe she forgot to

mention her weight. Now, such negligence as this in two such important particulars is not to be tolerated in this enlightened age.

I have a touch of my old complaint — sore throat. Perhaps William can give me some advice on the subject. I would be tempted to steam it if I thought it would do any good, for this being half-sick I do not like.

As to my private affairs, I am just middling. My “ordinary expenses,” as Mr. Benton would say, will not be so great as I had expected by some considerable, but my “extraordinary expenses” will be greater. I believe I told you that our class are a-going to appear in a uniform suit in the Spring. Now, the suit will be a very cheap one in comparison to what is usual, but still a complete dress from stock to boots cannot be procured for *nothing*. I do not know how much it will cost. I will write again soon and tell you. I received the lamp-wicks. They were of right kind.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, February 25, 1841.

TO WHOM — This letter should be directed is a question of some interest to me as the answer will be, I hope, of much real *value*, but of no importance to *you*. There is an advantage in not directing to anyone in particular arising from various weighty causes, among which the most prominent are: Friend Trowbridge just came in and desired me to assist him in writing a comedy of which the foundation is to be an amusing incident which occurred in this neighborhood last evening. One of the belles of this place, Miss Lane, engaged a short time ago to marry a young tailor as soon as the balmy breezes began to blow in April. By the way, I should have described the charms of intellect and person which Miss L. possesses: She is tall and slender, about the height of a liberty pole and the thickness of a ramrod. Her golden locks in truth hang down her cheeks like seaweed round a clam; but if her form is lofty, majestic, and commanding, and her hair *rich* with the tallow of many a candle, her features are emphatically “noice” and inspire ideas of solemn sublimity. Her skin is a beautiful dark yellow, and in addition

to all these charms, she has long sharp teeth of which she is, I think, quite vain for she is always showing them, so that they are *sunburnt* to about the color of her hair; lanthorn jaws, and broad flabby ears, —

"A combination and a form, indeed  
Where all the gods did seem to set their seal,  
To give assurance of a '*belle*.'"

But besides her personal accomplishments, she was so graceful in her movements, and so *tasty* in her dress, that it is by no means strange that she should have many admirers. When she came into church she waved her head to and fro till every ribbon rattled in the whirlwind she created. At her entrance her beaux would stretch and twist their necks within an ace of dislocation, and even the students manifested their pleasure by sundry winks and grins. Wherever she moved she was "the observed of all observers." But, to the happy man whom she blessed with her favors: He is a little fat, duck-legged "knight of the goose," bearing as much semblance to that beautiful bird as any other work of nature or art that I know of.

Well, this "lofty Ben Lomond and little Ben Docky" were to be joined in the holy bonds of wedlock sometime in the ensuing spring. But lo and behold, last night a stalwart farmer from down creek came to her father's to be married to her according to promise. Here was a pretty fix! Her parents knew of the last engagement; after the "evening was far spent," her father concluded to inform "little Ben Docky" of the cause of their sorrows. When *he* heard the news, it seemed as though his heart-strings were broken. He sat him down and wept bitterly, after which he revived and determined to go and see what could be done on this trying occasion. When Miss L. saw him, she felt like a lofty pine riven with a flash of lightning; in other words, she fainted.

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen,  
O, what a *noble* mind was here o'erthrown!"

When she recovered from her swoon, it was agreed that the two beaux should stand out in the middle of the floor and she

was then to choose between them. What a scene for a painter — her old father and mother, some ten or a dozen tall boys and girls, the two candidates for the prize! *The* character was, however, Miss L. There she stood like a weeping-willow, now inclined this way, now that. All was still.

"'Twas now the [very] witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world."

Finally with a heaving bosom and a long-drawn sigh, she chose the little tailor. But here a new difficulty arose; the farmer had the license! The tailor was not long in obtaining one. But while he was gone, his rival declared he was willing to lose the *wife* but not the seventy-five cents he paid for the license, and he would not consent to the wedding without whipping her enough to pay for *that*. At last the affair was consummated and the tailor and his Dulcinea are man and wife. Thus endeth the chapter.

On the evening of the 22d we illuminated the college with the materials we had collected for the arrival of President Douglass.\* It was a splendid affair.

I like the Dutchman's gems if not his clothes.

Another thing I would like to know, *sis*, would it be convenient to have one of my *friends* visit at *your* house a portion of vacation? If so, speak, "if not, forever after hold thy peace!"

Our exhibition goes off Tuesday evening, three weeks from last evening — at the close of the session.

I should be glad to receive from headquarters the sum of nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars, but do not dare to *ask* for more than thirty-five dollars.

I am as ever,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — The friend of whom I spoke is either Bryan or Trowbridge, probably the latter. — R. B. H.

\* David Bates Douglass, the first independent President of Kenyon. Before his time the Bishop of Ohio had been *ex officio* President.

P. P. S. — Give my love to baby, Dolly, and Hatty. "The last shall be first and the first last."

MR. AND MRS. WHOM.

MR. AND MRS. WM. A. PLATT.

GAMBIER, June, 1841.

DEAR MOTHER: — I should have written to you long since had it not been that I expected you to come over here previous to returning home from Delaware. Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone were here last week, from [whom] I first learned that you had returned to Columbus. You must be sure to come here sometime during this session. There never has been a time when I could receive so much pleasure from the visits of any of my friends as at present. The accommodations here are by no means good unless Mr. Blake invites strangers to the Hall; but there is no prospect of their being better while I remain. I presume there is no need of my urging you to come as you would probably come without, if you had a good opportunity.

About college, matters go on in about the same old course. The President has introduced a few novel plans and undertaken some reforms. He has succeeded but indifferently in either. He doubtless means very well in all he attempts, but from an authoritative manner acquired in the army, he is becoming somewhat unpopular among the students. Three foolish freshmen got into a little trouble with him. One was dismissed, and the other two left in disgust, expressing a profound contempt for the President, faculty, and all concerned. Their departure caused no very great sensation among their fellows; the sun has continued to give his light (besides a *little heat*, for variety's sake), and I have observed no deviation from the established laws of nature.

Four new plans have been introduced which are of some importance. Medals are to be given to the best scholars in each class on application being made at the end of the college course. From present appearances, I think no one in my class will apply. Comstock, of Worthington, would be most likely to obtain one. He [the President] has also ordained that all students shall be matriculated — a heathenish rite imported from England; very

proper in large institutions, but its main object here appears to be the raising a fund to pay for the medals I just spoke of.

A new rule has been established that each student shall choose from among the faculty some one who is to be his adviser and friend in all matters in which assistance is desired and is to be the medium of communication between the student and faculty. This I like very much. My patron is a tutor in the Grammar School who has graduated since I came here. Upon the whole, the President governs very well for those who intend to take every opportunity to evade the laws. But he is rather hard on those who are disposed to conduct themselves properly.

It is a mistake that Hedges, of Tiffin, was dismissed from Cambridge. He could not enter because he had no certificate to show that he left here in good standing. He came here a few days ago and was readmitted into the institution. I hope he will not be so rash in future.

Bryan was perfectly delighted with his visit to you. He said he had not felt so much at home since he left Texas as he did the short time he staid with you. He was very much pleased with Uncle and in fact all concerned.

Sore eyes are prevalent nowadays. Three seniors are prevented from pursuing their studies, among whom is my old friend Trowbridge. It is rather troublesome for them as they all have orations to prepare previous to Commencement. Love to Sophy and all the rest.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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[The Diary which now begins was continued, although with frequent intermissions of greater or less duration, from this time to the end of Hayes's life.]

*Kenyon College, June 11, 1841.*—In commencing this diary I have several objects in view, among the principal of which are improvement in composition and amusement. From having always neglected composition, and from the trouble which the mere mechanical execution of a piece of writing occasions me,

I find great difficulty in putting my thoughts upon paper in a clear and satisfactory manner. Even when I sit down to write a letter the ideas which I had previously collected suddenly vanish, leaving me to twirl my pen and thump my head in a vain attempt to recover them. In writing and conversing, I am often much vexed at the awkward expressions I am compelled to use for want of words with which to clothe my ideas. This, too, is one of my greatest difficulties in extempore speaking. I have, I think, several of the qualities requisite to become a ready speaker, but for want of fluency, I never succeed in my extempore efforts as I would wish.

By keeping a diary in which to record my thoughts, desires, and resolves, I expect to promote stability of character. This is a quality of [in] which I am by no means willing to acknowledge myself deficient; but if I commit to writing all of my resolves, I shall be more careful not to make them hastily, and when they are made I shall be more anxious to keep them. In addition to these positive benefits, I hope to derive amusement in after days from the perusal of my youthful anticipations, broken resolves, and strange desires.

I shall not yet determine how much or how often I will write lest the next page will contain the confession of a broken vow.

*June 17.* — How true is the old proverb that "delay is the thief of time." Almost a week has passed since I commenced this diary and the first page still remains to be written. Neither want of time nor inclination has occasioned this neglect, but simply the habit of putting off till tomorrow what should be done today. I have, it is true, had nothing of importance to relate, but if I make it a rule not to write till something of moment occurs, I fear my diary would end where it commenced.

I will devote the remainder of this page to mentioning some of the traits of character for which the hero of these etchings is most particularly remarkable. He has, in the first place, a very good opinion of himself, which can by no means be considered a failing, for if a man does not esteem himself, he would certainly be very silly to expect the esteem of others. And although he is also well convinced of the importance of self-

esteem, there is, perhaps, no one more anxious to conceal it than he is. Again, there is no one who more heartily detests open flattery than he does, and yet, strange to say, it sometimes sounds very pleasant to his ears; it puts him in such good humor with himself, and of course, with all about him, that he seems like quite another being while under its agreeable influence. He is so inconsistent as to wish to conceal this feature of his character, too, though he declares most positively that all men can be flattered, the only difference being that some are more accessible to its approaches than others. At first sight, or I should rather say thought, it seems surprising that he should wish to conceal what he considers no disgrace, but it is only one of the thousand errings of poor human nature. He has his share also of that "great Caucasus," ambition, and as he loves to excel, it cannot be denied that he loves to have it known. It is no part of his creed that deception may be practiced to give others a high opinion of his attainments, for common sense teaches him that an undeserved reputation is of more injury than benefit.

I spoke above of his self-esteem. Now, I do not mean that he entertains an exalted opinion of his talents or acquirements, but merely that he thinks himself possessed of a good share of common sense, by which is meant a sound practical judgment of what is correct in the common affairs of life. He often betrays this peculiar kind of self-esteem by reflections like the following: "If I only had C's talents, what a figure I would make in the world." The reason of his entertaining so favorable an opinion of his common sense is that his family and relatives are somewhat remarkable for the possession of it, and he thinks it runs in the blood. Moreover, he has often been told (good authority) that he has a family share of this good quality. Here I am compelled, very reluctantly, to leave this interesting and improving subject to attend to my recitations. It shall be resumed, however, the first opportunity.

*June 19.*—There is perhaps no feature of character of more importance in life than decision. Without it a human being, with powers at best but feeble, and surrounded by numerous things tending to perplex, to divert, or to oppress their opera-



tions, is indeed [a] pitiable atom, the sport of diverse and casual impulses. It is a question then of no little moment to every one whether he has a character such that when his decision is formed and purpose fixed, that he may feel an entire assurance that something will be done. This question is much more easily asked than answered. I have been for a long time convinced of the necessity of obeying the injunction, "Know thyself." But after studying my own disposition with a good degree of diligence, I am satisfied that the motives and desires which rule in my breast are, indeed, "past all finding out." There have been times when I exercised considerable firmness and decision, apparently without exertion. At other times, after making the best of resolutions, I find the strenuous will to carry them into effect almost entirely wanting. Considering my age and circumstances, I do not think myself more deficient in this quality than other persons; but, be this as it may, I am determined from henceforth to use what means I have to acquire a character distinguished for energy, firmness, and perseverance.

As I am now in the humor of writing, I will put down a few of my present hopes and designs for the sake of *keeping* them *safe*. I do not intend to leave here until about a year after I graduate, when I expect to commence the study of law. Before then I wish to become a master of logic and rhetoric and to obtain a good knowledge of history. To accomplish these objects I am willing to study hard, in which case I believe I can make, at least, a tolerable debater. It is another intention of mine, that after I have commenced in life, whatever may be my ability or station, to preserve a reputation for honesty and benevolence; and if ever I am a public man I will never do anything inconsistent with the character of a true friend and good citizen. To become such a man I shall necessarily have to live in accordance with the precepts of the Bible, which I firmly believe, although I have never made them strictly the "rule of my conduct." — Thus ends this long dry chapter on self.

*Kenyon College, June 21.* — The mail of today brings me sad news from home. My sister has lost her first and only child,

a charming little girl almost eight months old. "Nature and fortune joined to make her beautiful."

"She might of nature's gifts with lilies boast  
And with the half-blown rose."

My sister's letter betrays all those feelings of mingled love and sorrow which so well become a mother. She takes a melancholy pleasure in recounting the numberless charms of her darling little Sophia. She has now learned by her own experience the dread reality that "death is indeed a terrible thing." Alas,

"She must never, never  
Behold her pretty Sarah more,  
Till she meets her in the court of Heaven."

Great as my sorrow is, I almost forget it when I think of the anguish of the fond and doting parents. If ever child was idolized by father and mother, it was the one just lost. In one short day she passed from time [to] eternity. In the morning she was taken from her pillow full of mirth and glee, her sweet smiles diffusing joy around her, and before the setting of the sun she was gone, gone forever!

So little does Fanny realize the absence of the loved one, that in her letter she says, "Soon she would have learned to stretch out her little arms to you as she *does* to her father." She cannot speak of her as passed. What would the bereaved mother give to know *that word* need not be changed! Though I know she has bid a long farewell to the "child of her soul," she still has firmness to say, "Time will heal the wound." I sincerely hope it will.

How similar my feelings now are to those I had when John Wasson died more than two years ago. The shock was equally sudden, equally unexpected. But the words of grief are few.

June 25. — I have not taken up my pen this evening because I have something to write, but only because I feel like doing nothing else. The Society kept me up so late last night, that I have been too sleepy to do anything today. It's lucky I thought of this for it has furnished me with a good subject to write about: The performances in the Philomathesian Society.

The first which I shall notice is a composition which was read by a very sleek-faced, well-disposed sophomore whose chief misfortune is that he imagines himself a favorite of the "Sacred Nine." Dame Nature having gifted Mr. Lewis with considerable more vanity than common sense, he was easily persuaded by a waggish lecturer on phrenology that he had a head very similar in some respects to Lord Byron's. From this resemblance in craniums, he at once conceived the idea that he must be a poetic genius. Nor is there anything singular in this fancy of his, for he had probably heard that every one had a genius for something, and knowing that he had a genius for nothing else, he very logically deduced the conclusion that he was a "born poet." Never was a silly moonstruck lover more mistaken. His verses have neither wit, sense, nor rhyme. As for metre, it is a "trifle" which he utterly abhors; his intellect is not to be measured by the square and compass. When severely criticized on this point, he talks very learnedly of dactyls, spondees, hexameters, trimeter and dimeter verse; but it requires a great stretch of the imagination to perceive anything in his "lines" worthy [even of] the appellation "doggerel." The composition in question was a poetical effusion on the decline of the Indian race, a topic so *novel* that it was fully equal to the gentleman's mind and poetry. Before he had half finished his pathetic farewell, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Lo the poor Indian!" and when he reached the last *feeling* stanzas,

"Ah! poor Indian, to you  
I bid a long and last adieu,"

my eyes unconsciously suffused with tears, and no longer able to restrain the powerful emotions that swelled my bosom, I burst into a — horse-laugh. Seriously, however, if Mr. Lewis would stick to sober prose and abandon "lines with ragged ends," he might make a tolerable writer. But, "Poesy thou wast undone and from thy native country driven."

"How hard it is to hide the sparks of genius."

— *Shakespeare*.\*

\* The ascription of this line to Shakespeare is, of course, made in pure irony.

*June 29* — Since writing the above description of Mr. Lewis' poetical effusions, I have been somewhat fearful that I violated sundry good resolutions, which I once made concerning the government of my tongue. I make it a rule never to seek an opportunity to speak ill of any individual, and if it is my duty to blame, to do it in as mild terms as the subject admits of. I did not make this determination because I thought I was disposed to question the motives of others, or to censure without sufficient reason; but lest by frequently indulging in remarks more severe than the occasion warrants, I may contract a habit of slandering my acquaintances which will grow stronger [and] stronger till the odious practice becomes a confirmed habit which cannot be shaken off. I saw a remark of Bacon on this subject which struck me as well worthy of remembrance. "There is," said he, "with the young and old a prevalent habit of talking of persons rather than things. This is seldom innocent and often pregnant with many evils. Such conversation insensibly slides into detraction, and by dwelling on offenses we expose our own souls to contagion, and are betrayed into feelings of pride, envy, jealousy; and even when we speak in terms of commendation we are sure to come in with a but at the last, and drive a nail in our neighbor's reputation." My own experience furnishes me with abundant proofs of the truth of this sentiment; but by regarding my resolution with care I hope to deserve a name far better than the slanderer's.

Another of the good resolutions referred to is, that while in the Society, I will do nothing calculated to produce disorder, or anything likely to have an evil tendency. My love of fun is so great, and my perception of the ludicrous so quick, that I laugh at everything witty, and say all I can to add to the general mirth. Now, this [is] agreeable enough at times, but the tendency to carry it to extremes is so great that I shall stop it entirely in future, if I can.

My last resolution is to act from no motives which I should be ashamed to avow. — There goes the bell.

*Kenyon College, July 3, 1841.* — The academical duties of the institution were suspended today for the purpose of celebrating

the sixty-fifth anniversary of our national independence. There being no celebration at college, many of the students went to Mount Vernon to witness a military display. I remained here and did nothing more patriotic than to split a log with a charge of powder, and raise a streamer on the East Wing with a Harrison handkerchief at my window. In the forenoon I gathered mulberries in company with Jimmy Smith, of Dayton, and in the afternoon we ate them in Bryan's room assisted by Case and Dewalt. This way of spending the glorious Fourth does not make a very good appearance on paper, but I presume we derived as much pleasure and profit from our little picnic as thousands of others did from celebrations which cost them far more time, trouble, and expense.

How wonderfully has the prediction of John Adams been verified, that the action of the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776, has made this a "great and good day." Slight, indeed, were their hopes that the recurrence of this day would be hailed with mingled feelings of pride and joy and gratitude by so many millions of fellow-beings. With what truth was it foretold that the Fourth of July would be celebrated with illuminations, bonfires, and roaring of cannon. From my window (No. 17 E. W. [East Wing]) I can see the boys at Milnor Hall, by the light of their bonfire, throwing fireballs. I can even hear their glad hurrahs as they skip and dance around the blaze in perfect ecstasy. What delight I have taken in such scenes; but these no longer afford enjoyment. Yet I do not know but I am as happy as ever. This calls to mind the various ways in which I have spent this day.

Last Fourth, 1840, we had a celebration here. Milton Elliot delivered the oration and the Declaration of Independence was read by A. B. Buttles. I displayed my zeal by acting as paymaster-general, raising flags, and cutting poles. Many of my friends spent the day at Harrison conventions in the neighboring towns. I was sorry I did not attend one of them as the political fever was raging to a remarkable degree.

[In] 1839, we had a glorious celebration here. The oration of Mr. Lightner's was very good and the dinner most excellent.

After dinner, some speeches were made at the chapel, in which some things were said which created a difficulty between a noble warm-hearted Kentuckian and the orator of the day. The sectional feeling which then existed was at once aroused. The members of the rival societies each espoused the cause of their own member and a serious disturbance appeared unavoidable. After much useless disputing, Mr. Andrews, of my class, and Mr. Elliot proposed that we should take a short march to the tune of Yankee Doodle. This was immediately agreed to and the spirit-stirring notes of this favorite air recalled at once to the minds of the combatants the fact that we were all Americans, so that the dispute was amicably settled and we marched to college better friends than ever. I trust all other sectional divisions and disputes may always be as fortunately ended as this.

*July 6.* — The last time I wrote in my diary I was telling the ways in which I spent some of the Fourths in former years.

In 1838 I was at the school of Mr. Webb in Middletown, Connecticut. On the Fourth of July there was a union celebration over in the college grounds, but in company with most of my school-fellows I passed the day firing a little two-pounder, swimming, and eating. My companions were H. C. Chauncey, Wm. G. Lane, and E. B. Colt, of Paterson, New Jersey. We made a great noise and, of course, were in fine spirits.

[In] 1837 I was in Delaware, [Ohio]. After some consultation with J. Turney and M. D. Covell, we thought best to employ ourselves in diminishing the number of the fowl of the air and [the] beasts of the field which have multiplied so amazingly since old Noah's time. After making the necessary arrangements, such as filling our pockets with biscuits, butter, salt, and pepper, we sallied forth with one shotgun and a lead cannon to spread terror and dismay among the natives of the forest. We first bent our steps towards the Olentangy, where after wandering about in mud and mire for a couple of hours without encountering anything more formidable than an occasional bullfrog, we sat ourselves down upon a huge brown log to consult upon our future course. We debated for some time without approaching any conclusion, when a new character appeared on the stage

who at once decided our counsels. This was no less a personage than one Bob White, whose shrill calls from the other side of the river at once induced us to roll up our pants and wade over to cultivate more closely his acquaintance. Arrived safely on the opposite shore, we despatched Covell with the old fusee to put a stop to the clamor of the innocent quail. After waiting several minutes we were surprised that Covell did not shoot, and our astonishment was no way diminished at hearing Bob White ringing away at pretty regular intervals. Turney and myself soon began to make various amusing conjectures as to where Covell could have betaken himself. After waiting a few minutes longer in breathless suspense, our minds were filled with fearful forebodings as to his life. We looked at one another in silence, but the workings of our countenances betrayed the terror of our breasts more vividly than words could tell.

We simultaneously started for the point where Covell had disappeared in the thicket. Carefully putting aside the bushes, we advanced with extreme caution towards the place where our old friend the quail was exercising his lungs with undiminished vigor. When we had approached very close to the spot whence the sound proceeded, we stopped and stooping low peered anxiously around among the bushes. At last my eyes met the form of my lost friend kneeling as if in prayer. Good Heavens! my worst fears were realized. He had been bitten by a rattlesnake concealed in the underbrush, and was now with his last breath offering up a prayer for his final safety! My head spun round with giddiness; a mist clouded my sight; I reeled and would have swooned. But at this instant I heard Covell, in tones more of vexation than entreaty, exclaim: "I wish the man that made this lock had it down his throat." I revived as if from the influence of some potent spell. I spoke in accents which betrayed the trepidation I had felt: "Why, Covell what *are* you about?" "I snapped at this quail till I got tired and then used a box of matches up trying to touch off this rotten powder, and now if Mr. Quail don't get off that log 'quicker than Hell can scorch a feather,' I'll knock his brains out with the ramrod." He sprang forward, the quail flew, and I roared with laughter. We hunted no more that day, but ate up our biscuits and went home content.

*July 11.*—July 4, 1836, I was at Norwalk Seminary, which was then under the direction of Mr. Chaplin, a Methodist clergyman, formerly a lawyer of some note in Champaign County. He spent the early part of his life in every kind of licentiousness, but finally becoming religious, he commenced preaching and is now a man of much usefulness and exemplary piety. I fired cannon through the day and ate figs, raisins, and sugarplums between times. My companions were Picket, Webb, and Lewis McArdle. Upon the whole we had a jolly time of it.

July 4, 1835, I was in Delaware, but who were my companions or what I did has long since slipped my memory. I presume, however, I burned powder, ate candy, and followed the trainers [militiamen], as that was usually the order of exercise for such occasions.

*July 12.*—Independence Day, 1834, I was visiting Uncle Austin in company with my mother and sister, at Fayetteville, Vermont. About 1 o'clock P. M., as Charles Birchard and myself were intently engaged firing a small cannon, news came that an old man across the square had cut his throat. We hastened over there as fast as our legs could carry us, and sure enough there lay a poor miserable wretch with his throat sawed from ear to ear, and a bloody chopping knife still quivering in his old fingers. A physician who lived near by examined his wound and said he could not live more than half an hour. Some of the bystanders then lifted him into a shady place and laid him on the green grass to bleed away his life. While he was heaving and groaning most piteously, I could not but think of the horrors of war. My dreams had often been of military fame, of the laurels which adorn the victor's brow, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war; but the sight of this dying man affected me so much that I thought I should never again desire to witness the glories of a battlefield, if its terrors were such as this. The moment he was out of my sight, these feelings vanished like a dream and I laughed at my former emotions.

The remembrance of national jubilees previous to 1834 has ceased to remind. These occasions then seemed great indeed; they are gone, gone forever.

"A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."



The first oration I ever heard was delivered by Ralph Hills, M. D., in the Presbyterian church at Delaware, one Fourth, but what year it was, what I thought of it, who can tell? Why, not I, faith!

*July 29.* — More than two weeks have slipped by since I last opened my diary. Since then I have been examined in most of my studies for the past session. My success was very good in all of them. I was best satisfied with my examination in logic and rhetoric. Those studies I have taken much interest in. I shall review them at my leisure, and hope in time to become a perfect master of logic.

How strangely swift the time does fly. Only think, in one little week I shall be a senior; a year, and then a graduate. But who can tell what changes a year may bring? Short as the three years since I entered college now seem, they have wrought great changes in my views of things and, perhaps, greater still in my anticipations and designs. I have always been ambitious, dreaming of future glory, of performing some virtuous or patriotic action, but it has been all dreams, and no reality. From my earliest recollection, I have thought I had great power in me; yet at the same time I was fully satisfied of my present insignificance and mental weakness. I have imagined that at some future time I could do considerable; but the more I learn, the more I feel my littleness.

Well, I must stop these outpourings of youthful folly and proceed to other matters. I have just taken a roommate, J. A. Little. He enters the freshman class as I enter the senior. He is very industrious, has a fine disposition and tolerable abilities. I only hope his talents are equal to his temper. I shall do all I can to help him on the way to distinction. I anticipate great pleasure and some profit from the society of my new chum.

*Kenyon College, August 1, 1841.* — A few weeks since two of my friends, Bryan and Kinsolving, proposed to me a project they had been thinking of concerning the foundation of a club, to be composed of a few select friends, whose main object should be to promote "firm and enduring friendship among its members."

I expressed some doubt as to the probability of its success, fearing that it would sink as soon as we left college. I however promised to aid them heart and hand, believing it would be a source of much pleasure to us even if its existence should cease when we left. The scheme was then proposed to several others, all of whom were strongly in favor of it. Accordingly a meeting was held in my room to consider the matter, at which were present Bryan, Kinsolving, Lang, Comstock, Dewalt, Boyd, Case, Trowbridge, and myself, and we were the founders of the Phi Zeta Club. We held several meetings, adopted *Philia Zoe* (Friendship for Life) for our motto, procured canes for badges, and made several regulations which we thought necessary to secure the prosperity and permanency of the club.

Last evening we chose Milton Elliot a member, although he leaves the institution next week. He possessed so large a share of the "milk of human kindness," we could not bear to have him leave without joining our fraternity. He was much gratified with the partiality we exhibited toward him and made us a very feeling little speech, promising faithfully to perform his duty as an absent member, which is to write to the club once each session. Our first literary performances were read last evening, consisting of three essays and a farewell address from the president. They were all good. Mr. Kinsolving's farewell, in particular, would have been highly creditable to any writer. After the meeting adjourned we retired to partake of a feast, not quite so intellectual, but nevertheless quite good, furnished by friend Bryan. When the supper was honorably discharged or rather despatched, we returned to Kinsolving's room to chat a little and then retired to rest after one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent anywhere.

## CHAPTER V

### AT KENYON COLLEGE, 1841-1842 — SENIOR YEAR

**C**olumbus, August 25, 1841. — Many pleasant days have passed, and many happy ones too, since I last wrote in my journal — poor thing. [I] wonder that it does not feel slighted; but it does not complain. I must, therefore, infer that it has no feeling on the subject. Ah, it is vacation! That accounts for the indifference it manifests as well as for my neglect.

The commencement exercises at Old Kenyon went off in style. The graduating class acquitted themselves with credit. My long-tried friend, Trowbridge, for whose success I was most anxious, exceeded my fondest anticipations. The effect of his eloquence on me was, indeed, surprising. I am accustomed to feel strongly — how strongly, words cannot tell — when one of my friends is gaining the palm of eloquence; but never before were tears drawn so copiously from my eyes as when the closing sentence of his oration passed his lips. I always thought him a persevering, strong-minded man, but I was then satisfied that he possessed the true fire of genius. With a fair field and good health, he can be really great. His style of speaking is Websterian — plain, strong, and to the purpose. With the valedictorian, Mr. Hall, I was never intimate, nor indeed very friendly. I thought him of too cold a nature for warm friendship; but my faith in the truth of this opinion was much shaken by his farewell to his classmates. The style of [it] was simple as nature's self and the thought and feeling true to life. As he spoke of the final parting scene, his eyes filled with tears, and for the moment, I really loved him for the strong emotion he exhibited.

*Columbus, August 29.* — In my limited acquaintance I have never known a person who did not think honesty praiseworthy. The reason there are so many dishonorable men appears to be, either that their ideas of true honesty are not sufficiently comprehensive, or that their minds have become warped by educa-

tion and habit. Many consider dishonesty in matters connected with their own pursuit as highly culpable, but regard laxity of morals in other particulars as of light importance. The merchant, for instance, who would not for any consideration fail to meet his engagements or violate his contracts, is still ready to violate his obligations to society by his conduct as a citizen. Again, the lawyer who is strictly honest as a professional man, permits himself to commit the most unworthy acts as a politician. Statesmen are often found who would frown indignantly upon the first dawning of an attempt to shake the foundations of morality and religion, and yet will be loose in their pecuniary affairs to an extent which honest merchants would think almost criminal. I am aware that many would say that such cases as the above cannot be found; that the man who is dishonest in one thing, would, with equal temptation, be unprincipled in another. From this opinion I beg leave [to] dissent. Many men are strictly honest as far as their notion of honesty extends. Had their opinions been differently formed they might have considered their present ideas of integrity as little worth; but now that they have them, no change of condition can alter them. It is dishonest to entertain prejudices, yet man is the child of prejudice. As to the practical question, whether honesty is always praiseworthy, no man can for an instant doubt. To deserve the name of a man of integrity, one must deal justly with himself as well as [with] his neighbor and God.

*Columbus, September 6, 1841.*—The grogshop politicians of this goodly city have been in constant ferment for a few weeks past because of the veto of the Bank Bill by President Tyler. The Van Buren men who opposed him so strenuously last fall, now laud him to the skies for his integrity and firmness in disregarding his party relations for the sake of the Constitution. On the other hand, his former friends, the old Whigs, stigmatize him as a traitor to his principles for disregarding the wishes of a majority of his supporters. For myself, I do not consider the professions of the Van Buren men sincere, nor do I think the harsh denunciations of the Whigs as very becoming [to] the original supporters of Harrison and Tyler. It is only by re-

maining united that they can continue to advance the great interests of the country, and they should be careful how they hazard all by casting loose from John Tyler for a conscientious discharge of duty.

I was *never* more rejoiced than when it was ascertained that Harrison's election was certain. I hoped we should then have a stable currency of uniform value; but since Tyler has vetoed one way of accomplishing this, I would not hesitate to try others. So much for politics, in which I have ceased to take an interest. My hopes and wishes were all realized in the election of old General Harrison, and I am [glad] to be able to say that I am now indifferent to such things.

*October 4, 1841.*—I returned to college nearly a week ago, eager to commence my winter's work. The rooms in college are being extensively repaired and will be eventually very much improved; but the noise and dirt are at present so annoying as to be very unfavorable to study. What I have lost in study I have gained in amusement, so I shall not complain.

I have not yet determined what amount of studying I shall do, but it shall be more than ever before, if my health permits. The regular studies of this session will not occupy near all of my time, and I shall endeavor in company with friend Lang to review algebra so as to lay a solid foundation for a future course of mathematics. Several gentlemen have assured me that they derived the greatest benefits from the good habits acquired while studying mathematics at college. I shall yet do what I can to gain all the advantages of this mode of discipline. Although I think I have a good share of mathematical talent, it has heretofore been shamefully neglected; but "better late than never" is a proverb as true as it is trite.

A portion of my time shall be given to logic, a study which I have not slighted. If I find I can *keep up* these branches with tolerable ease, I shall then *take up* French, when I shall have about as many irons in the fire as I can attend to.

When I commenced I intended to write a few things which were suggested by the recurrence of my nineteenth birthday. I am now nineteen, truly a young boy for one of my age. Almost

a man, and still I feel as boyish as I did at sixteen. In two years the law will consider me a man. That's all the law knows about it. I shall be a boy then, an old one though. What an ignoramus for a nineteen-year-old! Pshaw, if I was of the desponding sort, I would give up in despair. But none of that. High hopes and lofty aspirations yet!

*Kenyon College, October 7.*—I have studied nearly enough today to satisfy me. Besides my regular studies, I have been over, if not learned, a page of French and solved a large number of problems in algebra. I find it is much easier to understand their solution than I had anticipated. The whole of the first two years of my college course, I neglected mathematics so much that I began to think myself destitute of the particular faculties which are essential to a mathematical mind. Under Professor Ross, I quickly discarded this opinion. Mr. Ross, in addition to those high mental endowments which a good teacher must have, has also that winning, gentlemanly deportment which never fails to make a teacher respected and beloved by his scholars. If ever I become a mathematician, to him be the praise.

Among the things which now mainly occupy my thoughts, the situation of the two literary societies of the institution, are [is] a source of the most care and anxiety.

*October 17.*—Dark and gloomy as a dismal, rainy, equinoctial night can be, here in my old room, by a cheerful fire, I am as happy and comfortable as a clear conscience and full stomach can make one of us poor miserable mortals.

The best reason I can give for this self-satisfied feeling, is that I have plenty that I *can* do and nothing that I am *compelled* to do. Besides this, there are other matters of minor consideration which contribute to the same result, as, for instance, the election of Mr. Powell to the Legislature from Delaware County; and then, too, we had an unusually good supper, which always produces exceeding good temper. Next to a good temper, give me a good dinner. On a second reflection, I believe I prefer a good dinner, for it is most sure to produce good temper and also a good comfortable state of body. Now, a good supper is doubtless soothing to a troubled spirit; but then a good dinner is

grateful, nay rich, not to multiply expressions, it is really "*ho bone*," which being interpreted means rather goodish-like. So much for dinners and suppers. As for breakfasts, I am generally too sleepy to appreciate their merits. Besides, I am often vexed to think that I have left a nice soft (all but the soft) bed to get it; so that these harrowing reflections make me to eat my salt in grief, and drink my coffee in bitterness of spirit. Here I will gladly leave this mournful topic for others more sublime.

Three hours each week we are required to attend to Dr. Thrall's recitations or lectures in chemistry, and mortal long hours they are. The little straight-visaged chemist, with yellow skin and wrinkled cheek, pours forth such an amount of chemical lore that we stare to think that one little head can contain all he knows. But if the matter he gives us is profound, the manner in which he communicates it is — is — is — Why, let me see! It's queer, to say the least of it. His voice sounds like the grating of a file or the breaking of glass. It is between a grunt and a hiss. And yet, with all his infirmities, he has a good heart. A harsh exterior with kindness within. So we go. The handsomest man in college is the greatest dunce; the ugliest man is a smart fellow. The doctor is a chemical compound that I am too sleepy to analyze or describe.

*October 29.* — The senior class are now studying mental philosophy. It is easy to understand and full of interest. The author tells a great many entertaining and amusing little incidents to illustrate the various positions which he takes. The recitations are chiefly colloquial. The President relates numerous anecdotes of his own experience, most of which are very good. His fund of good stories is almost inexhaustible. Having spent his life in the busy scenes of camp, or among the throngs of a crowded city, his opportunity for obtaining information of all kinds has been most excellent. And from habits of close observation, his knowledge of men and things is very extensive, and his recollection is remarkably accurate. He frequently differs from the author, and by means of illustrations drawn from his own observation, he never fails to make his opinions appear at

least reasonable. The only fault that any find with the President is that he does not always make himself understood when asking questions; this occasioned in part by his inability to bring himself down to a level with his pupils, and partly by the supposition that we are more familiar with the lesson than we generally are.

I am the more satisfied with the study of the philosophy of mind from the number of useful lessons one can draw from it relative to his own habits of study and reflection. Many of the subjects of which it treats are eminently practical, especially those chapters in which the subject of habits are [is] discussed. The mental powers are so much influenced and regulated by habit that I am surprised to see the little importance which is generally attached to their formation as a part of education. General as the neglect of intellectual habits has become, the indifference with regard [to] the sensitive part of the mind is even more apparent. Very few appear to know how much the affections are within their own control, and still fewer act as if they knew they could mould them to their will, and thus be the cause of their own happiness or misery through life.

Every one should bear in mind that when he yields to *any* passion, every repetition is giving it a power which may ere long bind with links stronger than steel and more galling than the cruel gyves of the galley slave.

*November 1, 1841.* — I have been reading Beattie on "Truth" for a few days past. It is indeed a masterly work. It contains a clear and complete refutation of the doctrines maintained by Hume concerning the non-existence of matter, necessity, and free agency. It is affirmed by them [Hume] that there is no such thing as reality in material objects; it is all ideal. This opinion Beattie proves to be contrary to the common reason of mankind in all ages; that though frequently maintained by sophists, yet no man has ever acted as if he really believed it. The skeptic is so inconsistent that he avoids a precipice with as much care as the individual who believes it has a physical existence.

Hume asserts that our ideas are faint representations of objects, differing only in vividness; just as our ideas of the countenance of an absent friend resembles him in all but distinctness.



In showing the absurdity of this notion, Beattie makes use of some ludicrous illustrations. "If this definition be a correct one," says he, "then, of course, the idea of red color must be a red idea, the idea of a roaring lion, a roaring idea, the idea of a jackass, a long-eared, hairy idea, very stupid and fond of thistles."

In relation to fatality, he says it is contrary to our natures to give it credence; sagacious disputants and practiced wranglers may propose objections which are difficult to explain and answer, but still we are unconvinced. They say that free agency is not consistent with the foreknowledge of the Deity, that what he foreknows will happen whether we wish or not. But the same authority which tells us of the foreknowledge of the Divine Mind also assures [us] of the free agency of man. There is a deep mystery somewhere, but it is not in free will. This, every one by his conduct admits. It must be therefore in the pre-science of God. And because there is something in the nature of God too deep for finite intellect to fathom, is this reason for refusing belief to a doctrine which strictly accords with the common sentiments of all mankind? No, no, NO.

*November 7.* — I am now a member of the senior class. Only one short year remains before the frail bark of my destiny will be tossing on the stormy waves of an untried sea. What will be its fate in the voyage of life depends much on the exertions I am now making. I know I have not the natural genius to force my way to eminence, but if I listen to the promptings of ambition, "the magic of mind" I must have; and since I cannot trust to inspiration, I can only acquire it by "midnight toil" and "holy emulation."

My lofty aspirations I cannot conceal even from myself; my bosom heaves with the thought; they are part of myself, so wrought into my very soul that I cannot escape their power if I would. As far back as memory can carry me, the desire of fame was uppermost in my thoughts. But I never desired other than honorable distinction, and before I would "be damned to eternal fame," I would descend to my grave unknown. The reputation which I desire is not that momentary eminence which

is gained without merit and lost without regret. Give me the popularity which runs after, not that which is sought for. For honest merit to succeed amid the tricks and intrigues which are now so lamentably common, I know is difficult; but the honor of success is increased by the obstacles which are to be surmounted. Let me triumph as a man or not at all.

Defeat without disgrace can be borne, but laurels which are not deserved sit like a crown of thorns on the head of their possessor. It is indeed far better to deserve honors without having them than to have them without deserving them. Obscurity is an honor to the man who has failed in "the pursuit of noble ends by noble means." He can walk proudly forth before the face of nature and be conscious that he has not disgraced the image of his God. Although neglected and perhaps despised by his fellows, there is a monitor within whose approving smiles are more valuable than the plaudits of millions. The first sits upon her seat, unalterable as the sun in its course; the other is more fitful than a summer's breeze. If an honorable man gains the applause of his countrymen, he is richly rewarded, for conscious of his own merit, he feels that it is deserved, and knows that it is substantial because deserved.

*Kenyon College, November 28, 1841. —*

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy." — *Shakespeare.*

Ever since the members of the Phi Zeta Club commenced carrying their badges, they have been regarded with suspicion and jealousy by those who were not its members. Some who were remarkable for self-esteem, felt mortified at being left out of a club which numbered among its members some of the first scholars in the institution; others were glad of an opportunity to vent their spleen upon those whom they felt to be above them both in morals and intellect. Their feelings of envy and hatred were at first smothered in their own bosoms, but the heat only glowed with the more enduring intensity within. They brooded over fancied insults till their judgments were so blinded by

jealousy that, "trifles light as air were confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ."

Like a rolling snowball, the oftener the subject was revolved the greater became its importance, till finally their imaginary wrongs were too huge to be concealed. Some scheme must be devised which would gratify their malice by injuring the innocent cause of all their ill. About two weeks since we noticed an unusual commotion among those most conspicuous for their hatred of us. There was a strange putting together of heads. Knowing winks and sly glances passed back and forth. Members of the church were observed in frequent and close communion with the most reckless and profane; deadly enemies were often seen arm in arm, joined "cheek by jowl" together. By signs like these and other indications, well known to the skilful mariner, we were warned of the approaching storm. We knew not where or how it would strike us, but we were not dismayed. Confident in the powers of our own good bark, we trimmed the sails, and manned the helm with our bravest tars, and calmly awaited the tempest which was to prove their veteran skill.

We were not long left in suspense as to the direction from which we must look for danger. After a few fitful violent gusts of wind which made us to clinch our teeth and tighten our grip with earnestness, a pause ensued, ominous of nothing more dangerous than a long drizzling rain. The firm, harsh tones of the old salts subsided into a low chuckle, their features sternly braced relaxed into a smile, while the young "middies" laughed with scorn and twirled their silver-headed canes in a perfect ecstasy of boyish glee.

This pause, this silence, this dreadful stillness, which our enemies vainly imagine will end in our destruction, still continues. Their wonderful scheme is to be kept a profound secret till all preparations are completed and then we are to die — die like malefactors, without consolation, without repentance. Our annihilation is to be sudden, terrible, and complete. No heart will pity, no hand will aid; we shall be driven we know not whither, — mayhap

"To dwell in regions of thick-ribbed ice,  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot";

Or, even worse,

"To pass the bitter waves of Acheron  
And come to fiery flood [of Phlegeton],  
Where[as the] damned ghostes in torment fry,  
And with sharp [shrilling] shriekes doe bootlesse cry."

For come what will, we feel the dreadful certainty that we shall soon depart to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," — "A schoolboy's dream the wonder of an hour." But I must leave this sad and mournful strain and turn to themes of cold reality. What a world is this in which we live!

"Bubble, bubble,  
Toil and trouble."

"We know not what a day may bring forth." But, happily for poor mortals,

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Fate always gives to man some feeble foresight of the future; and the miserable friends of friendship have not been left to pine in total ignorance of what is coming. One solitary ray of light has flitted across our minds and dispelled the gloom by which we were surrounded. The enemies of our little band could not keep their counsel. The secret was too great for minds like theirs to hold. Our former friends were changed to skulking enemies and our former enemies to fawning friends. Hypocrites assumed a frankness which they did not feel, and cowards a courage which they knew not of. They guarded their secret with such studious care that we could not be ignorant of its existence or unconscious of its presence. They betrayed it both by word and deed; it beamed from every feature and was whispered in every breath. It escaped by the hurried question, the embarrassed answer, the anxious glance, and the searching scrutiny. You could see it in their gait, hear it in their stealthy tread, and know it in their devilish sneers. Their very

exertions to conceal it only published it the more. They've found that —

"So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt,"

By their "artless jealousy" they have already spilled their secret, and when the drizzling rain begins to fall, they will spill themselves with sore chagrin.

They have formed a club of friends composed of materials without affinity, a heterogeneous mass bound together by no tie but hatred of us. Enemies are joined in the closest alliance. The timid and wavering, the passionate and morose, learned and unlearned, *Christian* and infidel are all, all, mingled together with but one feeling in common — hatred. Stranger than all this, they intend that their association shall extend over all space and last through all time. Oh, but what a scene we shall witness when the links which now bind them together begin to melt with the heat engendered by the jarring elements within!

When I had progressed thus far in my history of the opposition club, the bell for Thanksgiving sermon rang and called my attention to other concerns. The topic is not of such a nature as to be profitable to ponder on for any length of time; so I shall change it for one more suitable to my taste and feelings, and also more ennobling in its tendency on the mind.

*December 3, 1841. —*

"Choose your companions with most studious care,  
The good or bad they have, you'll surely share,  
And leave the one or other to your heir."

One of the first intimacies which I formed after entering college was with R. E. Trowbridge, of Michigan. The first time I ever saw him was about three years ago. He was then a prominent member of the sophomore class, possessed of good abilities and remarkable for his open, frank demeanor. Never shall I forget the time when first he gave me one of his cordial, hearty greetings. At the time we were passing each other on

our way to our respective recitations. I had received so favorable an impression of his character from the few things I had seen of him that I made bold to salute him: "Well, Trow, how are you?" To which he at once replied, "Well, sonny, how are *you?*" From that time till this I have really loved him like a brother. I did not, however, become more intimate with him than is usual between persons of the same disposition, till about a year and [a] half after this time, when our former acquaintance ripened into the warmest and most sincere attachment. I found in him all those fine feelings and noble qualities by which warm friendship is nourished. He was ardent in his desires for the success of his friends and firm and constant in his adherence to their true interests. His faults were few and such as time and experience would easily remove. He was tinctured slightly with infidelity, a thing, by the way, not unusual in persons of his age and temperament. This skepticism, I labored with the little ability I possessed, to eradicate from his mind, and was gratified to see that it soon disappeared, rather from the dictates of his own sound judgment than from any exertions of mine. He was also somewhat under the influence of aristocratic sentiments, but these were rapidly dissipated by the experience of his increasing years, so that by the time he graduated he possessed a mind remarkably well balanced in all its faculties. Judging him by the strength of his mind, his indomitable perseverance, and well-regulated affections, I know not his equal; and if the elevation of his after years corresponds to the promise of his youth, he will yet be a pride and ornament of his country, and one of the brightest jewels in the coronal of his Alma Mater.

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KENYON COLLEGE, December 4, 1841.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Rather wintry today, I thank you; quite a prospect of a long spell of weather. Strong symptoms of rain, but it may clear off cold and I have some hopes of snow.

My household duties keep me employed nowadays most of the time. My chief attention is directed to sewing buttons on various articles of apparel and cleaning my boots and pants. I have become quite expert in performing such jobs. Four years of

college life improve a person wonderfully in such literary occupations. When I look around among my fellow students, I see a large number who would succeed much better as the wife of some rich old bachelor than in any of the manly pursuits of a business life. They think everything that is honorable and of "good report" is crowded into the brief period of a college life: there is nothing classical in being practically useful to the citizens of a small village or county. No, no; they must employ their *transcendent* talents in convincing mankind that the substances which we see and feel and taste are *really* existences and not ideal images as some would have them suppose; it is by the promulgation of doctrines like these that men are to be benefited by our collegians. Don't think I disapprove of it; for in truth it is the best employment they could have. Why, what can be more philanthropic, more truly benevolent, than to convince men that there is danger of [their] being dashed in pieces if they recklessly rush over a precipice?

Besides these metaphysical abstractionists, there are hordes of greedy lawyers and hungry politicians yearly graduated, whose most useful employment will be to persuade their neighbors that the surest road to wealth is to sue every man whose dog barks at their pigs, or that the independence of our country and the cause of liberty throughout the world depends on the election of a certain fence-viewer in a certain little village in a certain sovereign State.

Perhaps you begin to think I am in no very friendly humor to-day, but indeed you are mistaken. I am in love with the whole world, especially that part of it contained in my stove. There is something very agreeable in a good fire in a cold day, it is 'most as fine as a good dinner, and then the two together! What happy creatures we are in this land of light and liberty; how much better off we are than the Esquimaux Indians! "Lo the poor Indian!" There is no news of local interest stirring about here, but some of our wiseacres turn up the whites of their eyes in devout horror to hear that John Tyler actually went into a county where *it is believed* there was formerly a race-track. What will become of this people with such a reckless character at the head of Government? Well, I don't know, indeed. If

you are curious about the matter, ask someone else. Tell Platt & Co., that if they have any liquor on hand to sell it as soon as possible, for it will fall in price as soon as the Legislature meets, for McNulty has joined the temperance society. The temperance men are doing wonders here. The excitement is so great that I dare not drink in public oftener than once a day. This you know is a great deprivation, but then it will be so consoling to Mother and William that I do not complain.

Your description of charity goods answers very well to charity students; they are of no earthly use, except to tell tales. But then it is charitable in sewing societies to send them here, as it keeps them from injuring industrious people as all their attention is given to lazy students.

I have been reading some of the old English poets lately, such as Chaucer and Spenser. They write in the style of the ancient Saxons, putting half a dozen harsh-sounding consonants to every vowel which makes a metre about as harmonious as the filing of a saw or the squealing of a pig. Their writings are remarkable throughout for a vein [of] strong good sense, expressed in a true English style; none of the studied ornaments of modern times, but nature as she is exhibited in her mountains and rivers, not as she [is] painted in the sickly imaginings of a schoolboy's dream. These old writers are so little read that our modern authors consider them as common plunder, and it is from this source that many of their finest passages are drawn. They give to the ideas a little of their own polish and tinsel, and then publish them as some rare gems just brought from the depths of their own cultivated intellects. If some of our finest poems were deprived of all stolen ideas, there would be little left except the gaudy finery with which they have tricked out the offspring of other brains.

I have been a good deal puzzled how to fill out this sheet, as you doubtless have discovered. We have plenty, perhaps too plenty, of things to employ our own minds upon, but then it does not sound very well when told. A good deal like Mr. Vandeman's sermons.—they would do better if he never preached them. All of our friends are well and doing well except poor Kilbourne. You have, I suppose, heard of the death of his father



before this. He is still at home. When he will return I do not know.

Give my love to all. I should like to see Uncle very much, but I suppose he has already left for the South.

Tell brother William that the stuff for those corns will be furnished Christmas and all other matters attended to then.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Kenyon College, December 10, 1841.* — My reading heretofore has consisted chiefly of history, modern poetry, and such miscellaneous writings as chanced to fall in my way. I have, it is true, for a long time been an ardent admirer of Shakespeare and Milton, but till within a week I never tasted the sweet waters which are to be found in the authors of "old English literature." I have as yet but just sipped the pure streams which flow from this source, but a single taste makes me love them.

I first read Spenser, the father of English poetry. He has not the studied elegance of some modern writers, but his deficiency in polish and grace is more than compensated [for] by the rich, vigorous flow of thought which runs through all his poems. Nature is painted as she is, not always beautiful or grand, but ever charming from variety. Spenser has faults, but they are like spots on the sun which do not mar the beauty of his light nor prevent the vivifying influence of his warmth. The tales of Spenser are of that romantic and marvellous kind which is usually found in the writings of the chivalrous ages, when the Evil One employed magic spells to overcome the virtue of the good, and horrid monsters to subdue the bravery of the "trow knights." In the "Faerie Queene," the master passions of the human bosom are drawn with a pencil of light. The meaner passions, envy, hatred, and jealousy, are represented as a "right jollie teem," drawing the "Queene Darknesse" in her two-wheeled "carr" and driven by "Satanie" sitting on the beam, lashing them into a foam with his scourge of scorpions' tails. Ah, that some modern genius would show the deluded victims of

passions what a driver directs their course, and what a "jollie team" is hurrying them to destruction! How quick they would lock the wheel and cut the tugs to escape from the "faire crew" which madly rushes on. They would even risk life and limb in leaping from the "carr" of the Damned One who drives. But no, our modern gentry are too busied culling the choice flowers of the "old poets" to think of benefiting their race. Instead of resorting to the same source from which *they* drew immortality, these are content to deck themselves with the cast-off drapery of another's creation.

*Kenyon College, January 6, 1842.* — I have just returned from home where I spent the holidays frolicking with the girls and laughing almost constantly either at my own folly or that of others. Like most youngsters whose time has been spent at school where we have little society of any kind, and none of the ladies, I am quite bashful when in company, and of course very awkward. This, instead of causing me mortification, affords me an infinite deal of amusement. I know my deficiency and, instead of lamenting over it, I make it a subject of sport both for myself and others who observe it. In this way I avoid all of those painful feelings which torture "the bashful man," and while counterfeiting an indifference to the opinions of others which I do not feel, I often find that I have overcome the embarrassment which at first oppressed me.

But enough of this. Two weeks of pleasure will suffice for this session, and I am determined to apply myself to my studies more diligently than ever for the rest of the winter. Before another year rolls round I must make great progress. Within the last year my improvement has been rapid, yet I could have done much more had the *strenuous will* not been wanting. I am satisfied more and more by every day's experience, that if I would attain the eminence in my profession to which I aspire, I must exert myself with more constant zeal and hearty good will than I ever have before. The life of a truly great lawyer must be one of severe and intense application; he treads no "primrose path"; every step is one of toil and difficulty; it is not by sudden, vigorous efforts that he is to succeed, but by patient, enduring energy,

which never hesitates, never falters, but pushes on to the last. This is the life I have chosen. I believe it is a happy one. Now is the time to acquire the habits which will enable me to endure its hardships; and if I make a right use of my present opportunities, my after life will be as happy as it is laborious.

While at home, I attended the United States Circuit Court and listened to the arguments of some of the first lawyers in the State. They did not equal my expectations, but some were, indeed, most excellent. Yet none were so superior as to discourage one from striving to equal them. In fact, I never hear a speaker but I am encouraged to renew my exertions. If I listen to a poor one, I am flattered to think of the favorable comparison which might be made between his efforts and my own; and when I hear a good one, I always attribute his superiority to his industry rather than to his natural talents.

While upon the subject of lawyers, I will copy a description of a pettyfogger which I found in the *Southern Literary Messenger* of January, 1837, and which would apply to several whom I have in my "mind's eye." "This may tend to make what is called a sharp practitioner, one who will undertake any case however perilous, in hopes by tacking and manœuvring and running to windward to take advantage of his adversary, — one of those thin, dried-up, vulture-looking attorneys whose little eyes twinkle with the light of long kindled cunning, and who amass wealth and bring disrepute on the law — men whose feelings are divided between their pleadings and their cost books, vibrating between their offices and the courts, erudite in special demurrers and deeply learned in the fee-bill, or even beyond it, but with no more correct idea of the true object and high aim of the law, than the garbage-fed Hottentot possesses of the perfectibility of human nature."

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GAMBIER, January 10, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I received your letter of the 6th yesterday. I was surprised that you should so soon think of writing to me, and before I had read the letter, I feared something serious had happened to disturb the accustomed quiet of the family, but

I soon found that your anxiety about my health was the chief reason of my being indebted to you for an epistle. On that subject, however, you need not be uneasy; instead of my ride in the cold proving injurious, it has been highly beneficial in its effect on my health, and I do not entertain the faintest shadow of a suspicion of a doubt that if I was to return home tomorrow, the grievous cold with which I have been so sorely afflicted would be entirely removed by the journey. Notwithstanding I am so well convinced of the salutary influence which a homeward voyage would have, I shall not at present undertake it as I have strong hopes of recovery without resorting to such a severe remedy. My dry hacking cough has *entirely* left me, my lungs act freely, and vast quantities of food are disposed of with my usual "promptitude and dispatch," without injury to the patient, though to the utter dismay of the physician and *cook*. And what is even more flattering than all this, Dr. Case, A. B., T. D., informs me professionally that I may possibly live along several years yet, if I will only stop drinking, regulate my diet, keep out of the cold, and entirely abstain from laughing. These are hard, very hard conditions for one of my habits. You know the influence of habit; it is a second nature. And how can I now *leave off eating* after having been in the daily and hourly indulgence of my appetite ever since I was a child? Oh Mother, what an aching void there will be within when my jaws shall be forever closed to the admission of sugar, sweet potatoes, and *gin*! Ah! it makes me feel empty to think of it. And then to stop laughing when the habit is so confirmed that I even laugh in my sleep. Why, Mother, it is *unpossible*. But if I only had to give up eating and laughing, I might think of it. It is drinking, too, that must be quit, and that now, when the "Young Coffee House" is in full operation in the same building with brother William's shop, where I can stop and get a hot punch every time I pass in the winter and a cool mint julep in the summer. It's too much. As poor Tony said on a similar occasion, "Mother, I tell you, it won't do." Do you recollect how soundly I slept in the morning when I was at home? You didn't know it was hock, good old hock, that made me sleep so late. Well, I didn't either — and, to stop this stuff, my cold does not trouble me near as

much as when I left home, and I intend to be careful and not increase it again. I reached Berkshire about two o'clock and found that Mr. Gregory was gone to Sunbury. I accordingly rode Dolly over there and left her at Mr. Bennett's where Mr. G. would get her. I was just in time for the stage: a few moments later and I should have been left. Mr. G—'s family were all in good health. I did not see the children as they were all at school.

Mr. Bennett has a brother very sick at his house which keeps him quite close. The rest of his folks are well.

Never mind the shirts; you better keep them. They will be worn out if you send them here and I can get on without them. Besides, your keeping them may prevent a dispute about their number. Only have them ready for me when I return again and I will be satisfied.

Don't be afraid that I'll let any money spoil on my hands. You know I don't believe in saving sweet things till they become sour. Well, I act on the same principle with regard to money matters. I take especial care not to lose anything by not spending.

Tell William, if he is in danger of losing much by the bank's breaking, to send his bills to me and they shall not depreciate in my hands. He may save considerable in that way. At the close of your epistle you speak of my sending my money back. That explains your anxiety about Illinois money. Ha! ha! ha! catch me sending it back! If it ever comes back, as John Tyler says, "it will be in the way of trade." If you are in earnest about my money coming back you must expect me with it. Why, I'd as soon think of leaving a tavern without my bitters as letting my money go off alone in times like these.

All our affairs are moving on in the old train. John returned the same day I did contrary to my expectation. The faculty expect from me a written excuse. I shall write one that will answer my purpose, and if they do not like it, they may write one themselves that they do like.

The girls, you say, went to the theatre one night. Don't be alarmed. If all is true that I have heard about it, they will go but once. You said something about Mr. Kilbourne's handkerchief. I know nothing about it. I had Levi's; perhaps that is the one you meant. I brought it back with me. Levi has not yet

returned. I do not know his intentions about it. All of your acquaintances are about as ever.

I am enjoying no afflictions at present.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — I have forgot all about Fanny and the girls. Stop. I'll give some soap to them yet. F. is out of humor because I didn't bid her good-bye. She needn't complain. She didn't bid *me* good-bye either; so my grievance is as great as hers. Love to all. Tell Jane to keep still. She disturbs me.

Hatty and Lizzy, I suppose, are not up yet; well don't wake the children.

R. B. H.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES,  
*Columbus, Ohio.*

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*Kenyon College, January 14, 1842.* — I have neglected writing in my journal so long for want of a subject, that I intend to make a beginning without one. If in blundering along I come across anything like a straggling thought, I'll branch out, or as the President would say, "dilate upon it at some length." Well then, to begin at the beginning, this morning while I was resting very quietly in the arms of my old friend, Morpheus, I was suddenly aroused from my slumbers by the shade of Lord Byron flitting before me. He appeared violently agitated, and when my senses were more fully awakened, I found that he was uttering in a low, but solemn and impressive tone, bitter imprecations against those, who with sacrilegious hands had torn the veil of oblivion from the infirmities of perished genius, and laid bare his minutest faults to the scorching rays of this world's calumny. My nerves were so shocked by the phantom's fearful threats, that my blood almost ceased to flow, my limbs lost their accustomed warmth, and a chilling faintness crept over my frame.

From this faintness I was aroused by the rough, harsh tones of martial music. I looked hastily up and, in place of the guardian of the poet's fame, stood the shades of Cæsar, Cromwell, and a bloody host of military chieftains, their garments all dripping

with gore and their brows encircled with the chaplet of military fame. They, too, seemed anxiously to urge the folly of human ambition, and ceased not to proclaim, in a voice husky with the chills of the grave: "The substance of the hero's renown is but the 'shadow of a shade.'"

Again the scene shifted, and other characters appeared and vanished with the rapidity of magic. I finally awoke to the reality of what was going on before me, and then discovered that in my dream I had seen the juniors step upon the stage, "strut and puff awhile," then disappear.

From this the current of my thoughts naturally turned on the folly of college exhibitions. The student knows that in obedience to the requisitions of the faculty, he must prepare an address to deliver before a mixed audience of friends and acquaintances, come what may. Pride and emulation prompt him to make every exertion, that his performance may be creditable to himself and gratifying to his friends. If he is possessed of common modesty, he feels that he cannot write upon any subject such a speech as will, perhaps, be expected of him. The time approaches and his piece must be written. Inability will not be received as an excuse. The terrors of college discipline are hanging over him; and when he finds there is no escape from the odious duty, he puzzles his brain with the energy of despair for thoughts which he knows are not in it.

After many fruitless endeavors to obtain a subject, as a last resort he betakes himself to the advice of some elder friend who has passed the terrors of a first appearance in public. He soon receives the necessary information, which his friend had received in the same manner, and which has doubtless been handed down through many generations of collegians. The youthful orator takes his way with a light step and joyous countenance to the nearest library. Without a moment's hesitation he seizes the first of a long row of reviews and rapidly glances over the table of contents, the object of his search being a good article on some subject which will "look well on the bill." He usually finds it without trouble. He bears off in triumph the volume containing his future eloquence, and, after carefully concealing it, hastens to his professor and gives him the subject he has chosen. The

professor, anxious that his oration may speak well for his instructor, applauds his selection and tells him of an article in a certain review in which he will find some good ideas on his subject. The scholar feigns surprise that the subject has ever been written upon before, but *thinks* he will get the review referred to. He returns to his room, adopts the train of thought furnished him by the reviewer, and not infrequently copies the language in which those thoughts are dressed. His oration is thus written, subject, sentiment, and language, all either borrowed or stolen. The composition, after having gone through the farce of correction, is committed and finally delivered under circumstances any-thing but favorable to the display of practical good sense.

If the evil ended with the exhibition it would be comparatively slight; but after being praised and flattered for a performance of this kind, the student is anxious to retain the reputation he has acquired. Thus the folly must be repeated. Idleness, as well as inclination, prompts him to adopt this method of obtaining ideas; for he has now learned how easy it is to write without thought and gain applause without exertion. The habit is thus formed of seeking assistance from the productions of others, rather than relying [on] one's own powers. Large numbers [of] our college-bred men form their habits precisely in this way. It is not strange that they finally fall below those whose advantages being [were] less [and who, therefore,] were compelled to think and act for themselves from boyhood.

The temptation to avail ourselves of these cork jackets to buoy us up in our first attempts is, indeed, *great*. But if we would acquire the skill and strength necessary to stem the opposing tides of life, these artificial aids must be rejected. By their use vigorous, original thinkers are never made; but *this*, is what every one must be who wishes to become eminent.

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[The following letter was written on the blank pages of the program of "Exercises of the Senior Class of Kenyon College, at Rosse Chapel, Thursday Evening, January 20, 1842." R. Birchard Hayes was on the program for a "disputation" with G. Morrison Bryan on the subject, "Is There a Limit to the



Progress of Society?" By the way, neither Hayes nor Bryan long continued the affectation of parting his name in the middle.]

GAMBIER, January 24, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:— You see by the bill on the other side that we have been having some speeches in Rosse Chapel—a thing, by the way, not very unusual about these times. As for myself, I spoke extempore, which, considering the size of the audience and the youth of the speaker, was a pretty daring feat if not a very successful one; but then I've a good share of impudence.

There is a report spread about here that you are in a fit of the pouts because I did not bow and scrape to your ladyship with sufficient grace when I was bundled up in my brindle overcoat and "yaller gloves" on, preparatory to relieving William, who was holding Dolly in waiting for me. Not to be misunderstood in saying that the report is "spread about," I mean that Mother's last epistle which contained the report is "spread about" before me, which amounts to the same thing.

Well, now, if I did not bow very obsequiously to you when I departed, it is a "grievous offense and grievously" hath [*sic*] I suffered for it. You will not speak to me till I *do* bid you good-bye. Well, now, really, are you in earnest? You will not speak to me? What do you suppose I care? If you will write to me it's all I expected.

I feel in good humor tonight but no more like writing than I do like selling myself for the hind leg of a crawfish. If you would only step up here I could talk your eyes out, but this writing without any lines to keep the track by is like hunting codfish with a shotgun by starlight in a mountainous country. We always in such cases find more feathers than scales.

I'll try again to make a start. The third time is always the charm. You have heard me speak of Arad Douglass as being a very large man; and so he is good size; that is, about six feet three and well proportioned; but then he is a pigmy to Ison, for Ison is about seven and great on pork and hominy. More than all that Ison sings well and is an Englishman, though he is not a member of the Church; but is in the Grammar School and helps the President set out trees. I do not mention this to prejudice

[you] against Mr. Ison for I assure you he seldom drinks. So far from anything of this kind, he brought me a letter from Uncle at Lower Sandusky where he spent the holidays. Uncle will be at Columbus about the first of February and wishes to see me. I do not know whether he intends that I shall come down there or not. Please inquire of the authority about this. I am 'most asleep, sleep, sleepy, sleep, sleep.

Levi Kilbourne has returned to college.

"My tale is told, my theme has died into an echo."

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Kenyon College, January 25, 1842.* — My time for the last two weeks has been mostly occupied by my preparations for an extempore discussion with friend Bryan on the question, "Is There a Limit to the Progress of Society?"

The discussion is now off my hands. This is the first time I ever spoke extempore before a large audience. I was a little embarrassed at first, but it soon wore off and I felt as much at home before I closed as if I had been long accustomed to public speaking. My success was better than I anticipated, so I was satisfied. Bryan made a good speech, but on account of recent illness he did not do himself justice. Neither of us felt very desirous of doing much. To use a favorite expression of mine, borrowed from old friend Trowbridge: "Our political salvation did not depend on that performance."

In addition to history, I have read a little of Scott's poetical writings. "The Lord of the Isles" was after my own heart. Oh, had I such power of description as is there displayed, the characters of our Revolutionary sires should be portrayed in colors whose brightness would eclipse the sun. The names of our heroes and sages would outlive "the Bruce" in the affections of freemen. I do not pine for talents I can never have; but then I cannot but think of the glorious field for the display of poetical talents the scenes and characters of the Revolution afford. What a country we have; what mountains, what lakes, what rivers,

what plains, what cataracts, to inspire the poet and arouse poetic fire! What great deeds of valor and patriotism are to be described; what men are to be painted to life! All is here but the genius to seize the strong points in our history. And shall this always be wanting? I hope I shall live to see some Shakespeare arise who shall do justice to the men, the times, and the deeds of the Revolution.

I am too crazy with a fever to write this evening. I rave like a maniac.

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GAMBIER, January 31, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER: — Your family letter and brother's canes and medals came together by the stage yesterday. All parties were well satisfied. I have received pay for some of the articles already and will obtain what remains due in a few days.

I have just glanced over your very pithy reply to my "conciliatory epistle" to see if you had said anything which needed special notice. I found nothing to remark upon in the first few sentences, and after hastily running *over* the "Goths and Vandals of the North" and "the more polished of the South" together with a snatch of "study" and "intelligence," I began to fear I should be under the necessity of looking elsewhere for ideas, when my eyes were suddenly arrested by the thrilling words "apples" and "mince-pies." "Oh, the exulting sense," the "pulses' maddening play"! But words are too tame to express what then I felt. A fly in a pot of honey, "a pig in the clover," a toad in a gutter, — O pshaw, out with it, — Hayes at the dinner table!

I have studied pretty well this winter. The past week I have applied myself so close I have scarcely had time to laugh, so that I feel in fine spirits now and, if I was only at home, what a laugh we would have over it!

I commenced the above sentence with study and ended with a laugh. I'll try it again. My studies at present are not very interesting: Algebra, chemistry, and Paley's "Natural Theology" all dry, and with the exception of algebra I am not anxious to excel in them. The chief amusement I derive from them is afforded in the recitation room where the Major [President Douglass] occasionally gives us a good anecdote of his military life.

Like most men who have spent their youth in camp, his words and thoughts seem to flow in the channel formed by the soldier's drill. If he wishes to illustrate some remark relative to the goodness of the Deity, he brings a file of soldiers to his aid. If he is speaking of the wonderful adaptations of man's faculties to the situation in which he is placed, he at once introduces a regiment. But if the human *toe* is the topic, a whole army marching with a disciplined step is required to make the subject clear to our dull comprehensions. The President is, however, one of the very best men in this world. About two weeks ago a young man from Mississippi, who came here during the holidays, was taken sick. The Major took him to his house and tended on him like a father till he died day before yesterday. Mr. Quinn was very generally liked from the little acquaintance which the students had with him. He was preparing for the ministry and bore his last illness with unusual calmness and fortitude. Two brothers who came with him are left desolate, indeed. Every attention was paid him that kindness could suggest. The seeds of his disease, congestive fever, were brought from the South; he seemed conscious from the first that there was no hope for him, and as far as self was concerned, he was not sorry that his end was near.

The President when he announced his death to the students was affected as much as if he had lost an only son. Bishop McIlvaine preached a most excellent funeral sermon. He, too, was greatly affected; he came regularly twice a day to visit Mr. Quinn and spend some time with him for a week before his death. Another of my friends, Jones, was taken with some slight disease. As soon as it was known, Lieutenant Ross took him to his house and made him as comfortable as heart could wish till he had entirely recovered. It is a consolation that if one is sick he will not suffer any more than if he was at home, and in many cases, I venture to say, not near so much.

I am in good health as usual. My friends are at present well except Edgar Hinton who occasionally bleeds at the lungs. — Write soon.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

GAMBIER, February 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER: — This is the last sheet of paper in my room or I would not send one so blotted. The Society for which Brother William made some medals paid me for it, but ten dollars of it was Illinois money and I have returned it so I am that much minus. Please tell some of the "constituted authorities" that if they wish to see me, they had better send me ten dollars about the quickest. I feel a good deal "stuck up" today, for I have got my hair cut, my peaked-toed boots blacked, and my t'other *new* brindle-colored pants on. And, what is still more surprising, I have my face washed and a clean collar on. It is a hard matter for me to "slick up" here for everybody notices it. It's an unusual thing for me. The bell-ringer, a first rate fellow he is, too, says I am the only fellow in college who has dressed as poor as him this winter. He feels grateful to me, for he says whenever the common loafers ridicule him he could always point to one who was worse off than him. I have worn my sorrel overcoat every day. You know how gracefully its folds wind about my form when I have no other coat on. My cowhide boots, not having been greased often, gradually acquire a yellow hue from sympathy with the coat. As for my old pants, they have been put on such a marvellous short allowance of buttons that it seems quite miraculous that they should be induced to stay on. I need not go into any particulars about the total absence of shirt buttons and whole stockings, for enough has been said to show you that in the present condition of my wardrobe it is something of an undertaking to put on my "tothers," and of course should not be attempted without some powerful causes are in operation.

Well, now, there have been a few curious developments made about these parts within the past weeks. For spreeing and other refined amusements, a very respectable number of Kenyon's sons have been censured or dismissed and the rest of us sorely frightened. But this is only a circumstance. The seniors in the majesty of their power unanimously resolved that they would not go to one of the regular examinations of the college. The faculty instead of dismissing every mother's son of us, as they would if they had been men, were so astonished at our audacity that, like Mrs. [Mr.] Bumble when Oliver [Twist] asked "for more,"

they held up their hands in utter dismay, and if it wasn't to save appearances before the body of the students, I verily believe they would never take them down. The examination so unceremoniously dispensed with was in chemistry, that lovely study. Many of my classmates were so excited that they really supposed they were resisting a most unwarrantable oppression. I, of course, was in the matter up to my eyes, but I wasn't blinded. I was laughing "under my skin" in a manner very interesting to look upon. The whole affair reminded [me] of the old couplet:

"Hey diddle, the cat's in the fiddle,  
The little dog laughed to see the sport,  
And the cow jumped over the moon."

I acted the part of the little dog.

The course of it all was that the faculty challenged us to a game of boy's play. We accepted and being the best boys have beat them. They will try to punish us a little but it's all humbug. We have used them up. This is the first time I was ever before the faculty and they were a great deal more embarrassed than I was. However, they are all fine men, but they lack the nerve and decision to act like Dr. Sparrow.

I was up to Mr. Douglass', sitting up with the old gentleman who is very sick, a few evenings ago. I heard there that *you* have all turned animal magnetizers. Well, I was some astonished to hear you had become temperate, but to hear of your believing in such a humbug is quite amusing, quite, I assure you.

That's about all. Don't forget the ten dollars and if you can't make the change exactly, don't mind if you have to send more, I'll dispose of any amount you may desire.

Your brother,

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

R. B. HAYES.

GAMBIER, February 27, 1842.

MY DEARLY BELOVED: — When my washerman has on his Sunday shirt collar and feels perfectly at ease, he is about as genteel and well-looking as any clownish clodhopper you will find in these parts, and his name is John Miller. This has no very great influence on the general politics of the country but when con-

sidered in connection with my bodily condition, it is an important fact. You can form no idea of the amount of labor he saves John and myself, especially these rainy days. Perhaps you would give the credit to his wife, but *we* think he is entitled to some. Be this as it may, we are saved the trouble of bringing water by his bringing home our clothes so wet that we can save an abundance by merely wringing them dry. Mr. Miller accounts for this unheard of kindness by saying that "sunshine is very scarce and his indoor accommodations very poor for drying purposes." By this time you may be curious to know why I stated the facts relative to Mr. M—'s personal appearance, which was entirely unnecessary for the right understanding of our established system of water-works. To be plain with you, I wished to exercise your reasoning powers in drawing inferences from certain circumstances known to be true. Now the particular inference desired in this case is that my washerman is not the nicest man to look upon, when deprived of the artificial grace which a newly-washed countenance and formidable shirt collar always give to their possessor.

Whether you were enabled by your natural acuteness in logic to deduce this conclusion from the premise or not is immaterial, for from frequent and close observation I can assure you that when very much embarrassed (he is a modest man) and very dirty, he is the worst-looking mortal I ever set eyes on. Here again you may be at a loss to know why I am anxious to impress upon your mind a circumstance apparently so unimportant. You must recollect I have been studying mathematics, the main object of which is to train the mind to habits of close, vigorous thinking. I never, therefore, state anything unnecessary, but come at once to the subject and finish it in the fewest words possible. In my letters you may have noticed what remarkable conciseness I have in my style of writing. If you never have, mark the style of this epistle. See if there is anything which I could have left out, and I think you will be satisfied that I have not come to college for nothing.

To return from this digression to Mr. Miller. As I was saying, he is an ugly man, especially about the mouth. But Saturday evening when he brought in my clothes he was much less pre-

possessing than usual. He came into the room with a halting, staggering gait, and *socked* my wet clothes down on a chair, and instead of hurrying out, blundered up to me and in his embarrassment and hurry to get off his hat nearly gouged his eyes out trying to catch hold of the narrow brim of his beaver and then commenced something in this wise:

"Mr. Hayes, I was in town this afternoon," here he paused to catch breath, "and saw John W. Miller, and he said he was at your mother's house and would like to see you at his house — and — and would be very glad to see you — and — hoped he said you would be sure to come to town — and if you did, he wanted you to be sure to come to his house."

During the delivery of this oration his complexion, naturally very ruddy, had increased in redness with a pulse constantly accelerating till when he finally stopped for want of breath, I entertained serious fears lest he would burst. After a short interval of silence which gave him no relief, he again commenced: "I really intended to bring it up but I entirely forgot all about [it], but I'll bring it up early Monday morning. If you should happen to be walking tomorrow you could come to my house, but you won't, it's too muddy." — Here having an opportunity to say a word, I quietly asked him what he had got. "Oh yes; why, you see Mr. J. W. Miller got a letter from your mother and gave it to me to hand to you and I really intended, but indeed Mr. Hayes I forgot all about [it] and I will."

"Never mind about it, Monday morning will do," said I. This eased the poor fellow and he cleared out considerably revived, leaving me in a fit of laughter from which I have not yet recovered. I shall get the letter sent by Mr. J. W. Miller in the morning and will then try and write a little sense.

R. B. HAYES.

Monday morning, February 28. — I have just got Mother's letter. I am glad Uncle has arrived safe. I heard of him in Delaware. I shall, of course, be home to see him. My vacation commences about the 18th of March. I have no time to write more. I shall be home about the 20th, no preventing Providence.

Your brother, in love and haste,

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

R. B. HAYES.



[Under date of March 15, 1842, Mr. S. J. Johnson, of the college faculty, wrote Mrs. Hayes in these words:

"It becomes my duty, at the close of the present college term, to communicate to you the standing of your son, R. B. Hayes, and I am happy to say that in his studies he has evinced the possession of intellectual powers of a superior order. For strength of mind, clearness of perception, soundness of judgment, he is surpassed by none among us. In all his studies he has attained the highest grade. His delinquencies are as follows: O, O, O.

"During the week of examination, owing to some misunderstanding, himself together with his classmates were induced to enter upon a course of proceedings the result of which was a censure from the faculty and a withdrawing of the privileges of matriculated students. With the exception of this his conduct has been most gentlemanly and exemplary.

"In the opinion of all who know him, he bids fair to become a bright ornament to society."]

*Columbus, March 27, 1842.* — Many, many weeks of labor and rest, pleasure and pain, have passed since I last penned a line in my book, misnamed a diary. I am now enjoying myself with my friends at home. I shall try and atone for past neglect by increased diligence while I have leisure.

The Junior Exhibition took place as usual at the close of the last winter session. The class was a poor one but they were aided by a representation of the literary societies of the college so that the whole affair taken together passed off in fine style.

A year ago and I was in their stead. How the weeks and months have flown! Soon I shall have to leave the scenes of many a frolic and many an hour of joy, and, that too, forever. From this fond theme how can I part ere half unladen is my heart?

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GAMBIER, April 14, 1842.

DEAR SISTER: — Two stages containing twenty-two souls left Columbus one very rainy day in the spring of 18 — bound for Gambier, a place famous for being the seat of a literary institu-

tion, commonly known as the "Star of the West." The only persons of this company who had arrived at years of discretion were a Kentuckian taking his son to college, a tutor of the literary institution mentioned above, and a young man about twenty-five years of age who was about to *commence* his education after having lived, or rather existed somewhere (I say *somewhere* because I cannot conjecture where a man can *be* a number of years without learning anything, either of the world or the woods), where books and schools are unknown. The rest of the travelers were *children* and boys between the ages of four and twenty, all fond of fun and disposed to be merriest over the sufferings of others.

The hero of this romantic expedition (the twenty-five year old) appeared as all young men do when arrayed for the first time in a whole coat with brass buttons and swallow-tail, *tipped* off with a pair of genteel cowhides and *topped* off with a coon-skin, bell-crown beaver, with nap like the fleece of a merino, and *slicked* off with a piece of his sister's new calico for a handkerchief, and his mother's old apron for a neckerchief. (Speaking of this fellow's "tipping off," what would Mother say if she knew I had walked seven miles in the midst of the hardest shower that ever fell *with* my new beaver *without* an umbrella!)

If the hero's appearance was prepossessing, his intellect was commanding. Like other heroes, his courage became more conspicuous as the clouds became more threatening. It was exhibited by sudden starts whenever the coach leaned a little to one side and by sundry spasmodic twitches of the muscles of his face when contemplating the dripping, gloomy aspect of things without. A close observer might also have perceived signs of the lion in his rueful visage, when the conversation turned on the "six-mile woods," and in the sorrowful, martyr-like expression of his features when it was quietly suggested by a youngster about my size that we should probably have to go through them after dark; but oh! what pitiful glances at his boots and beaver when I added, "and take it afoot in the rain and mud." All these symptoms satisfied me that he was a "character" and I waited anxiously for the trials. But when at last we were obliged to get out, he seemed resigned to his fate. He made no com-

plaint, but in a mournful tone of voice occasionally asked some one near him if he thought *it* would *ever* stop? Neglecting in his grief to specify the precise object to which *it* referred; though I thought he was speaking of some minor pain or, perhaps, the toothache, judging from his countenance. But something awful was yet in store for him. While meditating on the loss of tallow, consequent to his last tramp in the mud, he fell asleep, when a sudden jolt of the stage shook his hat off. Hats never fall *into* the stage. — His didn't! The boys all showed their sympathy by a roar of laughter. The owner of the chapeau looked around with the air of a condemned criminal, and suddenly grasping his head as if determined not to lose it, learned the extent of his misfortune. He asked the driver if his hat was hurt much and was answered: "I can't find it." All hands were out looking in double-quick time for all were anxious to share the laugh which would follow the recovery. But no hat was to be found. One chap suggested that it might have fallen *up*, as everything above seemed to be coming *down*. Another ventured to hint that possibly "he didn't have any hat in the first place." The loser looked at the last speaker with an incredulous stare, wondering that any one should have failed to notice his bran-new hat. All conjecture was soon hushed by the driver exclaiming, "I've found it," as he drew something from a deep rut full of water, looking very like a dishrag. The wheel had crushed the hat till it was indeed "without form and void," — all but the void, for it contained some two quarts of mud and water.

Pshaw, here I am at the end of my paper. When I commenced I intended to tell some sine-curious things of this fellow, to which the loss of his hat was merely introductory. This happened before dark. We got to Mount Vernon about 3 o'clock [A. M.] The kingbolt came out about one and left us in the mud. Owl Creek was impassable. We carried twenty-two trunks over a narrow footbridge in the darkest night. In all these events the hero figured conspicuously.

I am here in the same old room. John is back. Studying has already commenced.

I will write again and tell about county orders, Hadley's collection, etc., etc. Knox County treasury is empty. I can't get the

fifty-one dollars for some weeks. Wish you would tell the "*Patres Conscripti*" to send me about thirty dollars good money to pay tuition and room rent, if they please. If they don't please they'll hear from

R. B. HAYES.

April 15. — We have lots of new students. Hedges has joined the Y. A. Washingtonian. I shall not, now he is safe of his own good sense.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

GAMBIER, April 25, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER:— Ever since you first informed me of the critical situation of our dear Fanny I have entertained the most anxious fears for her safety. Yours of the 22d, which I have just received, has not diminished them. She has such a feeble constitution she cannot endure but little. I hope the treatment she will receive . . . will be of benefit. Do let me hear from you or Mother as often as possible, if you write but three lines. Under the most favorable circumstances, I presume from what you said that we shall be in suspense for a great while. . . . I have no fears but she will have all done for her that is in the power of human aid. . . .

I am in good health as usual. There is nothing of interest here. All our friends are well. Bryan has just been in. Presents his love to all. In haste.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. H.

W. A. PLATT.

GAMBIER, May 31, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER:— It is a long while since I last wrote to you. If by writing I could repay you for your kindness in keeping me informed of our dear Fanny's situation you should hear from me very often. But indeed I can scarcely find matter to fill a single page. There is as great a void created by F——'s absence in my thoughts as in your home. No, she is not absent from my thoughts, but there is a feeling of emptiness which continually reminds me that she is gone [from home]. But I speak too



DAVID DAVIS



EDWIN M. STANTON.



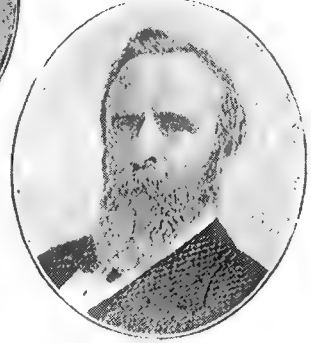
HENRY WINTER DAVIS.



STANLEY MATTHEWS.



SALMON P. CHASE



RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

**GROUP OF SIX STUDENTS OF KENYON COLLEGE, PRIOR TO 1842, WHO ATTAINED DISTINCTION IN PUBLIC LIFE.**

Salmon P. Chase (1808-1873), class of 1826, Governor of Ohio, United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, and Chief Justice of the United States.

David Davis (1815-1886), class of 1832, appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Lincoln; resigned to become United States Senator from Illinois.

Edwin M. Stanton (1814-1869), class of 1834, Attorney-General of the United States, Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Lincoln, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Henry Winter Davis (1817-1865), class of 1837, a distinguished Representative in Congress from Maryland.

Stanley Matthews (1824-1889), class of 1840, United States Senator from Ohio, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes (1822-1893), class of 1842, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General during the War for the Union, Representative in Congress, Governor of Ohio, President of the United States.



much of this. You suffer enough I know already. I should not mention it.

I was in town Monday. Mr. J. W. Miller was very glad to see me and urged me to come and make him a good visit. He appears to be a fine man. I almost wish I had become sooner acquainted with him; perhaps I might have had a better opinion of Mount Vernon and its citizens. There does not appear to be much doing there now, though as much as usual, perhaps, for the season. Out here we are jogging on without much variety. Bryan's health is better than common this spring; he is not troubled much about the old story of an invasion. He thinks it was all a ruse of Santa Anna's to get men and money in his hands to establish his authority against the chance of a new turn in political affairs. He has shown his sagacity, if that was the case, for his old rival, Bustamente, is said to have beaten him for President. They will now decide the matter by the sword in a civil war.

Only nine weeks remain till I shall leave here to return home. How I hope that I shall find all as I left it. Fanny intended coming out here Commencement. I anticipated much pleasure from her visit. I still have hope that she may come. I am glad Mother intends coming. She needs something to restore her spirits, if possible, after so great anxiety. I hope your health will be preserved to you. I do not know what Mother would do without your support. Do write to me as often as you can. I can make no adequate return, but then you need but write a few words just to let me know how *all* of you are. I received the cloth that you sent. It was uninjured and such as I like very much. Mr. Hadley told me he had written or would write you about your note against Siler. I sent you a paper containing his petition to be declared a bankrupt. He is not worth much. The county orders you gave me cannot be paid, I fear, till the taxes are paid in the fall. They sell for ninety or ninety-three cents on the dollar. It is of course much better to hold on to it.

Remember me to all. — Good night.

R. B. HAYES.

Do excuse brevity. I have time and inclination but not spirits. I try to keep melancholy thoughts out of my mind, but when writing home I can't. — R. B. H.

W. A. PLATT.

KENYON COLLEGE, June 13, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — I was overjoyed at the favorable account of Fanny's health contained in Brother William's letter of last week. I have strong hopes that by this time you have had decisive evidence of her improvement and good reason to believe that she will speedily recover. It appears to me a good sign that thus far her state has been precisely as Dr. Awl anticipated at first. I really hope that she will be able to come with you to our commencement. The trip would do her so much good after being so long confined.

The session is more than half out. Commencement day is the fifth of August. We shall have a good deal to occupy our minds till then, although the hardest of our regular studies are now finished. We have a great quantity of small jobs to finish which have been accumulating ever since we entered. These are chiefly with reference to societies, such as writing compositions and the like.

The weather has been so cold that there has been much more studying done than is usual in the summer, and of course we have had less frolicking and trouble, for these are always the result of idleness. There have, however, been two dismissions, both of which were richly deserved months ago. Now I am speaking of these matters, I might as well inform you that the senior class have all been restored to the grade which they lost by their chemistry rebellion of last term. It was done without any solicitation on our part but merely from the faculty's desire to do us justice; or that should have been their only motive, though it *may* be that they were influenced *some* by the fact that unless they did so, we could not graduate.

Before I leave I must dispose of a few bedclothes I have *without* you wish me to bring them home. The sheets are good, but as for the quilt and comfort, they are rather dusty for *common* use although very fine for college.

I have bought, as the merchants say, a cheap and well-selected assortment of summer goods, which I may have occasion to use if I should ever go to the West Indies with Uncle, but in this climate they will only serve as a memorial of the warmth we enjoyed in former times. Speaking of clothes suggests the idea



of expense and that again brings to mind the *chinking* of specie or rattling of bills — things which are remembered like the indistinct visions of a dream, for I have not been charmed by the reality of such sounds for many a day. Urbana shinplasters and Granville issues have been my only source of enjoyment in this quarter. But to the hard reality: My county order *may not be* cashed this summer and in the meantime I need some money. I have already had thirty dollars sent me. During the session I shall probably spend a hundred. This is considerable more than usual, but then this is my last session and I have a good deal of extra expense, diploma, commencement, etc. Now the conclusion of the whole matter is that about now fifty dollars would be thankfully received. You must not think I am in any great want immediately, but I had rather have it soon. Besides, the consideration of this subject has enabled me to fill a respectable letter.

Give my love to all. Write often.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, June 28, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—In the letter I wrote you a few days since I said nothing definite about your abiding place while you remain at Gambier. I did not mention it for the very good reason that, for the life of me, I couldn't tell where you would find shelter. There is no public house here and all of my old friends were crowded and so I concluded to put my trust in Providence and wait till you come. Today Professor Ross came up to my room and said he had understood that some of my friends were to be up and that he should expect them to make his house their home while they remain on the hill. I accepted his invitation for you and you will now have the very best place on the hill for your stay. Mr. Ross is afraid that he shall have so many ladies to accommodate that perhaps Uncle will have to sleep somewhere else, but he will *live* at Mr. Ross' also. I'll take care of Uncle, however, and do it at least as well as it was done at Worthington last spring.

I hope you will get here Tuesday afternoon and stay at least till Thursday. I shall not go home so soon as that. I wish you

could let me know when you will get to Mount Vernon. At all events, when you get here go straight to Professor Ross' and there you'll be at home.

Love to all. — Your son,

RUD.

My Franklin money is no go. — Please bring me as much as thirty dollars, specie-paying banks.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

GAMBIER, July 18, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — The package and money sent by you and Brother William were duly received. I am sorry Fanny will not be able to return to her family as soon as was anticipated; but from the favorable account of her health given in William's last letter, I presume there is little reason to fear that she will be forced to remain in her present situation for many weeks.

This is probably the last letter I shall write you before the close of the session. Our examinations will be finished Wednesday next, and I shall have nothing, or but little more to do before Commencement. I expect to ramble about the country to recruit my health between now and that time. Not but I am hearty enough now, but the late freshet has brought an abundance of fish, game is plenty, and the weather so warm that hunting and fishing will be my chief occupations.

I am nearly prepared for Commencement. A few hours' labor and my studies in Kenyon College are finished. You will be here if possible, and I wish you to write immediately and tell me what calculations you have made, who you are coming with, at what time, etc. I will make preparations to have you accommodated as well as circumstances will permit. On the day of our exercises I can not be with you but a few moments. I hope you will have good company with you. On that occasion, we are often a good deal crowded. I think you will enjoy yourself very much. It is something quite new to you.

If you make no arrangements with those who are to be your companions about the time you will stay and the place, I will see Mr. J. W. Miller. He will be glad to show you every attention at Mount Vernon and will probably come out here with you. You had better come to Mount Vernon Monday evening, before

August 3. You will then have time enough to see the beauties of this place. Or if you prefer it, stay a few days after the close of the term. You will have no chance to see much the last day. I prefer that you would stay a short time after Commencement if you have any time. However, it will be a great time with me. Anyhow, I shall not pack up till all is over and will not leave for home till Saturday, when two or three of us intend to hire an old apple-cart, or some other *genteel* conveyance, to carry ourselves and an extra amount of lumber to Columbus.

I don't know what I have said above. I am in wretched haste, but what I mean to say is that if you will come, you shall find a home and the company that is with you; only, you must send me word right off. And I would rather you would have company to return with you, as I shall not leave for some days. If Uncle is here you can go down with him.

Well, I haven't bettered it any, but I expect you will know that I wish you to come and to write immediately.

Bryan's eyes are improving. He will, I hope, be ready to speak at Commencement. He was sorry he could not have called to see you again, but his time was all taken up during his short stay in Columbus. He wishes to be remembered to you, etc.

Everybody is well here, I believe. We had two weddings the other night. The "74" is torn down and the grass-plot in front of college is being mowed by a little stumpy lazy Englishman. No other news.

Love to all. — Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Bring plenty of money. Perhaps my Franklin money will not answer all my purposes. I find it not readily taken for debts, though current enough in trade.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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[Hayes's commonplace book contains an undated pencil copy of a letter, evidently written to a college friend soon after his graduation, from which the following paragraphs are extracted.]

In process of time commencement week came on, and with it

came parties, and at the parties we had silly ladies and weak lemonade—admirably adapted to each other, but ill calculated to enliven the spirits of the “codfish” of Kenyon. Besides, the conversations were an intellectual treat. ’Twould have done your heart good to have heard Archie Hamilton and Miss Leonard discuss the wind and weather for one long hour at a stretch!

After that came commencement day—that great day for which all other days were made. And it went. And that night I felt of myself all over, and to my astonishment, I found ’twas the same old Rud. Not a single cubit added to my stature; not a hair’s-breadth to my girth. If anything, on the contrary, I felt more lank and gaunt than common, much as if a load were off my stomach.

I came home and tarried one week. Then I went up to Michigan to see my old friend Trowbridge. I found him in the harvest field “earning his bread by [in] the sweat of his brow [face].” A more hearty shake and cordial welcome I never received. His family were of the right stamp. Old Trow was unchanged, and in five minutes I was at home. I staid with him four days which we spent riding, hunting, and talking over old times. Riding and hunting were rare sport, but the old times like old wine had so improved with age that I thought them vastly better than they ever were before.

I am now at home, reviewing some of my college studies and shall commence law in about three weeks. I shall also commence German. It is like enlisting in a crusade, but I hope to be able to read Schiller in his own tongue in two or three years and then, if ever, I shall find my reward.

## CHAPTER VI

### STUDYING LAW, 1842-1845 — AT COLUMBUS AND AT THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL

*Columbus, November [12], 1842.*

**M**Y DEAR LITTLE DIARY: — You have not heard a word from me for six or eight months. How anxious you must be lest I have been “worked off.” But cease your troubling. I have not yet “shuffled off this mortal coil”; but I have finished my college life, and one of the shreds or strands of the “coil” is severed. Yes, my dearest, college scenes and pleasures have all passed by, and you shall hear no more of the petty strifes, wild sports, and extravagant desires which make up the sum of a student’s life.

I have parted from the friends I loved best, and am now struggling to enter the portals of the profession in which is locked up the passport which is to conduct me to all that I am destined to receive in life. The entrance is steep and difficult, but my chiefest obstacles are within myself. If I *knew* and could *master myself*, all other difficulties would vanish. To overcome long-settled habits, one has almost to change “the stamp of nature”; but bad habits must be changed and good ones formed in their stead, or I shall never find the pearls I seek. Of these matters you shall hear more at another time. For know that I design to make you the repository of all my secrets, the confidential friend before whom I shall spread my troubles and difficulties, my hopes and fears, and to whom I shall resort whenever whim or inclination prompts me to make a transcript of my thoughts. You may, therefore, expect to hear sundry things concerning my progress in the study of law, and my ideas generally of the things around me. Do not feel any disgust at the apparent egotism which will characterize my epistles, for I tell you in advance, that *I* am the hero and principal character of every scene;

and at every future rising of the curtain the tallest feather shall overshadow my brow and the brightest jewel will glitter in my crown.

I commenced the study of law in the office of Sparrow and Matthews the 17th of October last. Blackstone's "Commentaries" occupy my attention first.

*Columbus November 19, 1842.*—Another week has passed, and a careful man should post his books every Saturday night to know how he stands with his customers. This is the rule for a business man. Is it of no importance to the student to know how he stands with his books, himself, and the world without? If dollars and cents are worthy a merchant's long train of accounts, are no memoranda needed by the student to ascertain how he has improved each hour as it passed? Shall he alone neglect to balance his books? No, no. To him "time is money"—nay, more than money. Gold that's lost, renewed exertion may regain, but time once fled is gone forever. Then, let me give an impartial statement of what I have done, and what I have left undone, not only during the week past, but also during the whole month since I commenced the study of law.

I have read upwards of seven hundred and fifty pages of Blackstone, being an average of more than one hundred and fifty pages per week; also fifty pages of Chillingworth, an average of ten pages per week; also one hundred and fifty pages of logic, an average of thirty pages per week. Five pages of German committed to memory, together with the general rules of grammar and construction which applied. Besides this, I have read a good deal of what may be denominated *trash*, and which has been injurious. Some one hundred or one hundred and fifty pages of Milton and Shakespeare may be reckoned as offset to a portion of the above-mentioned "trash."

The quantity of information contained in the pages read, if once acquired, would be a sufficient reward for the cost in labor and time. If the *amount passed over* is only considered, my month's work has been a good one, and a large balance appears in my favor. But there is another element which should enter into this account, viz., the manner in which the work has

been executed. In order to ascertain this, it is necessary to say something of the end in view, and then we may speak of its attainment.

In studying Blackstone's "Commentaries," the object should be twofold — legal information and mental discipline; and success in the attainment of one of these ends implies success in the other. If mental discipline is totally neglected, little legal information will be acquired, and *vice versa*. The important powers to be disciplined in studying a work like Blackstone, are the memory and attention. The other great powers of the mind, as apprehension, judgment, and reasoning, are of necessity called into action. But Blackstone's style is so clear that his meaning is seldom obscure, and he is so prespicious in the statement of the reasons for what he says and in his explanations, that great exertion is not requisite to comprehend him. As it is all plain reading, the attention is the only power especially exercised. If this is well done the memory by natural consequence will be engaged. Thus much for what *should* be done. Now to what *has* been done.

My attention has not been so exercised as to acquire the information and discipline which would satisfy my desire. And consequently I am *not satisfied* with my month's work in Blackstone.

My chief object in studying Chillingworth is to discipline the reasoning faculty. I found my task easier than I anticipated, and accomplished more than I expected to when I commenced. Yet I have not done as much as I *now* know I could have done. On the whole, this account balances.

In the study of logic, my object being only to refresh my memory, was accomplished. In German I have made respectable progress, but I must do better in future. In my miscellaneous reading I have been injured by permitting myself to read newspapers. I must curb my propensity to this as I find it no benefit.

I am satisfied that for this month I have been greatly deficient in many particulars. I have studied *long* enough each day and each week throughout the whole month. I have passed over sufficient ground. The deficiency is in the execution. My rules for the ensuing month shall be made out soon.

*November 26, 1842.*—The first volume of Blackstone has been finished since last Saturday and I have commenced the second, with a full determination to read it with more attention than I have heretofore given to my law reading. German daily grows more interesting and I begin to long for the time when I can read it with facility.

Chillingworth has been neglected for the ladies, not because I love the society of the ladies better than his, but because the tyrant necessity compelled me to abandon his "great argument." I shall commence it again next week. My rules for the month are:

First. Read no newspapers.

Second. Rise at seven and retire at ten.

Third. Study Law six hours, German two, and Chillingworth two.

Fourth. In reading Blackstone's "Commentaries," to record my difficulties.

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CAMBRIDGE, August 27, [1843].

DEAR MOTHER:—I did not keep a diary while travelling from the West, but I can easily give you an account of my perilous adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Like St. Paul, I have passed through dangers by sea and perils by land. We had several alterations in the weather, sunshine a little, storms frequently, and rains oftentimes.

At Sandusky City I saw Will Lane and spent a few minutes with him. He urged me to decide on staying here a year and a half, as he is coming in a year and would like to spend a few months here with me. I met Julia Buttles on the boat on her way to Cleveland; spent the first evening on the lake very pleasantly in her company.

At Buffalo I gallanted Mrs. Pease on her first shopping excursion to the fancy stores, gave her what little instruction I could in that most important accomplishment of city ladies—shopping, found her a very quick and ready scholar. In fact, she soon excelled her teacher. If she could take a few lessons from Cousin Sarah she would easily become proficient. At



Buffalo I left the wedding couple on account of my anxiety to reach here by Commencement, which I learned was to take place in a few days.

I stopped at Niagara. I spent three hours rambling about the falls. I should like to spend a week thus, and will the first good opportunity I have. To be appreciated and enjoyed, the falls should be studied as much as any other great *poetical* wonder (as Milton or Shakespeare). I was disappointed in the first impression. At a glance, it appeared like a sort of mill-dam affair. The "second sight" altered the impression for the better. The third — but, as Mr. Vandeman would say, "and so on."

The Lake Ontario route I like very much; fine boats, fine towns, and beautiful scenery are not the only attractions. From Oswego to Boston the travelling was by canal and railroad, slow and swift, monotonous and changing, but nothing to attract particular attention except the passengers of which we had the usual variety — old women with squalling children and old maids with barking poodles, young men with foppish airs and young women with silly smiles and sillier tongues, crazy students, and all creation driven by the cold rains from Saratoga gambling home, complaining of all the ills of flesh from the gout to the headache; groanings over lost umbrellas, crushed bandboxes, and wet weather. In short, there were all sorts of men and all sorts of women, in all sorts of humours and with all sorts of troubles, which afforded me material for all sorts of reflection and all sorts of fun.

All in good time I reached Cambridge, found acquaintances who treated me like gentlemen, got a room and boarding-place to suit, was introduced to the professors with whom I am much pleased, and was duly registered as a law student. The first studying will be done tomorrow.

The commencement exercises were interesting; not better than the best average of Kenyon exhibitions. The ceremonies were very imposing. All the great men of this State except Webster were present. John Quincy Adams looks exactly as his pictures represent him. He appeared to enjoy himself well. No man applauded more heartily when anything good was said. A fine address was delivered before one of the Societies by Mr. Hillard.

This is a beautiful place. I took a walk with my chum to Mount Auburn. I need not speak of its beauty. Hedges is my roommate. Eight Buckeyes are here, old acquaintances. Three of the Middletown lads of Webb's. MacNeil took his room last night. Judge Swan, I saw in Boston. His son entered college. I am well pleased here. My table is too low to write on. Excuse scrawl this time. I'll write to Fanny in three weeks. I shall be kept busy, so don't crowd me by urging me to write often. I'll do it when I can.

Find out if you can Dickinson's first name. Love to all; a kiss to Laura without the "No you don't."

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*Cambridge, August 28, 1843.* — After having studied law for ten months under friend Sparrow in Columbus, it was deemed best that I should enter the Law School of Harvard University, where I could receive the instructions of those eminent jurists and teachers, Story and Greenleaf. In accordance with this opinion of myself and friends, I came here and entered the Law School last week. The term commences today. Whatever resolution and ability I have shall now be brought out. I have much lost time to regain and my mind to discipline. The institution, teachers, and students I like. My roommate (Hedges of Tiffin) is a good one; my other associates (Buckeyes, too,) are of the right sort. What is then wanting to ensure success in my winter's work? Nothing but my own irresolution or folly. Then — then; but no, I will not resolve.

*Cambridge, August 29, 1843.* — Yesterday we heard the introductory remarks of our learned professors. After speaking of the object of our assembling, Judge Story proceeded to remark on the requisites of a finished legal character. He spoke at some length of the advantage and necessity of possessing complete control of the temper, illustrating his view with anecdotes of his own experience and observation. His manner is very pleasant, betraying great good humor and fondness for jesting. His most

important directions were: Keep a constant guard upon temper and tongue. Always have in readiness some of those unmeaning but respectful formularies, as for example, "The learned gentleman on the opposite side," "My learned friend opposite," etc. When in the library, employ yourself with reading the titles, title pages, and tables of contents of the books of reports which it contains, and endeavor to get some notion of their relative value.

Read Blackstone again and again—incomparable for the beauty and chasteness of its style, the amount and profundity of its learning.

*Harvard, August 31.* — "Law is the perfection of human reason, the wisdom of all ages. Whatever is not reason is not law. If these trite sayings are true, it follows as certainly 'as the night the day' that precedents must not be slavishly followed, but in every case reason and justice should prevail, although the strongest current of authorities runs to the contrary."

*September 1, 1843.* — I have now finished my first week in the Law School. I have studied hard and am confident that my real gain is as great as I should have had in two weeks in an office. Our lectures have all the advantages of recitations and lectures combined, without their disadvantages. We have no formal lectures. Professors Story and Greenleaf illustrate and explain as they proceed. Mr. Greenleaf is very searching and logical in examination. It is impossible for one who has not faithfully studied the text to escape exposing his ignorance; he keeps the subject constantly in view, never stepping out of his way for the purpose of introducing his own experience.

Judge Story, on the other hand, is very general in his questions so that a person well skilled in words affirmative and negative shakings of the head need never more than glance at the text to be able to answer his interrogatories. He is very fond of digressions to introduce amusing anecdotes, high-wrought eulogies of the sages of the law, and fragments of his own experience. He is generally very interesting, often quite eloquent. His manner of speaking is almost precisely like that of Corwin. In short, as a lecturer he is a very different man from what you would expect of an old and eminent judge; not but that he is

great, but he is so interesting and fond of good stories. His amount of knowledge is prodigious. Talk of "many irons in the fire," why, he keeps up with the news of the day of all sorts from political to Wellerisms; and new works of all sorts he reads at least enough to form an opinion of, and all the while enjoys himself with a flow of spirits equal to a schoolboy in the holidays. So, ho! the pleasures of literature are not so small after all.

*September 10.* — I have visited Mount Auburn, Bunker Hill, Prospect Hill, and the Navy Yard, and find them all what they are represented by travellers to be. A bad sentence. I'll say no more of my trip for fear of making worse.

Moot court was held for the first time today. The arguments of counsel were certainly very good.

*September 16.* — The past week has gone too fast. I've learned too little, wasted too much time, and been too careless in attending to mental discipline. Although I have read much and heard much, I can scarcely tell that I know more now than I did one week ago. Some items I'll drop: "Pleading and evidence a lawyer should always have at his tongue's end. Chief Justice Marshall was the growth of a century. Providence grants such men to the human family only on great occasions to accomplish its own great ends. Such men are found only when our need is the greatest. Four great judges I have known in my time. I could not say that one was greater than another; but either was a head and shoulders taller than any man now living.

"When a young lawyer, I was told by a member of the bar at which I practiced, who was fifteen years my senior in the profession, that he wished to consult me in a case of conscience. Said he: 'You are a young man and I can trust you. I want your opinion. The case is this: I am engaged in an important cause. My adversary is an obstinate, self-willed, self-sufficient man, and I have him completely in my power. I can crush his whole case. It is in my hand, and he does not know it, does not suspect it. I can gain the case by taking advantage of this man's ignorance and overweening confidence. Now, the point is, shall I do it?' I answered, 'I think not.' 'I think not, too,' he replied, 'I've determined to go into court tomorrow, show him his error and

set him right.' He did it. This was forty-five years ago, but I have never forgotten that act nor that man. He is still living and I have looked upon him and his integrity as beyond all estimate. I would trust him with untold millions; nay, with life, with reputation, with all that is dear." — *Story*.

*September 20, 1843.* — What I hear during the day and can recall at night, if worthy of note, I mean to write in a book.

I heard Mr. Jared Sparks lecture on "Colonial History." His style of writing and [his] delivery are very plain, but his learning is varied and extensive and his judgment good. He spoke of the learning, religion, and authors of colonial times. As to what we call learning, there was next to none in the Colonies. The people were too busy in clearing land, making roads, and building churches to think of making great strides in literature. In the Northern Colonies, common schools were early established; in the Southern, except South Carolina, they were neglected. The sons of the wealthy were sent to Oxford and Cambridge. So that at the South were more fine scholars and more ignorant citizens than in the North. The first college established was Harvard; the others founded prior to the Revolution were Yale, Providence [Brown University], King's (now Columbia), Princeton, and William and Mary.

There was great religious intolerance in many Colonies. Rhode Island, under the auspices of Roger Williams, and Maryland, settled by Catholics, were exceptions and opened wide their arms to every sect and creed.

The first author of distinction was Cotton Mather — a man of great talents, extensive reading, and retentive memory, but greatly deficient in good sense and stability. Unbounded credulity was his great failing; no tale was too marvellous for his ear. No ghost story came to his knowledge which was not speedily published to enlighten the wise and astonish the ignorant.

Jonathan Edwards was a man of vast abilities, equal to the ablest men of his time, but much of his time and talents were [was] spent in fruitless attempts to solve speculative difficulties in theology. "Vain babblings, strifes of words, philosophy falsely so called."

Benjamin Franklin was the best writer who arose before the Revolutionary contest called to its aid pens able to contend with the minds of Europe. His works are the only American writings [which] deserved the rank of classic till within the last forty years.

Judge Story said: "A liberal allowance for a lawyer's library would be ten thousand dollars; for convenience merely, three thousand dollars would suffice; for necessity, three hundred dollars might answer; and many eminent lawyers have commenced with less. My library was worth three hundred dollars. All my *means* were contained in *that*, and it exhausted all my *means*. The reports have quadrupled and elementary treatises are ten times as numerous now as in my day.

"Thomas Jefferson said: 'When conversing with Marshall, I never admit anything. So sure as you admit any position to be good, no matter how remote from the conclusion he seeks to establish, you are gone. So great is his sophistry, you must never give him an affirmative answer, or you will be forced to grant his conclusion. Why, if he were to ask me whether it were daylight or not, I'd reply, "Sir, I don't know, I can't tell."'

"A lawyer should never resort to petty tricks to increase his business. He should not leave 'a celestial bed to prey on garbage.' Courts will not unravel the threads that are good from the threads that are bad, but will leave the whole fabric exactly as it was woven."

*September 26.*— Judge Story in his lecture remarked that, as a body, lawyers, so far as his observation extended, were more eminent for morality and a nice sense of honor than any other class of men. They have the most important and delicate secrets intrusted to them. They have more power of doing mischief and are more instrumental in healing family dissensions, neighborhood feuds, and general ill blood than any other profession.

He considers the man who lays a wager on the result of an election as more an enemy, or rather more dangerous, to public liberty than the avowed adversary of our institutions. Wagers tempt men to use corrupt means to gain power, and power corruptly gained is sure to be corruptly used. The result is a continual sinking in the scale, worse than despotism, for it is for the

interest of despots to make matters no worse, while corruption must increase to secure its ends.

Equity will furnish a remedy to the man who goes wretched and ruined from the gaming table. So a great wrong shall not be done.

I made a bet today with Hedges that I should be married within four years of the first of January, 1844. Another with Neil that he would be married by the time he was twenty-six; each bet, a present, value twenty-five dollars.

*October 2, 1843.*—In two more days I shall be twenty-one years old. . . .

In moot court today, a question was discussed involving the subject of conditional grants of lands. It was intricate and difficult enough. One learns, or may learn, a great deal by giving good attention to these discussions. The law is generally fully spread out, reports ransacked for old cases, opinions, maxims, dictums, and statutes are all marshalled to give strength and force to the contending parties. I need not speak of new knowledge; it was all new, and I have it preserved in my notes.

In Blackstone we passed over nothing worthy of note. Greenleaf spoke of an inaugural address of Dr. Reynolds, pronounced on taking the chair of the law department in one of the literary institutions of South Carolina, as containing something valuable on the origin of *juries*. In bailments, nothing singular. In German, the same. In short, today, but for the moot court, would have been barren.

*Cambridge, October 7, 1843.*—Another week is with "the years beyond the flood." A few days ago, in the eye of "the wisdom of all ages," I was a minor without enough discretion to spend "the millionth part of a mill"; now, in the estimation of "the perfection of human reason," I am wise and prudent enough to decide upon matters involving interests more precious than all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." Whence the difference? Does the lapse of a few short hours transform the headstrong and headlong child of passion into the cautious, long-sighted, sensible disciple of experience, soberness, and wisdom? Verily I know not that. I'm still the same piece of flesh and blood,

bones and sinews; the same bundle of habits — some very good, some very bad, and some very indifferent. I have still the same rudder to shape my course and direct my destiny; the same evil propensities to mar my hopes and make shipwreck of my happiness; and more valuable than all, though often unheeded, "the still small voice" which will be heard at some time or another, at some place or other, however its whisperings may be drowned in the tumultuous struggles of life and lost in the jar of the passions. Yes, and my fine spirits are with me to cheer the sinking spirit in the hour of its fainting and weariness, and my good stout heart is here, beating time to the tune of life, marking life's passage, never to cease till it has tolled the knell of life's departure.

Twenty-one! A man in years, a boy in knowledge and wisdom. A third of life gone, and the first rudiments yet to be mastered. But why speak in tones of despondency? Many of those who have been shining lights in the world of learning were as ignorant as I am now when no older than I. Yet they had something in them; aye, and what was the something? Was [it] aught but resolution? And *can* I not have *that*? For the future, I'll try to do better, in every sense of the good word, than I ever yet have done.

*October 18.* — I have seen Colonel Johnson at a repeal meeting in Faneuil Hall since I last wrote in my weekly. I heard some speakers in Marlboro Chapel address the Whigs of Boston. They were good speakers but no better than the good speakers of Ohio.

I intend to write the names of the judges whom Story gives his opinion of in my record hereafter. It may be of use in ascertaining the value of various reports.

I attended an exhibition of the junior class yesterday. The addresses were barely respectable with, perhaps, one exception. Washington Allston's life and character were the subject of a fine writer, and a chaste and elegant declaimer. Another address on the Roman characters of Shakespeare was well written and delivered in a dashing, offhand style that pleased the audience vastly better than the stiff, unnatural manner which seems to characterize the delivery of the most of the students of Harvard.



In a certain case Professor Greenleaf said there was a *quid pro quo*, but not much of a *quo*. *Sic, sic*.

*Cambridge, October 22, 1843.*—I visited last evening one of my former schoolmates, one who was my chum at Middletown more than five years ago. He has altered but little in appearance and still less in character and manners. He is a fine scholar and possessed of a scholar's feelings and opinions. He can acquire and retain without great exertion the most difficult matters in the study of languages and natural science, but cannot work the material which he has collected with that readiness which is the true test of mental strength, and which enables the true intellectual Titans with small supplies to triumph over the best equipped warriors of the schools. He is a fine fellow; his faults belong to his training; his virtues are inborn. And with all his literary taste, and in spite of the natural influences of education, he looks to nothing more exalted than the life of a merchant. Strange but true.

What am I doing to prepare myself for the life struggle upon which I am soon to enter? What have I learned which will aid me in the severe conflicts through which a lawyer must pass, and by which he is to be proved before he can reach the higher walks of his profession? What training of the faculties have I submitted to, to give them that vigor which is needed to grapple successfully [with] the difficulties of the most trying profession known among men? What have I done to give me that refined and correct taste which is required for success even in the lowest literary efforts? Alas, to all these and a thousand similar questions which might be asked, I have but one answer. Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing. But it is not yet too late. From henceforth let me bend up my best energies to the great work of fitting myself to act well my part in the drama of life. Let not another sun set upon a day which has not added something to my stock of instruments or my power and skill in using them.

I belong to one law club and one debating club where questions upon miscellaneous subjects are discussed. Let me never utter a sentence in either which has not been well weighed, and found worthy of utterance. In brief, let me in all things work

with a will, and thus may my year at Cambridge be one of joy and usefulness.

*October 25.* — Today I made my first argument on a law question. I was before a law club formed by seven or eight of the students for the purpose of improving ourselves in debating and investigating legal questions. The point discussed was concerning the validity of an agreement by which the pledgee should retain the pledge at a stipulated price if the terms of the contract were not fulfilled. The question turned more on general reasoning than on mere authority. I was poorly prepared and my success was in keeping with my preparation. I mean my success was poor when compared with my own standard, for if the argument of my learned opponent were the standard, I should regard mine as tolerably good. My opponent was Atcheson, of Kentucky; the judge, Foster, of New Hampshire, and the audience was "*respectable though not large*," consisting of Buckingham, of my own State, and Russell, of Plymouth. I found myself not so ready in thought and expression as when I left Kenyon a little over a year ago, since which time I have not exercised my powers in extempore debating. But I hope in a few weeks to rub off the rust, and be able to [appear] with credit and success as a good extempore debater. I am to discuss a question in moot court in about three weeks, and from now till that time all my exertions shall be bent to come off respectably from that trial.

B. Rölken, our German teacher, gave us today the origin of the name of the celebrated Swiss song. It is the custom of the Swiss herdsmen to call their cattle from the hills in the evening by blowing upon a horn. The herdsmen observed that the gradations of rank are always observed among cattle, the stoutest and most venerable bullock or cow always taking the lead, and the remainder following in regular order in a long train. This long file is called in German *Rang*. The name of the file is by a natural association transferred to the tune which causes the cattle to move in this singular manner, hence "*Ranz des Vaches*."

I heard Mr. J. Q. Adams address the Whigs of Norfolk

County at Dedham yesterday. His speech contained little politics but much abolitionism. Some of it was very good, much of it unreasonable and very unfair. My opinion of the venerable but deluded old man was not [at] all changed. His speech was rather dry; contained some good hits and exhibited some sparks of the internal fires which, when aroused into flame, render him the impersonation of "the old man eloquent." I do not wonder that he is regarded as a dangerous adversary in a mere personal encounter. He is quick, sharp, fearless, and full of the wit and learning of all ages. He is not at all times an interesting or eloquent speaker, but when aroused by the repeated attacks, the sneers and taunts of his bitter foes, he is truly a most formidable man.

*October 27.* — Hoffman, in his "Law Studies," gives a number of resolutions proper for a law student to make on setting out on his journey into the dreary wilderness (the figure is true if not in good taste) of the law. He prescribes a course of study, which, if adopted and faithfully pursued, cannot fail to render a man an able lawyer. Now, why not adopt the resolutions, *deo juvante*, and pursue the course? No harm *can* result from it; much good *may*, and no one would be willing to acknowledge his inability to prosecute to the end the course of studies prescribed. Method and regularity are necessary in this, as in all great undertakings, for anything worthy the name of success.

If I rise punctually at six o'clock in the morning, I shall have time enough to exercise before breakfast. Then, Mondays, the law till 11; German till 2 P. M.; moot court till 7; the evening, to write out my notes and at least an hour for Hoffman's course and my old friends, Whately and Chillingworth. Tuesday, the law till 1 P. M.; the whole afternoon, to devote to Hoffman and moot questions; the evening, to law and my aforementioned favorites. Wednesday, till 2 the same as Monday, and the afternoon to Hoffman and moot questions; the evening, the same as Tuesday. Thursday, law till 1; afternoon to German, and evening like Tuesday. Friday, till 2 law and German; afternoon and evening to bringing up arrears in law, German, and Hoffman. Saturday, two hours to law and the rest of day and eve-

ning to sport and Hoffman's course. Sunday, attend to correspondence, once to church, and evening for friends. Now, may not I safely promise myself a good degree of success if I resolutely commence and continue the line marked out? At all events with the gallant Miller, "I'll try, sir."

I am now in the midst of my preparation for an argument in moot court. Reading for authorities is, indeed, like feeding on narcotics. The stimulus is too great for a healthy stomach, agreeable and exciting at first, but speedily followed by satiety and disgust.

Greenleaf says of all *funds, refunds* are the poorest. "Never turn a cold shoulder upon a friend in distress. Lord only knows how soon you may exchange places with him. Be wise in time."

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, October 30, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have troubled you with letters so often since I have been here, that it was not without some hesitation that I made up my mind to write to you again this morning. I can plead no excuse for the offense better than that which Hoffman gives — in a little work I lately bought — for authors; of whom Young says:

"Some write confined by physic, some by debt;  
Some, for 'tis Sunday: some, because 'tis wet."

It will not, I imagine, overstrain your powers of analysis to discover which of these causes is the moving one with me. Sabbath mornings I usually give to correspondence, and evenings I regularly attend church in Boston. There are many inducements to this regularity in spending the afternoon. Besides the desire of forming a good habit in this regard, the sermon, the music, the elegant churches, and the fashionable audience are by no means weak attractions; or rather, taken together, these form an attraction sufficiently strong to overcome my natural inertia; for if taken separately I am sure my personal observation would not render me extravagant in their praise. I took it for granted that the clergymen of Boston were finished scholars and able men. It is, perhaps, well that I did, for I should

never have formed the opinion from any of the sermons I have heard. I shall go to one of the most frequented churches this afternoon and shall hereafter, I hope, be able to say I have heard one sermon which is better than Mr. Dobb usually delivers.

Of music, you know I am not a judge, and upon the strength of authority am bound to confess that I have heard some which was excellent beyond all comparison. I adopt this opinion for the sake of my own reputation as a person of good taste. I might as well deny the antiquity of the pyramids or dispute against the sun, as to hint that three shrill, piercing female voices, assisted by the harsh croaking of two cracked bass ones, were not more melodious and sweeter far than the harmony of the spheres. The organ I heard last Sunday at Trinity Church won "golden opinions" from persons who never heard it, — costing ten thousand dollars, — and now wins *leaden* opinions from those who hear it. Corwin once said: "Whiskey is the great leveller of modern times." Not a greater one than fashion. In looking around among the "dear hearers" of the masculine gender (I'll speak of the feminine shortly), the family likeness which pervades them strikes one at the first glance, and this is the effect of fashion. No man's style of dress betrays his character. All wear the same kind of cravats, whiskers are all of one size and form, coats of the same cut, hair brushed sleek and smooth and glossy behind, carefully coaxed up (often contrariwise of nature) in front, and the same demure, self-satisfied expression quietly reposes on all sorts of faces. The man of thin, hard visage, whose features were never made to express anything but energy and resolution, emulates with a becoming spirit and wonderful success the meekness which sits smiling in *soft* humility on the smooth round cheek of his dough-faced neighbor. And the women — the ladies — the young ladies aye, and the old ones, too, how pious they look! "Thank God we are not as other" women may be seen on every countenance in characters as plain, if not so large, as those which prescribe humility in staring gilt letters on the stone tables each side of the altar. As for beauty, I have yet to see the girl who could be a belle in Columbus.

In your last you reject in good set phrase the idea that manners are what sisters feel concern about, when thinking of brothers. Well, be it so. I never imagined *you* cared about aught which was not in your estimation of importance to my real happiness when speaking of what was likely to benefit or injure me. But how prettily and naturally 'twas said: "Low fellows, such for instance as you would find in Sandusky"; and you might have added with truth and such as *can* be found anywhere by the man who is anxious to associate with them. What made me think of this? My chum. bought Count d'Orsay's little book on etiquette, lately published, which is good of its kind and contains one thing which pleased me greatly and which I commend to you. What do you suppose it to be? Bethink yourself of your most grievous offense, most common, too, against the laws of polished society! "Read, mark," etc.: "At family dinners when the common household bread is used, it should *never* be cut less than *an inch and a half thick*." I read it twice to be certain, then how I laughed. But that is not all. "A learned judge, mark Jew, oh, a learned judge!"—"There is nothing more plebeian than *thin* bread at dinner."

I heard J. Q. Adams address his constituents the other day. He said he was to start for Ohio the next day. His subject was Abolitionism, the admission of Texas, and kindred topics. He said much that was unfair and unreasonable, much that was dry, some things that were very good, and made a thrust or two at Captain Tyler [President John Tyler] that told well. My opinion of the old man's power and character was not at all changed. I could see that in him which would make a most formidable adversary in a personal encounter on the floor of Congress, and when aroused that he could come up to the very idea of "the old man eloquent."

The world wags well with me. The Law School satisfies me perfectly. Judge Story continues a model man. He wears well, as is sometimes said,—a good test of character. Boston is certainly the finest city in the world. The finest scenery around it. Walking home from Mr. Adams', which is about twelve miles from here, we passed through a paradise on earth. For some miles it is very hilly, the road quite crooked, and on every knoll

and at every turn we saw some splendid family mansion. But I wouldn't live in Boston for any ordinary consideration. "All is seeming, false, and hollow."

If my ink were not so thick I'd write more. As it is I'll spare you the infliction.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT,  
Columbus, Ohio.

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*November 3, 1843.* — I have for some time been in the habit of taking brief notes of the lectures and [of the] cases argued in moot court, but have heretofore neglected to note the opinions held by our professors of other distinguished members of the profession. Judge Story pronounces some highly wrought eulogies in the course of his remarks. In the last decision he said: "*Sir James Mansfield* was a very sensible, old-fashioned common-law lawyer. He knew nothing but the common law; he cared for nothing else; and although a great judge, yet he had not the grasp of mind for which Lord Ellenborough was distinguished.

"*Brougham* is a very able, clear-headed man, but not the greatest judge who ever sat upon the English bench.

"*Tindale* is an old-fashioned common-law lawyer, like Sir James Mansfield, but a strong man.

"*Baron Parke* is one of the ablest judges who ever sat upon the English bench and, perhaps, the greatest lawyer now in England."

"*Chief Justice Gibson*, of Pennsylvania, is one of the best judges in America, I can hardly mention his superior." — *Greenleaf*.

*November 14.* — For four or five days my attention has been withdrawn from my regular studies by the speeches I have listened to in reference to the subjects decided by the people at the election yesterday. I am not so easily enlisted in the excitements attending political discussions as I was prior to the election of General Harrison to the Presidency. I have not

formed an opinion upon any of the leading measures of public policy now proposed by the two great political parties which divide the country. I do not, therefore, take a very deep interest in the result of elections; but my desire to listen to some of the great lights of New England induced me to attend some of the meetings which have been held within a few days.

The best speaker I heard at the Democratic meetings was George Bancroft, the historian. He is a very inferior man in appearance and is said to be penurious and even mean in respect of private dealings. He has none of those advantages of person and voice which contribute so much to the success of public speakers, but he has an elegant flow of language, a chaste style, and a well-stored mind; so that he is really one of the most interesting speakers I have heard.

R. C. Winthrop, M. C., from Boston, is a young man of fine attainments, a correct taste, and good natural ability. He appears to be much beloved, and is a very agreeable and effective speaker. He appears to be rapidly improving as a popular orator.

Senator Choate is a strong man. His style of speaking is that of an impulsive, ardent, able, and practiced lawyer of the O'Connell stamp.

Daniel Webster has been styled "the godlike" in derision. But if any man born of woman deserves the epithet, it is Daniel Webster. The majesty of pure intellect shines forth in him. In speaking, he betrays no passion, no warmth, but all is cold and clear that falls from his lips. He *can* indeed be aroused. Hayne learned *that*. But he is habitually calm and passionless. Yet there is a charm about the greatness of his intellect and grandeur of his mien which holds one suspended upon his lips.

But the election is over. Now let me return to my duty and not leave it soon again.

*November 15.*—Francis [Richard H.] Dana, Jr., of Boston, author of "Two Years Before the Mast," delivered a lecture before the Lyceum this evening on "American Loyalty." After having briefly adverted to the odium attached to the word loyalty, and the reasons of it, he proceeded to draw the distinction between this principle, or sentiment, and patriotism,—the first



being the attachment and affection one has for the institutions and government of his country, the latter love of country.

The French, for example, are the most patriotic people of the globe, and yet a people with less loyalty cannot be found under the whole heaven. The English are as loyal as they are brave and proud. The sentiment is a noble, high-minded one — consistent with the highest dignity, the greatest pride, of personal character. He spoke of our want of it, the benefit of it, its conservatism; the evil tendency of its contrary. The two classes of men: Samuel Adams said, "Cousin John, you were born to build up. I was born to tear down."

Today I argued my first cause in moot court, and though my success was not flattering, yet I see nothing to discourage a man in earnest in this matter, *as I am*.

Greenleaf says: "You might as well attempt to abolish light as the principles of pleading. A clear statement of a man's case often wins the battle. Commend me to the lawyer who can make a short, lucid statement of the grounds upon which rests his case. Look to it, gentlemen!"

*November 27.* — For the first time in my life I went to the theatre last week. I have been in Thespian societies but never before in a regular theatre. I heard Mr. Macready play Hamlet. The part I suppose was well acted, but I take about as much pleasure in reading the play as I did in hearing it.

"Judge Parker was a good-natured lazy boy when at college, became a good-natured lazy lawyer, and made afterwards a good-natured lazy judge. He was universally beloved; always decided right, but gave miserable reasons for his opinions. While in the profession he used always to decide according to his own common sense, steering by the light of the Ten Commandments, and to advise his clients that that was the law."

I have read Cicero's "Offices," the first work after the Bible recommended by Hoffman to the attention of the law student. Its pure morality is worthy of its great author, but not so high as that of "the Book of books."

"As well we might compare  
A taper's glimmer to the sun's broad glare,  
A pygmy ninepin to a pyramid."

I am now reading Aristotle's "Ethics," or rather I am reading the outline of all Aristotle's works, given by Gillies in his introduction to the "Ethics." Aristotle was, indeed, a great man for his age, or for any age — the Bacon of antiquity. He founded the Peripatetic sect, was the pupil of Plato (the pupil of Socrates), and the preceptor of Alexander; the contemporary of Philip and Demosthenes, and was born B. C. 385.

He defines cause in its four senses, the *material*, the *formal*, the *efficient*, and the *final*. In proving the existence of the Deity, Aristotle says there can be no *causation* without a first *cause*. In like manner, no *demonstration* without first *truths* which are *self-evident* — more plain than any arguments which can be used to establish them.

I am not in the habit of betting, but have made the following, contrary to my habit: That W. A. Neil will fall in love during the winter vacation ensuing. — Oysters. Hayes and Neil.

That W. C. Hedges will be married within six years. — A present worth twenty-five dollars. — Hayes [and] Hedges.

That I will [shall] be married by the time I am twenty-five. — Amount as above; parties as above.

*Cambridge, November 30.* — I had the pleasure of listening this evening to a lecture on "Irish History and O'Connell," by an Irishman. The Irish are an eloquent people. They are natural orators, with all the ardor and passion, the wit and depth of feeling, knowledge of human nature, and power of expression, which belong to the orator of nature. The lecturer was a small humpback, sharp-featured and grim, and taken all in all [as] unprepossessing in appearance as any man I have seen for many a day. But how the *external* belied the internal, the real man! He opened by giving a brief sketch of Irish history for the last half century. The legislature which ratified the Union was composed of men of great talent, but of little patriotism. They did not represent the Irish people, nor regard their welfare. Nine-tenths of the people (the Catholics) were excluded from the halls of legislation. The remainder were timid, avaricious, or the covetous of power and rank. There was terror for the timid, lucre for the miser, and the epaulette, the judicial robe,

and the crook for the ambitious. Thus was the Union established. Catholics were excluded from posts of honor and profit. Indeed, they might die for the glory of a bigoted Protestant king, but it must be in the ranks; they could rise no higher than lieutenant-colonel. They might spend their youth and wear out their strength in dangers and hardship, with the prospect of retiring on half pay with half a body and that sorely riddled and sixpence a day to starve on.

He touched on Irish elections, rotten boroughs, cruel landlords, and suffering tenants. Drollery seems to have its favorite abiding place in Ireland. The eve [of] an election he likened to the approach of the millennium. The lords became courteous to the boors, the ladies loved to frequent the huts of the peasantry, shillelahs were bought at antiquarian prices, plants were sold as natural curiosities, and even old hats and vests were better than new. Irish factions were defined and described. The peasants were mere cyphers; the lords were the left-hand figures that gave the expressions value. But the Irish Association was formed. Divisions were healed; man was exalted; orators were trained; the pungent Attic and the ponderous Doric phrase were become habitual. O'Connell is a phenomenon in history. He has the love of the whole people, the power of a king. He has retained his influence for years and it will last till he dies. He is eloquent and brave.

*December 3, 1843.* — In five weeks this term ends. Oh, how little I have done! How little I have learned! Yet this eternal delay, always resolving and never performing. But stop, stop. I've done something, learned something; have not entirely neglected my duties. Cheerfulness is the characteristic of my disposition, but no one would imagine it from reading what I write. But these five weeks! Let every lesson be well learned — German, Blackstone, contracts; let my club duties come next, and finally forget not my reading of Hoffman's course and the study of logic. There is my duty. Now, up and at it!

*December 21, 1843.* — The term is nearly finished; but two weeks remain. The last three we have been oppressed with a multiplicity of duties. Three or four recitations a day and moot

courts, not infrequently three times a week, have driven us very hard. We have a short respite till after Christmas, and I shall improve it, in one way, by inditing a few ideas which have been accumulating for the few weeks past.

I have read Aristotle's "Ethics" in Gillies' translation of that great philosopher's works. The style of the translation is most excellent. The work treats of virtue and vice. Virtue is defined to be *mediocrity* of which either extreme is vice. Thus *courage* is the mean between rashness and cowardice; *liberality* is between profusion on the one hand and avarice, — equally removed from the two blamable extremes. There are some cases in which one extreme is little thought of because the vice which corresponds to it is almost unknown; thus *temperance* is the mean between excess and a vice which because of its infrequency has no name. Upon the whole, I have not learned so much from this volume as I should from the perusal of a modern author upon the same subject. I found many ideas which are to be found in later writers without any acknowledgment; much that was very sensible and little that was not so. Yet the impression upon my mind was not so enduring or strong as to render the whole my own.

In Beattie's works, I read yesterday a short account of memory and the methods of improving it. Like all of his works, with which I am acquainted, it is plain and practical. The difference, according to him, between memory and the imagination is not, as some have supposed, merely that the impression is stronger, or the image more visible to the mind's eye in one case than another [the other]; but there is a real difference between the two faculties — easier *known* and *felt* than explained. We can remember to have seen a *lion* and we can imagine a whale. No one would mistake the meaning. Nor is the difference in the belief owing to the emotions in the case of memory being less lively than in the case of imagination. For who has not a more lively, more complete idea of Shakespeare's Hamlet or of Falstaff than of Cæsar or Aristotle? Yet the former [are] characters in fiction and the latter, in history.

For improving the memory, the habit of attention, repetition of the thing to be retained, and constantly calling oneself to ac-

count or self-examination; writing, or reading aloud, in order to take in the idea through the medium of more than one sense, and keeping a journal are the chief means pointed out.

Judge Story delivered the most eloquent lecture I ever heard, yesterday morning, on the duty of American citizens to adhere honestly and implicitly to the Constitution. The application was particularly directed to the Abolitionists. "There is a clause in the Constitution which gives to the slaveholder the right of reclaiming a fugitive slave from the free States. This clause, some people wish to evade, or are willing wholly to disregard. If one part of the country may disregard one part of the Constitution, another section may refuse to obey that part which seems to bear hard upon its interests, and thus the Union will become a mere 'rope of sand,' and the Constitution (worse than a dead letter), an apple of discord in our midst, a fruitful source of reproach, bitterness, and hatred, and, in the end, discord and civil war; till exhausted, wasted, embittered, and deadly foes have severed this Union into four, six, or eight little confederacies, or the whole shall crouch under the iron hand of a single despot. Such must inevitably follow the first success of those mad men who even now are ready to stand up in public assemblies and in the name of conscience, liberty, or the rights of man, to boast that they are willing and ready to bid farewell to that Constitution under which we have lived and prospered for more than half a century, and which, I trust, may be transmitted unimpaired from generation to generation, for many centuries to come. It was the result of compromise and a spirit of concession and forbearance, and will end when that spirit dies from the hearts of this people. Let no man think to excuse himself from any duty which it enjoins. No mental reservation can save his honesty from reproach. Without perjury, no public officer can ever be false to his trust by refusing to execute the duties enjoined by that glorious instrument. In the case between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, I delivered the opinion at the solicitation of my brothers, who adopted unanimously my first draft." — *Satis*.

I commenced reading Paley this evening on "Moral Philosophy."

*December 25.*—I need not say anything about the style of Paley. It is so clear, plain, and pointed [that] I can never forget it. His definitions I may find fault with as incorrect, but their meaning is very plain. The first place I found to object to, is where he speaks of [a] moral sense. He gives the arguments in favor of and against it, and concludes by observing that it is a matter of pure curiosity in his system, as he looks for more authoritative sanctions than the secret pangs of conscience which the sinner feels. I cannot, at present, form an opinion upon this celebrated question, but incline to the belief in a moral sense to a certain extent. My position is that all men naturally approve what they believe right; or, perhaps, better thus: All men have a faculty, or by what other name it may be called, by which they are led to believe there is a moral quality in actions. This does not assert that men naturally approve what is right, for this would imply that men really know what is right, and all would then agree, which is confessedly false; but it only means that men have such a disposition that if conscience was sufficiently enlightened all would think alike upon *all important points* in casuistry.

Now, this cannot be overturned by the arguments advanced against a moral sense which at the same time *discerns* and *approves* the right. First, all men do not approve the same acts. True, but *all* men do approve what they *believe* is right. Secondly, neither imitation, nor any principle of association by which certain acts done to third persons are judged of as if they affected *ourselves*, can account for the fact that in all ages every individual of every nation has exhibited the strongest evidence of possessing this disposition to approve certain acts and disapprove of others. Nor can it be accounted for on our author's principles, that everything is to be judged of by its tendency and is right because it is expedient. For men speak of this moral quality in many instances, when the act is of such a nature that they cannot say it is either expedient or the contrary; and acts are every day pronounced wrong which, to human foresight, are highly expedient.

This reasoning is by no means satisfactory to myself, but in my present circumstances I can give no better. I do believe that

honesty, according to [the] old adage, is the best policy, as a general rule; or that which is *really* expedient is right. Yet I do not believe that this expediency is the test of the morality of actions, or that an act is therefore right, which conduces to the greatest happiness, because of such tendency. But a safer rule would, it seems to me, be to say, *that is right which God commands or wills, because he wills it*. With this rule, men would only be solicitous to know *His* will. While if the rule makes happiness the test, it will vary as greatly as do men's ideas of this greatest good, and the standard would really be made to depend on the whims, prejudices, and passions of men who are enough under the dominion of *these*, without constituting them guides.

*Virtue*, he defines, the doing good to man, in obedience to the will of God, for the sake of eternal happiness. Why would it not be equally correct to say, "for the sake of eternal happiness because God commands it"? Rewards and punishments appear to me additional *motives* to obedience, not the sole, nor even the "chiefest" inducements.

*December 26.* — Yesterday I visited the city, crossed over to East Boston, saw the steamship *Hibernia*, [and] went on board a fine ship named after one of the prominent public men of this State, Governor Davis. It being Christmas the good citizens, especially the female portion and the juvenile, were out, decked off in holiday attire, and with their pleasantest faces on; but it was a dry, though gay sight.

Judge Story today said that the law of the land is no part of any man's contract, by tacit consent. The law is above every contract and governs it. But the idea of its being a part of an agreement made under [it] might lead to some very strange consequences.

A State might pass a law saying that in future all contracts might be altered or impaired as the Legislature shall see fit. Now, this law entering into every contract would be a part of it, and no law the Legislature could pass would impair *its* validity. Thus would one of the most valuable provisions in the National Constitution, viz., "No State shall pass any law impairing the

obligation of contracts," would be rendered a "dead letter," nay, worse, a "mere mockery."

*December 29.* — As the end of the session draws nigh, my attention begins to be drawn more frequently from the law than comports with my present pursuits and interests. Literature and politics fill the current of my thoughts. Literary honors, I have not the ability and genius to attain, and mere political honors, as such, are too dearly purchased at the price of tranquil enjoyment, fine feelings, and a fair fame. But though honors are thus excluded from "things hoped for," yet the enjoyment and good name which learning can bestow are worth a man's exertions. Latin enough to master a few of the first authors. Greek enough for Demosthenes and Homer. French and German must be attained within a few years. And whatever the law can bring in addition shall be struggled for as becomes a man in earnest.

Greek, I have hitherto thought too difficult to be learned after having so long neglected it; but I have been meditating on *that*, and the result of some reflection is that I'll try to add that to my other acquisitions. It can be done. Chancellor Kent resumed his classical studies at twenty-five. Many men have commenced them at a period even later in life; then why not?

I must also endeavor to improve in writing and speaking. The study of rhetoric and standard authors are the means by which the first is to be accomplished; the study of logic and such works as Chillingworth, Webster, Burke, etc., for the second; and increasing pains in the practice of both.

I have here laid down an immense labor for myself, and if nothing else, it will furnish me occupation and encouragement, "the surest alleviation in sickness and the best means of enjoyment in health."

*December 31, 1843.* — A few hours more will bring me to the commencement of a new year. The shortness of human life has, in all ages, among all classes of men, been a topic of complaint. Theophrastus, at ninety, complained that he had to die just as he had learned how to live. In this complaint how inconsistent men are. Those who have wealth and leisure feel the time hang heavily upon their hands; they sigh for some novelty,



some way to *kill* time. The man of business is impatiently looking forward to the time when wealth shall crown his efforts; the student longs for the moment when he may embark on the ocean of life, and the politician strives to shorten the period which separates him from the goal of his ambition. Thus all men complain that life is too short, and that the parts of which life are made up are too long. Yet life is not made up of the weeks and months which measure duration. Good actions and great thoughts are the measures of *life*. A man of ninety may be a child and the man [of] thirty a veteran. It is not *how long* but *how much* which turns the scale. Wisdom bringeth gray hairs. There are periods in life when our energies are aroused, great exertions are made, and a few hours at such a time may have a more important and lasting effect upon our whole after life than years of ordinary life. So, in the history of nations. There are epochs characterized by great activity in developing the resources and giving free scope to the energies of a people, which do more for their advancement in a few years than had been done in ages before.

There are some questions in the alternative, that not to decide in favor, is to decide against the thing under consideration. A man travelling a road comes to one leading off, and is in doubt whether to pursue it. Now, not to decide for the *new* is to decide for the *old*. So in matters of religion. To hesitate is, for that time, at least, to decide against it.

There are many speculative difficulties which deter some men from deciding in favor of a change of life. But these difficulties, many of them, never can be settled; and if they could, it would not alter a man's practical conduct whichever way they were settled, or if they remain unsettled. Speculation is not life. We need not deliberate longer before we *begin* to *act*. We are not expected to stop *thinking* because we have commenced *acting*. No man is less able to deliberate because he has acted.

The above are a few ideas which I heard today, contained in an excellent sermon by Dr. Walker. In the afternoon he proved the existence of the future state thus: There is not perfect justice in the moral government of this world. But God is per-

fectly just. Ergo, perfect justice will be done, which is not in the present and must be in the life to come.

But the New Year! Oh, now for good resolves—to be broken as usual. But, indeed, I do love study better than I did a year ago. So, let me go on—learning to reason, to write, to speak, to remember, to govern myself, and [to] regulate my disposition, etc., etc.

*January 4, 1844.*—Judge Story delivered his last lecture for this term today. His parting advice was good and his farewell to those who were about leaving the school feelingly eloquent. He spoke of the necessity of laying a deep and broad foundation in the elementary principles; the distinction between a shrewd, ready practitioner, and the man who regarded the law with the eye of reason and studied it in a spirit of philosophy. “The law,” said he, “has been styled a jealous mistress. She will not share a divided heart. A lawyer must never become a political meddler if he wishes to have a lawyer’s mind.” He *never* knew a lawyer who had entered the political arena who *ever* recovered the power and temper which he had before possessed. He *never* knew a man, “you will *never* know a man, whose devotion to his legal pursuits, if persisted in, has not been abundantly rewarded. Keep out of politics till you are forty, and then you can, with the experience of forty years, direct your course for yourselves. I know that I now speak to those whose views of life are widely different from mine. I am glad that it is so. You have high hopes, ardent desires, boundless confidence, ambition and energy. These are the feelings proper for youth. They are given you for wise purposes. If you felt as I feel, if you knew what I know, those efforts which will make life useful, and render you a blessing to your age and country, if directed aright, would never be made. Ambition, energy, ardent desire would be nipped in the bud.

“To those who now leave the school, I would say, you carry with you my best wishes. I may live to see some of you able advocates before me. I may hear of the success of others. You know not how I am rejoiced to hear of your success, and what a lively interest I take in your welfare. When I go from among

you, the proudest inscription I would ask upon my tomb would be the fact that while I was professor in the Law School of Harvard College so many thousands graduated from it."

Pshaw, how my haste (indecent!) spoils the "old man eloquent"!

*January 13, 1844.*—We have had a week of freedom from duty, and, I may almost add, from pleasure. But no, it has passed off pleasantly enough. I have studied as much as usual. I commenced French Tuesday; have had four recitations. It appears to be much easier than German. If I have good luck I shall learn enough by vacation's end to go on without a teacher. I have kept at German, too. The result is I am now as dull and stupid as an ass. I have read Beattie's "Psychology," too. His ideas about disciplining the mind and regulating the affections and passions are excellent. I shall endeavor to profit by them. Paley's "Philosophy," I have not finished. It is to be read after Beattie. I shall soon take it up again. I shall write letters, read German, study French, and continue Hoffman's course, while I am here, till the beginning of next session. But I must write no more, as [I] am dry, though docile. How I dread that visit to Vermont! The loss of time, etc. Well, well, no difference.

*January 15, 1844.*—Last evening I attended a meeting of Unitarians which was conducted a good deal like Methodist class-meetings. After the meeting had been opened in the usual manner, the regular pastor of the church, or some other clergyman, read a chapter in the Bible, made a few comments upon it, and closed with proposing for consideration the following question: "Is life more to be dreaded than death?" For several minutes no one appeared inclined to say anything. Finally, silence was broken by a fat, jolly, gray-headed little man, who commenced by saying, in a tone full of good humor: "Well, to me your question seems to be no question at all; for life so far from being dreadful is of all things the most desirable, and death, we all know, is a fearful thing.

'Aye but to die, and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot'!

But life is full of things pleasant to the senses and the soul. When we think of the seasons, the earth, the blue sky, the vegetable and animal kingdoms — all for men's happiness, — we cannot but pronounce life a blessing." The pleasant old man continued his remarks in the same train of good feeling for some minutes. He was followed by a young divinity student, who, having (as I conjectured) prepared a few thought for expression, did not speak to the question, but gave us what seemed to him a very correct picture of a human being refusing to obey the laws of his Creator. The picture which he thought so apt and beautiful was that of a man who throws himself before a triumphal car with the certainty of being crushed to atoms.

Next a lawyer, somewhat advanced in years, arose and commenced by observing that while he agreed with his venerable friend upon the left, that life was a blessing, yet he must differ with him as to death, which he considered a blessing, also. There was no uncertainty about our future life. The wicked and the good after death find their reward. He said he had examined Scripture with a view to form a correct opinion as to the punishment which probably awaits the wicked. He said he had found nothing inconsistent with the idea that life is a blessing to all. Remorse of conscience was hell, and this remorse, he thought, might in time prepare a man for a better state of never-ending happiness, and thus, in the end, good and bad become blessed.

I wrote to Uncle yesterday asking his opinion about my future course: Whether I ought to stay here or return to Ohio and be admitted to the bar as soon as possible. Well, I needn't say anything about it. I shall be satisfied to do either.

But the law of *real property*, how perseveringly I mean to study it next session.

This French grammar! The entrance into any science is dry and difficult, but commencing a language is particularly tedious — not so tedious as it once was, not so difficult as it once was. But I'll strain a peg to acquire it quick.

*January 19.* — I have just bought a copy of the "Spectator" in two volumes. I think it was Burke who said, "He who would

understand the English language must give his days and nights to the reading of Addison."\* On such a condition, I fear I shall not soon understand the language; but if an occasional reading of Addison will avail anything, I shall learn some of the rudiments before I am a thousand years older. — *Genug!*

*January 22.* — I am growing very lazy in performing my part to the diary. Studying French the greater part of the forenoon and evening and walking to Boston for exercise in the afternoon leave me very little time to write in.

I have finished Beattie's "Moral Philosophy," "Theology," and a portion of his "Politics." Good sense and good intention are the great merits of his writings. All ideas which would not occur to a person upon a little reflection are taken from other authors.

I have commenced reading Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." I shall not be able to give it so attentive and thorough a reading as it deserves, but I hope to learn much from it now, and must wait till a more convenient season for thorough study before I can expect to master it. His preface and introduction are characterized by honesty and modesty. The object of the essay is to discuss the origin and extent of our ideas, the extent of human powers, the foundation of belief, assent, and opinion. I will try to save something for my pen. Addison's writings are pleasant companions, and will prove as useful as they are agreeable.

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[Sometime during his stay in Cambridge, probably early in 1844, Hayes started out to make a list of books he had read with the date of the first reading. But he did not finish the task. His headings were "Poetry," "History," "Biography," "Philosophy, Theology, and Morals," "Political," "Novels, Tales, Romances." Only under the two first headings are there entries.

\*No, not Burke, but Dr. Johnson. The exact statement is: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Under "Poetry," we have: Shakespeare's plays, 1839; Pope, Bryon and Moore, 1840; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 1840; *Paradise Regained*, 1842; *Samson Agonistes*, 1842; *Lalla Rookh*, 1836; *Lady of the Lake*, 1833; *Marmion*, 1839; *Lord of the Isles*, 1842; *Scott's Poetical Works*, 1843; *Campbell's Poetical Works*, 1843; Shelley, *Queen Mab*, 1839; Willis, 1844. Under "History," the list is: *United States*, 1833; *Hale's*, 1839; *Bancroft*, as it appeared; *Marshall*, 1840; *Botta*, 1839; *Hume*, *Abdgt.*, 1835; *Mackintosh*, 1842; *Tyler*, 1839; *Gillies' Greece*, 1839; *Ferguson's Rome*, 1839; *Milman's Jews*, 1839; *Gibbon*, 1841; *Goldsmith's Rome*, 1837; *Goldsmith's Greece*, 1837; *Butler's Universal History*, 1835; *Hallam's Constitutional History*, 1844.]

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, January 30, 1844.

*To the President and Members of the Phi Zeta Club in general and Commodore Perry in particular.*

WELL BELOVED:—I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the letter written by the worthy commodore in behalf of the club. As it is the first communication I have received from the "daughters of Jupiter," I might perhaps be excused for indulging in a short Philippic on "the unpardonable delay," "cold neglect," "forgetfulness of old associations," and other crimes of the same gender wherewith you are chargeable; but as I am naturally of a forgiving turn of mind I cannot find it in my yielding temper to withhold absolution for the past in consideration of your correspondent's promise of amendment for the future.

. . . . .

When I commenced this rambling epistle I thought I would devote the first and last pages to folly, to show that grave studies and a few months' experience hadn't spoiled me, and this side I would take to say a few sensible things and scrape acquaintance, under as favorable circumstances as I could, with my new brothers. Perry introduced each one in a manner peculiar to himself. Yet I would have been greatly pleased to have had a few lines from each of you in order to have something to assist in conjecturing the tone of the mind with which I was playing. In this view a great deal may be said in a few words. For instance, in

reply to "the question direct," the pretty young Quakeress told Judge Parker: "The Lord knows that I love thee." The Judge was fond of saying that those words contained more than many a labored argument of two hours' length. However, friends, when we meet, as I hope we often shall, here is a hand for you. We are not strangers. Acquaintance will, I doubt not, confirm what association has commenced. Friend Camp, I suppose, intends to study law and practice in northern Ohio. If this supposition be correct, we shall probably be often together, and I am sure that at the bar I shall always be proud to call him my friend. For the student who has the industry and ability to master the difficulties of his college course, will not be apt to grapple unsuccessfully with the difficulties of the *study* of law. Of the *practice*, I, of course, cannot speak.

I enjoy myself here, as I have everywhere else, remarkably well. In the Law School, we have, generally speaking, the best portion of those who graduate at the other great colleges of the country. All having the same general object in view, and there being no motives for divisions of any kind, all are willing to see others succeed in making rapid progress and to give aid when needed. We are under no restraint and have perfect freedom in respect of libraries, lectures, clubs, etc. The students from Yale are commonly better speakers and appear better in moot court and the lecture room than those who graduate here. The societies in this college are miserable enough, ill got up and badly sustained. So that the graduates are not able to cope with the graduates of other institutions in those exercises which require the kind of ability that is acquired in such societies as the two at Kenyon, and a number at Yale, etc. I am satisfied more than ever from what I have seen here that there is a great deal of nonsense in the talk we often hear about the difference between colleges. The great thing is the habits and spirit of the student. I am already beginning to do penance for my neglecting the languages at Kenyon by taking lessons to recover lost ground in that way. The question, "What is the use?" cheated me once. I hope I shall profit by it. But good — there is the supper bell beyond a doubt.

I have just come from a fine supper of hot buckwheats and

am in the best possible humor. The mercury stands at 9 below zero. The grate is full of glowing, red-hot, jolly looking coals: Hedges has gone up to the hall; and here I am communing with the old brotherhood. When I was at Kenyon I kept a sort of journal in which I noted things notable as they arose. It is now lying before me. Among the notes of two years ago are sundry curious things about the doings of the club. . . . All that I can recall of those times,—and of these matters my memory is not of the worst,—is accompanied with associations the most agreeable, recollections the most laughable. In fact, speaking of the name, our club might properly enough be styled the Jolly Club, if my feelings may be taken as a standard of what others feel. Those whom I used to love well at Kenyon — their memory grows dearer every day; and I think I might say that the converse (or better, perhaps, the *vice-versa*) of that is also true. That is, those whom I liked not very much then I now like still less when I think of them.

Now, possibly, some of you don't perceive the drift of what I have been doling out for the space of about half a page. But the legal gentlemen among you know, or ought to know, (and the rest of you I will tell), that in Bills in Chancery the proportion of words to ideas is about as an hundred to one; so that when you wish to charge a man with wrongfully keeping possession of your land, you must first give him a detailed account of pretty much all that has occurred in your family since your great-grandfather was a brat of six months old. From this you will easily perceive that the foregoing preachment about old times and old friends is in the nature of a Bill in Equity. I will now give you the pith of it in the form of a syllogism which your logicians will tell you is called *b Arb Ar A*. It stands thus:

The old Phi Zeta of two years ago is the present Phi Zeta;  
But I loved the old Phi Zeta with "a love surpassing the love  
of woman";

Ergo: I love the present Phi Zeta with a love, etc."

If this syllogism doesn't satisfy even Ben Lang and *his goat* (of which Stephen makes honorable mention) I know of nothing which will. . . .



Tell me in your next whether you ever hear from Elliot or Kinsolving, Dutch or Boyd, and what. Give my respects to those you write to of the club. . . .

RUD. P. Z.

S. S. PERRY,  
*Gambier, Ohio.*

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*January 31.* — Today I attended a club composed of the members of the Law School who are remaining here during the vacation. The subject debated was the admission of Texas into the Union. I advocated the negative on constitutional grounds. Public speaking is no more difficult than I expected to find it after so long disuse. Connected trains of thought and logical reasoning must be the end of all my efforts. These are more useful and more difficult of attainment than fluency or grace of manner. No man of clear conceptions and logical habits of mind can fail to be fluent; and practice, careful practice, will remove those faults of manner which are to be avoided.

I have lately been reading Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding." I do not know what opinion to form about his doctrine of innate ideas. If I had heard nothing against it, I should adopt it. I cannot discover its weak points. His remarks about the idea of God are certainly correct. What two persons have the same notion of the Supreme Being?

*February 18, 1844.* — Yesterday I returned from Vermont after a visit of nearly two weeks with my grandmother, uncles, and cousins. They have not changed more since I last saw them, about six years ago, than is to be expected in the ordinary course of nature. Grandmother has been very industrious all her life. She is almost eighty and retains the use of her mental faculties in a good degree of perfection. Her good strong sense and great industry have made her very useful to all who have had anything to do with her. She bid me farewell (as she said) for the last time. I hope, however, to see her, at least, once again.

My uncle Austin Birchard is a most excellent man. His talents and industry with the aid of better advantages for education

in early life would have given him a high rank in whatever pursuit he might have engaged. In fact, though deprived of early discipline and shut out by deafness from one great source of improvement, he has notwithstanding acquired a reputation for political information and sagacity, and energy and success in his business which belongs to few men in his section of the country. I enjoyed myself very much in his company. The reflection that constantly urged itself upon me while conversing with him was: "If Uncle could accomplish so much with so little encouragement, and held back by his infirmity, what ought I not to accomplish with so great assistance and motive as I have always had?" Ah! there it is again. Ambition will peep out occasionally, philosophical as I have become. But Judge Story was right. "Ambition and confidence, high hopes, bright anticipation are proper inmates for the youthful breast." They furnish the incentives to exertion without which we should be as useless as we would be miserable.— Locke.

*February 21.*— Received a letter this morning from my old friend Trowbridge. His eyes are slowly improving. Good. I hope that in a few months the gladsome light of jurisprudence will begin to shine upon him.

"Locke," the last word on the opposite page. What I intended to say about him or his writings I do not know, but I am nearly through with his "Essay." Some of it is too deep to be grasped in a hasty perusal. His ridicule of maxims, or axioms, is perhaps carried too far, yet it is not without reason.

Went to the city yesterday; streets wet, muddy, and slippery. Bought another number of the Mirror Library, containing poems by Drake, Prior, and Keats. The poems I've not read, but Willis' observations give their chief characteristics, I suppose. If Willis would not strive so much after quaint forms of expression, and would write with more shortness and perspicuity, I would be better pleased with the drippings of his pen. I am studying French. Translating is easy enough. A Latin scholar ought to be able to translate easy narrative in three weeks.

*February 22.*— Washington's Birthday. Celebrated in the city in the usual manner; military parade, the firing of cannon,

balls, etc. The language of eulogy has been exhausted in extolling the character and services of Washington. He is the great American.

Went to a book auction in the city; bought a German Testament; shall read it Sabbaths, and thus have the true doctrines of the Saviour at the same time that I add to my knowledge of the German language.

Felt tired and low-spirited when I got home. The filth and noise of the crowded streets soon destroy the elasticity of health, which belongs to the country boy. Oh me, I am *so* dull. I have been reading French anecdotes all the afternoon. Witty sayings and smart repartees are highly relished by the French. They preserve them and are fond of repeating them. French is the language for conversation, German for philosophy, English for eloquence and tragedy.

*February 26.* — The summer session of the Law School commenced today. One hundred and six students made their appearance. Professor Greenleaf made the opening address. The only thing in it worthy of remark was his idea of a lawyer. "A lawyer is engaged in the highest of all human pursuits, the application of the soundest reason and purest morality to the ordinary affairs of life. He should have a clear head and a true heart always acting at his fingers' ends."

Moot court cases were given out. Mine is to come up in three weeks. I have read the first chapters in Cruise and Kent. The respite afforded by the vacation seems to have had a very salutary influence. The law is quite interesting. I hope it may so continue. At all events, I shall endeavor to profit by this session, as it may be my last in the school. A new Buckeye student has joined the school named Folsom. He appears to be quite intelligent and of a good heart.

I must try to acquire greater mildness of temper and affability of manners. I cannot complain of nature; she has not been niggardly, but habit has somewhat changed the stamp of nature. Let me reform the habit—a task easily accomplished—and much will be done towards giving me the manners and sentiments of a true gentleman.

*February 27.* — Heard Mr. Greenleaf's introductory lecture in Kent and Cruise. In addition to the writers on the laws of nations mentioned by Mr. Kent, he spoke of Wheaton as one of the best compilers of the true doctrines who has yet treated of the subject. The great English writer he said was a mere case lawyer who seldom ventured into the water, but hugged the shore, sailing from headland to headland. The style of Kent, I have heard, was vague and general; such as to leave no clear and distinct ideas upon the mind. I do not find it so. From one day's acquaintance, I have ventured to form a favorable opinion of the "Commentaries."

Cruise has been called one of the most dry and forbidding books in the law. I came to the study of it with an exaggerated idea of its difficulty and a strong anxiety and determination to master it. After a short cruise I see no reason to despair.

It has rained today and is now snowing. Our club met and placed me on the first question. Two cases to argue in three weeks.

*February 28.* — "A young lawyer should take the statutes of his State and examine [them] to see if they are copied from the statutes of any other State, which have been commented upon or explained by judges in delivering their opinions. Note the difference between your own statute and the wording of that under which the case arose and make the reference in a note in the margin. Note in the margins of your statute-book the decisions which have been made by the courts of your own State upon any particular section. You will thus have the law and the place of its exposition before your eye at the same glance. Note in your Cruise or other work (in the margin opposite the author's dictum) any decision relating to the same point. Acc. (according), contra, and *quaere* (?) to the signs of agreement, opposition, and doubt respectively. The benefits of this are too plain to need remark."

Today has been pleasant and I have felt fine. Studied hard, rose early, and am now satisfied to go to sleep. Have had no time to think much on home, old friends, the future, and other subjects which claim wandering thoughts.

*February 29.* — "Dane's abridgment is a town-meeting of legal principles without a moderator." Dr. Franklin writing to an English friend after the commencement of the War of Independence, signed as follows: "Hoping for an early adjustment of our difficulties, I remain till then your enemy, and you mine."

The law of real property is difficult, but I begin to see a little farther before me, and do not despair of some day becoming informed upon the subject. I read Blackstone first, then Cruise, and finally take up Kent. To me Kent appears the clearest and most concise writer upon the subject.

I have been looking every day this week for friend Neil with letters and news from my friends in Columbus, but he has not yet made his appearance.

Snow is thawing rapidly; cloudy tonight. I have read no French or German this week, except five chapters in the Testament, Sabbath morning. Shall commence studying both in a few weeks. Now for the close of my work.

*March 3, 1844.* — Time flies. The laws of nations and real property are not quite so interesting as a play of Shakespeare, a romance of Scott's, or a humorous tale of Dickens; yet they are not the driest of all dry things. Vacations are really useful; a short respite from study gives a real relish for the law. "Form your habits so that every change must be for the better," says Paley. This I am trying to do, so far as reading aright goes. I read Chillingworth over and over again. For Saturday night's reading, the *Spectator* is my companion. Sunday, the German Testament and Milton are my friends. During this week I must add a little French and German to my law studies, besides completing my preparation to argue a case before the Marshall Club. The task for this week will be as difficult to accomplish as any I shall have during the term, but by rising early, eating moderately, and studying hard, I can do all that I ought to expect towards acquitting myself respectably. I know what I *ought* to do, and *how* to do it. It only remains *to do it*. *Action after investigation and decision.*

*March 11, 1844.* — I heard Professor Longfellow lecture on the modern languages and literature this forenoon. His lecture

was merely introductory. I was much pleased with his style, manner, and matter. By the modern languages, he meant the six languages of northern Europe: German, English, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and Netherlandish; and the four southern: Portuguese, Spanish, French, and Italian. The first wave that rolled over Europe from the east was the Celtic. It divided when it reached the ocean in France, the greater portion flowing north over the Low Countries, Denmark, Iceland, Great Britain, and Ireland. The rest moved south leaving traces in southern France and the Peninsula. The next wave was the Gothic which rolled in and formed the language of Germany, and moving westward mixed with the Angles and formed the Anglo-Saxon or English. The German was divided into the high and low, but the high German is the polite language, being a compound of both dialects. The Latin language was carried with the Roman arms, and wherever they obtained permanent conquests the Latin became the language of the learned. By corruptions of this were formed the Castilian, the French, and the Italian. A portion of one corruption was taken into England by the Normans and mingled with the English, and thus formed one of the elements of our mother tongue.

Charles V characterized the languages thus: "I would speak French to my wife; Italian to my mistress; English to the birds; German to my horse, and Spanish to my God."

*March 18.*—Since writing the notice of Mr. Longfellow's first lecture, I have attended two more on Anglo-Saxon literature. They were rather interesting, owing more to the novelty and intrinsic interest of the subject, than to the ability displayed by the lecturer. There are a few pieces of poetry in the Anglo-Saxon, but of no great value. One piece is concerning the fall of Adam—Milton's subject. The prose writings consist of the old Chronicle—historical—and the collections of laws made by Alfred and other Saxon kings. The language is in many respects similar to the German, and is not very different from the English in many of its words. I think I will one day study it to aid in mastering my own vernacular.

My case in moot court was argued today. It was a mean

little case, and my performance, I am free to confess, was worthy of the cause. I must turn my whole efforts to acquiring a thorough mastery over my thoughts. I must study to acquire a steady command of myself, so as to be able to express clearly, without repetition, and logically, the thoughts which are connected with the subject under discussion.

*April 8, 1844.* — Here we are almost in the middle of spring. Well, verily, as has been often said by wiser men than myself, "*tempus fugit.*" I have written nothing lately but have *done* a good deal. One acts most when he writes least. Axiomatic, that!

Welladay, more faults to cure. A superabundance of animal spirit causes a flux, as one may say, in the wrong direction. Trifling remarks, boyish conduct, etc., are my crying sins. Mend, mend!

Judge Story commenced lecturing again today. His health has been poor of late and he seems to be failing by degrees. He announced his intention today to write a work on shipping. What a prolific brain!

I am now dipping into several works, all on the subject of law; but my note-books are the places to record all this.

I am now quite lame, from scuffling, and all my fingers stiffened by playing ball. Pretty business for a law student. Yes, pretty enough; why not? Good exercise and great sport. I shall commence reading logic again tonight instead of Chillingworth and must finish it by the middle of June.

*April 18, 1844.* — "There is no complaint more common in the mouths of law students than that of being compelled to study so much which is no longer law. That which is now law on any given point — any *settled* point — may be found in a few minutes' time by one who has never studied law an hour in his life; but the reasons of it — its history, philosophy, and bearing on other points — can only be known and appreciated by him who has laid a deep and broad foundation in the rules and reasons of the old law. Let no one, therefore, be disheartened because he is forced to toil through much that is obsolete. This is requisite to be thoroughly master of that which *is.*"

Thank my stars, I am fairly rid of those gloomy feelings, which torment one so bitterly during a large part of the first year's reading. Hard, continued toil remains, but it will be accompanied with pleasure, carried on with enthusiasm and ardor. What remains (vast as it is) to be done, will be done cheerily and with a will. I am in fine spirits tonight.

May 12, 1844. — For many days I have been very busily engaged. The study of the law of real property, preparation for the performance of duties in clubs, the weather, and the political movements of the day, have all together kept me from paying the proper attention to other affairs.

I heard Webster make a political speech in Faneuil Hall Thursday evening. He supports the nominations of the Baltimore Convention of May 2, Clay and Frelinghuysen. But his speech was poor for him. His course for the few months he remained in the Cabinet was a serious injury to his reputation.

I heard Walker preach twice today. What a powerful reasoner he is! How solemn and impressive are his appeals! His subject in the forenoon was taken from Proverbs xxvi: 16-17. Cruelty for sport, false wit, ill-timed jests, sarcasm, ridicule, and all the means of wounding the feelings of a fellow creature wantonly. Let me bear it in mind. I need such admonition. This afternoon his argument was against the common notion, "We must consider *principles* not consequences; *duties* are ours, events are God's."

We are not to be deterred from a course of conduct which we deem right out of fear of *personal* consequences, but in deciding upon *the right*, we are to look to the tendencies and consequences of our acts, the mischiefs which they may work to others may render bad that which by our theory is good. Christ is given as a model. Evils are to be removed as He would have removed them; not by fanaticism, by violence and bloodshed, but quietly, persuasively, with passionless serenity.

About two months of this term remain. I mean to drop all of Story's studies except "Conflict of Laws" and Abbott, [and] give my time to Greenleaf and examinations of cases for club questions. Brief time; make much of it.



*May 18.* — We have had a little excitement here for a few days past, occasioned by a skirmish between some of the Southern law students and the members of the senior class in college. It has resulted in a few slight bruises, the loss of a few soaplocks, and the expulsion of one or two from each department. "*Sic transit, etc.*"

I am progressing slowly in the acquisition of the learning of real property. I shall be glad when this term is through. My health requires more attention than can be given it while engaged in study. In six weeks the vacation begins. Then I shall throw aside my books entirely for a season. Since I commenced the study of the law I have taken no sufficient recreation. If ever I have any students I shall earnestly advise them to take respite enough to prevent them from becoming disgusted and wearied out with study. Truly "much study is [a] weariness to [of] the flesh." A few months of close application can be easily borne by a young man of regular habits and good constitution, but continual study seems to dry up the fountains of the heart, cramp the intellect, sour the temper, and ruin health. But enough. Complaining is foolish.

I love study, after all, and I am likely to have enough of it to do. To acquire sufficient knowledge of the theory of my profession, master the practice, become a correct, vigorous writer, a good speaker, a respectable classical scholar, and to acquire the miscellaneous information requisite to furnish out a gentleman, — these will take study, time, patience, and all the exertion of which I am capable.

*May 26.* — I heard Dr. Walker preach this morning from the text, "Faith without works is dead." Luther found so much in the Epistle of James which conflicted with his own favorite doctrines, that he pronounced it "strange." And others have thought it of little worth because Christ is mentioned but once or twice and then coldly; because the doctrines of the resurrection and regeneration are scarcely noticed; and because it treats so much of the principles of mere morality. But these are not good reasons for putting up one inspired writer above another — Paul above James. It would rather seem to be wise to adopt views by

which passages apparently conflicting may be harmonized and discrepancies explained and reconciled.

The great controversy concerning faith and works depends, in a great measure, for its origin and continuance on the ambiguity of the two words, *faith* and *works*. If by works is meant the mere outward act, there may be salvation without works, as a man may have great generosity without the opportunity or means of exhibiting it. So, on the other hand, the acts of generosity may be performed without merit. If by faith is meant only the intellectual acts of belief and approval of what is true and good, this without works is *dead*. But if by faith is meant the internal disposition, which will manifest itself in outward acts whenever opportunity occurs, this faith is essential to salvation. So that while Paul and James use different language, their doctrines are the same; they view the subject from different positions, but their views are the same. Paul looks to the origin of the act, James to the consummation of the disposition. It is interesting in this connection to trace the differences between the Jewish and the Christian dispensation. That was a dispensation of works, this of faith. In that, the external rites and observance were the all important. In this, the feelings, the heart is regarded. In another aspect, the difference appears striking. The religion of the Bible is one of obedience and progress. The Old Testament contains a system of rules to be strictly followed in forms and ceremonies, suited to the childhood of our race in this respect. The New Testament looks to principles of action; if these are right all is right. But *rules* may be outgrown, while *principles* are eternal. So that while the Jewish dispensation, being temporary, has passed away, the Christian is eternal and must remain.

Now, in the use of the writings of the two apostles, we must consider the crying sin of the age in which we live and the people before whom we appear. If it is to speculation and mysticism, then the efficacy of works, as appears in the Epistle of James, should be preached; if to outward observances, pompous ceremony, rites, etc., then justification by faith as declared by Paul should be proclaimed.

CAMBRIDGE, June 2, 1844.

DEAR SISTER: — Do not think I am so punctilious as to require an answer to every line I write you before I am willing to pen another. I should have written to you or Mother today even if your letter had not been received, and delay in writing has been occasioned by the usual cause, study, want of interesting news, etc., etc. You may always feel safe in making the most positive assurances of my well-being to Mother whenever I am negligent about writing, according to the old adage, "True friends are always remembered in adversity." I am well satisfied with the decision by which I shall have the pleasure of seeing those babies and sharing in the general gratification of receiving our West India and other friends. I did not know but "the universal Yankee dollar" would outweigh any considerations in the opposite scale, and require that I should spend my vacation here, or if I came home, not return. But I suppose I am to be regarded now as the chancellor of my own exchequer; if so the policy of my administration can be explained in very few words. I am willing that the last cent that William has at my disposal of that Marion money should go for the tacks to nail up my shingle. To that extent I am willing to go to please either myself or friends. I do not adopt this notion because I entertain very extravagant ideas of my chances of making money, but because if my health continues good I can be satisfied with about as little as any of my acquaintance. So that my self-confidence results in this, that though I am not very powerful *to do*, I am quite willing *to suffer*. I have no correct notion as to how much I may draw upon William for, but if any of *you* want anything of me which doesn't require more of the needful than *that* amount, I am perfectly ready to meet your wishes; all this with the qualification that I shall not only not ask but, if I can prevent it, not permit William to inconvenience himself in this matter.

We have fine weather here now and all things go on so pleasantly that the time of my return will soon come around. Every few weeks some great stir is made to keep us from suffering from the blues. We have had college rebellions, Texas meetings, Whig notifying meetings, with Webster as the orator in Faneuil Hall, a great state temperance celebration, State Aboli-

tion Convention; and some faint attempts are now being made to excite enthusiasm for the nominees of the Loco-foco convention, Polk and Dallas. Altogether I think the blood would scarcely stagnate in my veins even if the antics of the Law School didn't keep me in occupation. At the Washingtonians' celebration, I had a grand good time. Women and children formed a large part of the assembly, and in the procession were mothers carrying one child and leading another through the dust. I was quite struck with the spirit of one crowd of little girls, the eldest not above twelve, headed by a couple of little "seven-year-olds" carrying a banner inscribed, "Temperance Men or no Husbands." I could hardly believe their mothers knew they were out.

I had not heard from Uncle for so long that I began to believe he must be on his way East. I am not sorry that he kept away, for until a week past the winds have been chilly and bad for persons in his health, but by your letter it appears that he is running into temptation by putting himself in Miss Johnson's way. I am sure he would be justified in taking temporary measures to abate a nuisance. Perhaps he could manage to get up a quarrel with her and in that way obtain a little peace. To obtain peace is said to be a justification of war. Another maxim which would be authority for his acts is that "all is fair in love, war, and politics." Now, under whichever category he chooses to place himself he is safe. I take it one or the other must be the case for to be neutral in such affairs is beyond human power. This is all the laws of nations can do for him.

Fanny, this is one of the warmest days you ever saw. I am sweating large drops. Do excuse my folly. Remember I've been to church once today and shall go again soon. I don't believe I shall write more than once more before I come home. We have one more lecture than is common the remainder of the term. The term ends the fifteenth of July. I shall start very soon after that date for Columbus.

Love to all, and (as I was reading in a letter of Alexander Hamilton's to his wife) "a thousand kisses for those babies."

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

*June 12, 1844.* — Judge Story has been lecturing for the last week on the Constitution. I will set down the principal things he mentions which I might otherwise forget.

He commenced with a short history of the Colonies, the Declaration of Independence, and the adoption of the Confederation.

The Congress of 1776 *assumed* powers, for they had none conferred on them by the people, which assumptions of power were *acquiesced* in and thus *ratified*. Washington's commission was granted, alliances formed, armies raised, debts contracted, and other acts of sovereignty performed by this Congress without a shadow of authority, till the adoption of the Confederation in 1781. The emergency required it.

The principal acts of the first congresses were done with Virginians for leaders, because that Massachusetts, the other leading Colony, was so deeply and so immediately interested. Thus *Lee* moved the resolution of Independence, Jefferson wrote the Declaration, Washington led the armies. But John Adams carried the measure by his boldness and energy. He never spoke *over twelve minutes*; no *one-hour rule* was needed then. At the time of the Declaration so doubtful were the members of Congress of the people's acquiescence, that they took every means of forestalling public opinion. And John Jay wrote to a friend: "The measure is adopted. Build bonfires on the hills, have rejoicings and assemblings that the public mind may be made safe."

The Congress of 1777 issued paper money and sent a letter to induce capitalists to take it, saying: "Money may take to itself wings and fly away but the faith of a nation will remain."

To show the weakness of considerations of honor and duty when opposed by interest, look at the unpaid officers and soldiers of the Revolution.

Again, under the Confederation, stay laws and all manner of laws were passed; conflicting interests were too strong for state pride. Marshall, Madison, P. Henry, and Washington were able for eight years (1781-1789) to keep Virginia to the line of duty by only a majority of *one, two, or three* in opposition to the demagogues whose power consisted in appeals to the passions, the distresses, etc., etc., of the people!

So strong was the feeling excited by the counter legislation on the subject of imposts, that Massachusetts and Connecticut seriously contemplated the conquest and division of Rhode Island who allowed all articles to come in *duty free*.

The debates of the conventions of the States to ratify the Constitution are in a great measure lost. The debates in Virginia were the best reported and the members of *that* convention say *they* are very *incorrect*. In Massachusetts no reports worth anything. The writings of those times are some of them to be found in the *American Museum*, and the *Federalist*. "Greater and purer men than its authors never lived." "I have heard Samuel Dexter, John Marshall, and Chancellor Livingston say that Hamilton's reach of thought was so far beyond theirs that by his side they were schoolboys; rush tapers before the sun at noonday."

ON THE BANK. Washington desired written arguments from the members of his Cabinet. Jefferson and Randolph opposed by reasons so cogent that Washington came to doubt. He sent for Hamilton, told him the state of his mind. Hamilton was surprised, said he had never dreamed of Washington's doubting; that had he known *that* he would not have written his report and recommended the course adopted. General Washington said he had not doubted till he saw Jefferson's and Randolph's arguments; and said he: "You must answer them, or I cannot sign the bill." Hamilton went to Mr. Lewis, the first lawyer of Philadelphia, who had no doubt of a bank's constitutionality, and asked him to listen to his argument, tell him the errors, and add suggestions of his own. They walked in Mr. Lewis's garden the whole afternoon. Hamilton went over his whole argument and at sundown of the seventh day after General Washington had received the bill, they separated, satisfied that the argument was as strong as possible. That evening, General Hamilton told his wife to give him a cup of strong coffee, that he should not come to bed that night as he was to write all night. That night he wrote the argument of eighty pages which contains *all* that has since been said, or can be said, in favor of the constitutionality of a bank, *and it is unanswerable*. All the departments of the Government have acquiesced in the decision made by General Washington.

Mr. Madison regarded the question as settled in 1816. The Supreme Court with a majority of *Republican* [now Democratic] judges, Marshall delivering the opinion, *unanimously* decided its constitutionality in the case of Maryland (and Ohio). [No. The citation should be "*McCulloch v. Maryland*," the famous case decided in 1919.]

*June 13.* — THE FINAL INTERPRETER. The judge first spoke of the opinion sometimes expressed that nothing is settled by precedent in constitutional questions. "If so, no one knows his rights or duties. The executives, States, and legislatures entertain different views of the same question at different times. Fifteen years ago New Hampshire thought and resolved that a Bank of the United States was constitutional; she now *thinks* and *resolves* the opposite. When I came into political life South Carolina maintained the highest constitutional doctrines. She prided herself as always having so stood. Now we know, etc., etc. We should soon be in the situation of old Judge Strong of this State in regard to our statutes. 'Yesterday the law was so, but I can't tell how it is today. I haven't yet heard what our Legislature has done.'

"It is a singular fact in relation to this matter that the only questions, which have been regarded as settled, are those in which the powers exercised were *most doubtful*. For example, the power of removal in the Executive. It is nowhere given, nowhere implied by fair construction. It is really an incident to the power of appointment; but that power is in the President *and Senate*. There, then, should be the power of removal. But the first Congress determined otherwise. General Washington was so esteemed that they feared that it would look like a want of confidence in him to refuse him the power of removal. It passed the Senate by the casting vote of John Adams, the Vice-President. But this early decision has been held *final* by all strict constructionists. Again, the acquisition of foreign territory; denied by President Jefferson; finally acquiesced in, [and] now regarded as settled.

"The post-office question. The right to carry letters, — is it exclusive in the general Government? This has been considered

settled, but is now raised and we shall be called to decide it the coming winter."

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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, July 1, [1844].

DEAR UNCLE:—By a letter which I received from home a short time since, I find that contrary to my previous expectation, mother will not come East this summer, and that I am expected to spend my vacation in Ohio. I am sorry to lose the opportunity of realizing the pleasure I had anticipated in spending a short time this fine weather with my pretty cousins at Fayetteville, but May and Charlotte may be glad to escape the teasing which was in store for them, so that my loss will be their gain.

Uncle Sardis is not married, and, I think, will not be, so that his trip eastward will probably be deferred to another season. It is expected, I believe, that Uncle William will visit the United States this season, and our folks in the West will expect a visit from him and his lady; so that Fanny expects to receive visits from all her friends, and I hardly know when you would have a better time to return some of the visits you have received from us than this summer. You would have an opportunity of seeing the people of Ohio in their glory—in the midst of an exciting canvass—and of witnessing some of our great gatherings, of which, I suppose, there will be as many and as large as in 1840. I shall leave here next Saturday for New York and shall be home in two weeks from this time. Thursday next there will be a Whig rally up at Concord, at which some distinguished men are expected. It is so near that I shall certainly go up,—there being no exercises in the Law School on that day.

Judge Story is now lecturing on the Constitution. It is, of course, needless to say anything of his mastery over the subject. He touches upon all the questions which have been raised at different times in Congress, and in the courts upon points of constitutional law. The tariff, bank, navy, post-office department, internal improvements, public lands, etc., etc., have each been thoroughly examined, so far as they are affected by the Constitution. In common with others of his school, he thinks well-established precedents settle the most of these questions; and in



speaking of the opponents of this doctrine, he says that they agree in considering some questions as settled by the practice of the Government; and what is a little curious is, that those questions are many of them as to the exercise of the most doubtful powers which are claimed to belong to the general Government. For instance, the power of removal exercised continually by the Executive is sanctioned by nothing but the practice of the Government. Also, the acquisition of foreign territory, the exclusive right of the Government to carry the mails, and many others. This only shows in another light the inconsistencies of that school of strict constructionists of which Mr. Calhoun is now the head and front. But enough of this. The lectures are highly interesting, as the judge is able to give many items of valuable information in relation to the history of the Constitution — its framers, their views and intentions (?) — and its practical workings, which are not to be found in print. And generally the exercises of the school this term have been as useful as I could expect. I shall return next term about the 25th of August.

Love to Aunt and my cousins. I hope I shall see them soon again, if it is not till you are all in the snow of winter once more.

If you see any of the Hayes connection, I wish you would tell them that Uncle William is expected to come to Ohio, so soon as he visits the United States.

Your affectionate nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

AUSTIN BIRCHARD, ESQ.

*Fayetteville, Vermont.*

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*Cambridge, September 21, 1844.* — I have been here studying hard about three weeks. I spent my vacation very pleasantly at home in Columbus. I did not fall in love nor meet with any uncommon accidents. I shall remain here until the middle of next January, after which time I shall remain in Ohio, commencing the practice of my profession as soon as possible. I am applying myself almost exclusively to the law. My deficiencies are so many and apparent that I fear no exertion I can now make will prepare

me for entrance into business as well as I could wish. But what I leave undone now may be finished, partially at least, during the intervals of leisure which for many years I am to expect. During that time I must also devote considerable time to literature and history with particular reference [to qualifying myself] as a writer and speaker. The ability to speak is so valuable to a lawyer that no time is misspent which is given to its attainment.

Night before last I had an opportunity of listening to one of the best speakers I ever heard, J. M. Berrien, of Georgia. His natural advantages are great. A fine form, — rather portly, — an intellectual countenance, with a most winning smile and silvery voice, are but the external graces which adorn the man. He is an accurate, logical reasoner, fluent, warm, and entertaining. I never heard a speaker who could make abstract reasoning so interesting. Now, though I can never hope to equal him for want of his natural endowments, yet his habits of thought, power of expression, and winning manner, arising from sweetness of temper, can in some degree be acquired by continued study, attention, and effort. If I could succeed in approaching him, how would it rejoice my friends, and how pleasing it would be to myself. First, knowledge of my profession; second, general information; third, the power of using my materials, and fourthly, manners and temper suited to these acquirements.

*October 1, 1844.* — Professor Longfellow thinks that the fame of Goethe stands fairer in Germany now than it ever did before. Some of his writings certainly have an immoral tendency, while others are as pure and elevating as any that were ever written by uninspired penman. Goethe thought that so far as an author was careful of the moral principles of his work, so far was the perfection of the work likely to be lessened. He would prefer to write nothing immoral, but virtue must be sacrificed to literary excellence.

Judge Story considers Albert Gallatin and Hamilton the greatest financiers this country has ever produced. Gallatin always said that he found in the treasury department nothing to alter. Hamilton had formed a system perfect in all its parts. Gallatin used to say that speakers, eloquent speakers, were too

abundant in Congress; business men, good committeemen, were too scarce. He was one of the greatest men of his time. Samuel Dexter, of whom Marshall said, "a man of greater mind I never knew," and Fisher Ames, one of the most fluent men who ever lived, called on Hamilton to get him to explain some of his financial plans. Hamilton conversed with them for three or four hours, going over the whole subject. After leaving the room Ames said to Dexter: "Hamilton is a man of most extraordinary power. Now, Dexter, to be plain with you, I have not understood one word Hamilton said for the last three-quarters of an hour. How is it with you?" To which Dexter replied: "Don't stop there. I haven't understood anything for the last two hours. I was in a thick fog, I couldn't follow him."

*October 5, 1844.* — I am now twenty-two years old — and one day. Oh, time — time! But, "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

I must change my plan of reading. Read now not those works which I think best, for I shall always have those at hand, but those which I shall not be likely to find elsewhere. Carry this into all my studies — polite literature, reported cases, and treatises. I will commence this Monday.

*November 9, 1844.* — Politics have filled all minds for the last ten days. During the last five days I have not learned as much as I ought to learn in one. But now the din of politics is subsiding, I shall listen to the voice of reason. The result of the Presidential election has disappointed me greatly. I would start in the world without a penny if by my sacrifice Clay could be chosen President. Not that the difference to the country is likely to be very great, in my opinion, but then to think that so good and great a man should be defeated. Slandered as he has been, it would have been such a triumph to have elected him. But it cannot be. Now I must withdraw my thoughts from party politics and apply my whole energies to the law. There will be no sad reverses there, if I am true to myself. I will begin the first of

next week and apply myself patiently, earnestly, constantly to the law till I leave the Law School.

*November 18, 1844.* — The greatest speech Wirt ever made was in the case of the "Cherokee Nation *v.* The State of Georgia." The greatest speech Webster ever made was in the Dartmouth College case. Judge Marshall was affected to tears by the eloquent peroration of Wirt. He then said: "I have not shed a tear before since Webster delivered his great speech in the Dartmouth College case. I then did not expect ever to shed another upon such an occasion." The three greatest opinions to be found in the books are "*Griswold v. Waddington*," 16 John, by Kent.

*January 1, 1845.* — This is the beginning of the new year. In two or three weeks I shall leave the Law School and soon after shall begin *to live*. Heretofore I have been getting ready to live. How much has been left undone, it is of no use to reckon. My labors have been to cultivate and store my mind. This year the character, the whole man, must receive attention. *I will strive to become in manners, morals, and feelings a true gentleman.* The rudeness of a student must be laid off, and the quiet, manly deportment of a gentleman put on — not merely to be worn as a garment, but to become *by use* a part of myself. I believe I know what true gentility, genuine good breeding, is. Let me but live out what is within, and I am vain enough to think that little of what is important would be found wanting.

## CHAPTER VII

### BEGINNING LAW PRACTICE — LOWER SANDUSKY, 1845-1848

**H**AYES left the Law School at the end of his third semester, early in February, 1845, and returned to Columbus. A month later, March 10, at Marietta, he was admitted to the bar. He established himself at Lower Sandusky (Fremont), where his uncle and protector, Sardis Birchard, and a favorite cousin, John R. Pease, were engaged in business.]

*Lower Sandusky, April 12, 1845.* — I am now settled in my new home. I do not expect much employment in my profession, but while I am waiting I shall try to fit myself for practice. As I shall not be likely to write in my journal a great deal, I shall put down the ideas which occur to me in my miscellaneous reading, and make extracts; note peculiar phrases, etc.

*April 15.* — [According to] D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," Christianity has two features which especially distinguish it from all human systems: (1) That the only mediator between God and man is Jesus Christ. (2) That salvation is a gift of God — a matter of *grace*. . . . D'Aubigné constantly affirms that, in his opinion, the Reformation was the immediate work of the Divine hand.

Now, it seems to me that Providence interferes no more in the greatest affairs of men than in the smallest, and that neither individuals nor nations are any more the objects of a special interposition of the Divine Ruler than the inanimate things of the world. The Creator gave to every creature of his hand its laws at the time of its creation and whatever can happen in accordance with those laws He doubtless foresaw, and it cannot be supposed that his laws are so imperfect that special interpositions are necessary to render them capable of fulfilling their design, nor that it is possible for them to be violated. The Reformation like other

revolutions was agreeable to principles which have existed since the world began.

*May 7, 1845.* — I am now fairly settled. Let me see how I will arrange my plans for study and business. Read Greenleaf's "Evidence" and Story's "Agency" so as to finish them both in six weeks. Read a chapter in the Testament (German); one case a week in Smith's "Leading Cases" touching some topic of "Agency" or "Evidence." Read a little Bacon and Burke; study Livy an hour in the morning, and logic at night. Poetry and light literature Sunday. Attend church regularly, and do all my business promptly.

Now, of so much, some must many days be neglected. The order of preference shall be Latin, Evidence, Agency, German, Bacon, Logic, Burke, Smith's cases. Business first always.

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LOWER SANDUSKY, April 20, [1845].

DEAR SISTER: — I would have written before this if I had not supposed that one or both of our cousins would have arrived here yesterday. Austin expected that his sister would come last week or he would have gone down after her. He is looking for her every day. Uncle says that if Charlotte [Birchard, a cousin from Vermont] does not choose to come with Dr. Rawson, he will take his buggy and bring her up in a week or ten days from now, making some stop at Delaware *en route*. The doctor will be in Columbus about the middle or latter part of this week. He went down the Muskingum and so around to Cincinnati.

Enough for the *family*. — Now a little to Sister Fanny:

I shall enjoy my stay here finely. I can study as much as I wish to and feel independent. The lawyers all treat me kindly and the only ones I could ever think of dreading are decidedly friendly. I can borrow all the books I want for the present. (I would mend this pen, but my knife is too dull. I left one at Columbus. If it is not found I wish William would send me the best *penknife* in his shop and charge it to me.) When I wish to see anybody I can go to Sandusky, Norwalk, or Maumee. I have already made agreeable acquaintances in all

the towns in this circuit. I shall spend this week in Lucas County. Judge Lane passed through today. At Sandusky I met a number of my old friends, among others Baker, who was at Cambridge and is now settled at Toledo. So that you preceive I shall not suffer for want of company, although there is no one here of my own age who is fit for a "trusted cronic." Between you and I, a little squad of girls have spent a great deal of time and pains in trying to get acquainted with me — calling to see a young married woman at *our* house and deputizing her to call me in, but I have been so ungallant that they now despair of accomplishing their object. Their messenger wanted me to explain why I was so averse. I first told her that I was no lady's man, but as that wouldn't do I then told her I was engaged to a girl in Columbus, which has relieved me from all trouble. The point now is to find out who my *engagee* is. This is to be discovered by learning who I write to, but as I don't write to any miss, I think they will not be the wiser from a knowledge of my correspondents.

I assisted in pettifogging a case last week and have hopes of becoming quite a pettifogger in time. My prospects as to business are better than are given to most young lawyers. The fact that Lower Sandusky is what it is makes it just the place for me. I have but little competition, taking industry and *honesty* as among my qualifications, for with one exception (R. P. Buckland) those of our lawyers who are responsible or honest are not industrious, and *vice versa*.

*You rather insinuate* that our cousin Cynthia is not a Venus. Now, I would insinuate that her brother, Austin, is not an Apollo. You never saw "a homelier girl." I never saw so homely a man by great odds. Oh, he passes caricaturing, and then he dresses like sin. I hope Charlotte [Birchard] will please you. Uncle wished her to come here before she went to Columbus.

Pease and myself have fine times. We sleep in the same room, have got up a good "washing machine" in which we take a shower bath every morning as soon as we get out of bed. Quite as good as a pill-box for health. You have no idea how he loved his wife. I did not imagine he was capable of so much affection for anyone. She must have had some sterling qualities. He thinks she was the essence of perfection. . . . Give my love

to cousins in such quantities and in such phrase as will be most likely to please; how glad I shall be to see them (1) and all that.

Your affectionate Brother,

R. B.

P. S. — I forgot to say, I've been at *Stemtown* [Green Spring] with Uncle and like the family well. I did not see *her*, tho Uncle did. He has been out there again today. There's nothing in it I suppose. It is about sixteen miles from here in a pleasant part of Seneca County.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, June 1, 1845.

DEAR SISTER: — Charlotte, Uncle, and myself have each been expecting that the other would write to you, and this is the reason which I suppose each would give for not having done it. Charlotte seems to enjoy herself very well, and Uncle has formed a high opinion of her good sense and discretion. They are both boarding at Dr. Rawson's, which I think is a very pleasant place for them. One or the other of us is in the habit of riding out with Charlotte almost every day. She thinks the rides in the country are very fine; but the appearance of the village disappointed her sadly. She had formed her idea of the place from Uncle's conversation; who, you know, is a lover, and speaks like a lover of everything which he cares about from the chair he sits on to the town he lives in. Expecting, therefore, something better than ordinary in Lower Sandusky, it was quite natural she should be surprised to find a town in which the houses, fences, etc., (with one exception) were built not merely without any good taste, but with apparent disregard of all taste and comfort.

Charlotte has made a number of acquaintances among the female women, some of whom she likes well, and others she thinks are shockingly simple. I was introduced to one of the latter sort a few evenings since. Excuse me if I describe the bow or curtsy (I'll call it "manners") she made *at* me. It was quite an amusing feat. I doubt whether Mr. Yeo has a pupil who could equal it. Certainly it would endanger the necks



of most girls to attempt it. It begins with a sudden squat of the main trunk of the body and a simultaneous dropping of the head and arms. Then succeeds a violent trembling as if each particular member and limb was making a most excruciating effort to separate itself from every other. The performer gasps, her lips curl up from her teeth, a frightened smile scampers over her face, commencing at her chin, rising over her forehead, and losing itself in her hair. She resumes her upright position with a jerk, looks sober and satisfied; the feat is accomplished, and the astonished beholder has liberty to go on breathing, as if nothing had happened. I hope you will not think I am growing critical in regard to manners, but when people take such pains to act the monkey, it is difficult to avoid noticing it.

I have been at Sandusky City, Milan, and all about since I wrote you last, hunting evidence to convict a very clever, genteel knave (formerly one of Herman A. Moore's stewards, named Clarke) for stealing Pease's wallet containing one hundred and twenty-two dollars in money, three or four hundred dollars in notes, and a watch, and also *my* watch. He boarded with his wife at Thompson's and came into our room in the night and did the stealing. We are all satisfied he is the man, but we are some afraid he cannot be convicted. He is now in jail awaiting his trial. He has been married about three months to a very fine girl who thinks *our* conduct in accusing him is "diabolical." Pease and myself sat at the table with her two or three days after we knew her husband was guilty before she had heard of the robbery, and she would jest about his prolonged absence. That was the most painful part of the transaction. Clarke was in the secrets of the Loco-focos. Watson and myself examined his papers. We made some rich discoveries. By the way, though Watson is a first-rate man in some respects, he don't pay debts. I have dunned him for William and think there is about an even chance of catching him with his pockets full.

It is still healthy here, but drought and frost frighten the timid who are beginning to prophesy famine. I am still contented as a clam. I have studied as much law since I have been here as during any equal portion of time before I was admitted. Tell

Mother I have read five chapters in her present every day (when I was at home) since I received it.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, June 9, [1845].

DEAR MOTHER:—Our sheriff, Mr. Burger, is to leave today for Columbus to carry my friend Clarke to the State Prison, of whom I told you in my last letter. . . . I am sorry to hear of Harriet Platt's misfortune. I hope she will not be lamed by it.

I do not know whether I can go to Gambier in August or not. I was appointed to deliver the Master's Oration, but despatched by the mail this morning a letter declining to accept the appointment. Do not mention this, as some of my classmates may hereafter be appointed and would not be pleased to hear of a previous appointment. Charlotte still seems in fine spirits. Uncle's health is good, ditto Pease's, ditto Hayes's.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, August 20, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER:—Contrary to a long established custom, I have made up my mind to write you a letter on a week-day. I do not feel like working, or doing anything that requires much thought, but I think I can scratch off a few lines to you as easily as I can do anything else and with as much pleasure to myself. The Supreme Court has just closed its session without finishing more than a third of the business on the docket. One of my old friends, named [Stanley] Matthews, came from Cincinnati to [be] examined for admission to the bar. I was one of the committee to examine him. He graduated about two years before I did and was beyond dispute a better lawyer than any of the examining committee. The good lawyers were all too busy in court to be sent off on such sham service.

Uncle has just come in and wants to have you write imme-

diately and tell him when William is going to New York. He wishes to get to Columbus before he leaves home. Charlotte can stay but a few days with you as the term begins so soon. We have a preference for the Episcopal School at Granville as the other young lady from here intends going there.

I had a letter from Fanny at Berkshire [Ohio] the same day Uncle received yours. I am glad she took that little trip. It must be [good] for the health of the children as well as of Fanny herself. . . .

You see, Mother, I hardly have enough material to fill a letter with. [If] I was in bad health, or lonesome, or homesick, or greatly in want of something, I could probably write something of a letter. As it is, I am sadly in want of information and the wherewithal to fill a letter. It is, I believe, (as our parson expresses it) "a time of general health," and since harvest business is "looking up," Pease has gone to New York. I expect him to return next week unless he should visit New Haven and Vermont.

I see you speak of Elizabeth Hulbord's going to Granville to school. I believe she is one of the three or four girls that you limited me to in choosing a partner from among the Columbus girls. So I feel a great deal of interest in her as in duty bound to do, but as I have never seen her nor even heard much of her, I don't think I should be disconsolate if some other youngster should carry [her] off. Nevertheless I am open to conviction on that subject. As I often tell Uncle, I'm determined to marry young if I can find a lass that suits me, that I can please. —Love to all.

You affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, August 27, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER:—Uncle and Charlotte are going up to Mr. Valette's this evening and will start from there early in the morning for Columbus. I will not break in upon the venerable custom of sending letters by friends instead of the mail whenever there is an opportunity, although the reason for it has ceased

under the new postage law. Besides, I hope by frequency of communication to lessen the distance between us which according to your last letter you still seem to deplore. I will try to clear myself of blame for not going to Gambier, because friend Lane did not hear from me in time to go. I would not at that time have been away from here more than ten days. In order to make the trip in that time, my plan was to leave here for Gambier by the way of Mansfield so as to be at Gambier on commencement day and get to Columbus in four or five days. I should then have staid with you a couple of days or so and come home by Delaware. So that I never dreamed of your having any notion of going to Gambier with me. You had never intimated any desire to do so, and by my arrangement the thing was impossible. As for those girls, I certainly cared nothing about going because *they* were going. And in looking at the letters you wrote me I do not find that you urged me to go at all. You spoke of wishing to see me at Columbus — but if the girls employed you to induce me to go to Gambier, indeed, Mother, they might bring an action against you for neglecting your trust. So that all you say about having “to acknowledge that you could not influence your only son” is founded upon a mistake, as that influence was never exerted.

I was a little surprised at the mournful strain of a part of your letter and really felt a good deal grieved at it, but I was satisfied that it wasn't me alone that was in fault, as little Laura came in for a share of the scolding, and I know you were not really offended with her, and am quite sure that you are not really angry with me a great deal. At least I hope you will forgive me as I am as innocent of intentional disregard of your wishes as Laura was in scratching your letter. Besides, from what you say, I imagine you were not the only one whose feelings were clouded the day you wrote. I hope Dr. Hoge will give you good sermons, for in every letter in which you speak of the doctor's giving one of his best I notice that there is a wonderful flow of cheerfulness and good feeling.

As to our seeing each other often in future, I shall visit Columbus twice a year, making a good stay each time. Besides that, some of these days, I hope to have a place for you here

where you will feel quite as much at home as with Fanny. In fact, I think, if you had accepted Uncle's invitation to come this summer you would have found no great difference between Mr. Valette's and your own home. Though Lower Sandusky is not the most delightful village, I think you would find enough agreeable ladies here to enable you to pass time very pleasantly.

Pease has not yet returned from New York. I think he must be making a visit to our friends in Vermont. Have you heard from them lately? I could not come with Uncle conveniently if I wished to do so, to say nothing of your sickly climate in Columbus. I fear I should run great risk in going from our healthy lake air to the heated atmosphere at the south.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, August 27, 1845.

DEAR FANNY:—I am greatly obliged for your letter from Berkshire. I had written to you some days before I received it but directed my letter to Columbus, not knowing that you were off rustivating, or "ruralizing," as you have it. I am perfectly willing to write you very early and often but the want of gossip and other matters fit to communicate prevents me from doing it, though I think I am not a very great delinquent. I could write a sheet over 'most any time in expressing my affection, good feeling, good wishes, etc., for in that I think I abound; but after writing that once, one hates to be repeating it on every occasion; it is only permitted in love letters which are always said to be interesting to nobody except the parties.

I do not know whether Charlotte has written you often or not, but as you will have her in your jurisdiction as soon as you get this, I can only advise you to hold her to strict account for her various shortcomings. Badly as some folks think *this delightful village* deserves to be spoken of, I suppose you will think Cousin Charlotte has not suffered in manners, disposition, etc., etc., by her sojourn here; indeed we think she has gained greatly by naturalization. There was certainly, as in most of people, some room for improvement, and she appears to have enough native

good sense to encourage friends in their endeavors to supply defects and remove faults. . . .

You need have no fears that the little intervals between our interviews face to face will be enough to destroy the feeling which as sister and brother we have mutually felt for each other. The time when that might have happened has passed away. Separation soon cools the affection which children have for each other, but after that period it requires some more active agency to affect it. Anger and rivalry may lead to indifference, or perhaps a stronger feeling, between those who have loved each other from childhood, but nothing of that sort can come between a sister and brother. You are too ambitious in your anticipations concerning my fortunes. That I shall not "make an ill figure" in the world, I feel confident, because I think I have a pretty perfect knowledge of my own ability (considering how partial I must be); and Macaulay says: "It is an undisputed fact that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." The idea that I have an unusual degree of talent (which I am afraid you fondly imagine) is little short of ridiculous; but that with health and ordinary good fortune, I shall be able to make a respectable lawyer and acquire friends, influence, and property enough to pass life with a fair share of rational enjoyments, I have too much self-esteem to allow myself to doubt. Beyond this my wishes do not go. Those who really have excellent parts ought to have an ambition corresponding to their superiority. Such men I can admire, can with good heart assist, and can never feel like envying or pulling down. You have my ideas of the future. One cannot easily talk on such matters without exhibiting some vanity, but if none but friends discern the weakness, little mischief is to be feared if the person interested is aware of it, and regulates his conduct accordingly. . . . Good luck to you.

Your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT,

LOWER SANDUSKY, October 12, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER:— Court week has just closed and I have nothing of importance to look forward to before the time of visiting home. It is impossible for me to leave here, for so long a time as I should wish to spend in visiting you, before the middle of November, as I have several little matters to be attended to at different times between now and then. Will Lane paid me a visit this last week. He has improved considerably since I last saw him and is really a glorious fellow. He will visit Columbus about the same time I wish to. I had not a world to do in court, but I got through with what business I had to my satisfaction. I had often been told when I was studying law that the *study* was very pleasant, but the *practice* dry and tedious. I have thus far found the contrary nearer true. The study the first year was certainly the most vexatious and tedious of anything I ever attempted; the practice (I think I may speak for the first year now) is, upon the whole, quite interesting. Much more so than I ever anticipated.

Uncle has been to the land sales at Upper Sandusky and purchased a little more land. He thinks something can be made by the speculation. His health is very good now. We hear from Charlotte about as often as could be expected. She thought she had a slight touch of the chills and fever soon after she went to Granville, but is bravely over it and seems to herself well. She has found a stray cousin or two in the Baptist college named Austin.

I have not your letter at hand and do not recollect whether you said anything requiring particular notice or not; if you did, write soon and mention it again. It is raining for quantity today and the roads will soon be so bad that we can't get out of town in more than one direction, except by water. However, that is an advantage which most towns in the interior cannot boast of. By the way, I believe you said in your last that you never were really convinced that I was pleased with my present residence until you received my last letter. Judge Tilden and Judge Lane both told me this court that I deserved success for the

wisdom I [had] shown, in spite of appearances, in selecting my location. Love to the family. Write soon.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, December 11, 1845.

DEAR MOTHER:— I have just thought I ought to write you once more before I leave for Columbus. We now have beautiful weather and excellent sleighing. I shall be busy while the snow is on the ground visiting the justices of the peace, etc., etc. If nothing occurs to prevent I shall leave for Columbus a week from tomorrow, and if I do not stop at Tiffin or Delaware shall be *at home* one week after this letter reaches you.

Uncle wishes you to take notice that he will expect you to go East with him next summer, and leave you there as long as you wish to stay; and when you have enough of visiting, either he or I will come after you. I think you will enjoy such a trip. Traveling is so cheap and easy that there seems almost no objection to it and you now have timely notice of Uncle's invitation so as to enable you to make your preparations leisurely.

I had written thus far when called to other matters. Since then the southern mail has arrived and, greatly to my gratification and somewhat to my surprise, it brings me a letter from you and Brother William. I will attend to your request as to matters at Delaware and William's Walter Scott (whew!) at Marion. As to his friend here, you may tell him the less he expects the less he will be disappointed. As [Lorenzo] Dow [a famous evangelist] said: "Blessed is he who expects nothing for he shall not be disappointed." Now, Watson is one of the cleverest men alive but his "financing" is a standing joke with Rawson, Pease, and Uncle. If his sins of omission were not clearly unintentional, he couldn't live comfortably a week.

Uncle's health is good. He and Pease talk of going to Columbus about the 8th of January ("Loco Convention").

I am in the greatest hurry imaginable tonight or I'd write more. I received a letter from Tiffin which I was looking for very



anxiously and which gives me a few hours of busy but pleasant exertion. — Love to all. Good night.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, February 28, 1846.

MY DEAR SISTER: — For a wonder I've commenced you a letter on a secular day. I was out sleigh-riding until almost daylight this morning. My office is swept out, books and papers all in their places, and I'm just sleepy enough to write letters and too sleepy to do anything else. For two weeks we have had most excellent sleighing; during the past week the best I ever saw. It was beginning to wear off some, but this morning it commenced snowing and there is now a deep snow on the ground and the weather growing cold, so I think we may feel sure of another lively week. I was at Sandusky City a week ago. The town was very dull compared with ours. We see nearly a hundred sleighs in our streets to their one. Will Lane will leave for his trip across the water in about a month. By the by, Mrs. Follet was here yesterday. I called on her of course. She said many things very flattering about you, Mr. Platt, Mother, and the little ones, and hinted very broadly that I was probably quite equal to the rest of the kin! [She] talked some about her daughters and gave me a pressing invitation to visit her and them. . . .

I've been on two sleigh-rides this week out half-way to Perrysburg. I took Charlotte's friend, Sarah Coles, to the last one. They are the first of the kind I ever enjoyed. They "*paid*" reasonably well, but I think I may say without disparagement to our girls, that if Miss W., or even one or two younger girls of your acquaintance, had been of the party, I should have been quite as much delighted with the whole affair as I was "*under existing circumstances.*" I wish Charlotte was here. I really believe we could make sport for her. . . .

I haven't your letter at hand, but you may tell Miss W. that if I do happen to meet her this summer in any car, stage, or steamboat, and there is no one else about to help me kill time, no

books or papers to read, and the weather is gloomy so that nothing pleasant can be seen, and it is impossible to do anything else, *perhaps*, to while away the time, I'll speak to her. But I see no reason why she should threaten to snarl or bite, or be anything else than amiable since she knows where I spent that evening and can easily infer the strength of the attraction that prevented me from meeting her! Now, if she were ignorant of the fact she alluded to, and really supposed that carelessness or indifference led me to neglect my engagement, her anger would be excusable; but "under existing circumstances," it's altogether preposterous.

I rather suspect that all your efforts to fix the orbits, etc., of those other "lesser" lights will be in vain. No difference: I shall probably pick up a figure nearer home though you may keep an eye to 'em and particularly reconsider your notions about that crazy little sister of Mrs. Sparrow's. She may come out yet. She is a bright scholar for her age though she don't sing. There, if I haven't repaid you for your flattery by a dish of sparking so as to stop your mouth in the future, try me again. . . .

Good night. — Love to all.

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, July 7, 1846.

DEAR SISTER:— Mother left here yesterday in company with *all* the cousins and Uncle for Sandusky. I've not yet heard whether or not they took a boat last evening; if they did their little trip has been pleasant. I expect Uncle back this evening. He is to bring Mr. Bebb back with him, who speaks here tomorrow.

We had quite a Columbus fair here the Fourth, in the evening. I could almost fancy that I was in Mechanics' Hall again. The chief difference was that there were fewer strange faces. Mother seemed to enjoy it, especially as it was for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. Charlotte officiated as postmistress.

I've looked for your letter but don't find it. I think you said something which looked like disapprobation of my want of zeal in not hastening to Sandusky to see Miss W. But this is not the first sin of the kind I've committed. I had from a

good authority, a short time ago, an account of one of the most perfected of the last work of creation, and was urged to go a few miles to visit her, and though I believed the story most religiously, I refused to go. However, I shall pay this last divinity a visit in a few weeks and if she comes within drum-beat of the description I have heard of her, I shall be sure to fall a conquest to her charms.

Upon turning the sheet over and coming to the top of this page, I stopped to think what I commenced this letter to you for, and I now remember that it was Mother's pressing solicitation that I should write by the first mail that she was getting along well on her journey, and that she missed Laura very much and hoped Laura wouldn't feel so sorry to be separated from Grandma as Grandmother is to be away from Laura. Mother's account of Laura's feelings was really quite touching.

Charlotte seemed to be as glad to start for home as could be expected, considering that she is leaving sundry beaux behind her, and none of them more than *half "fetched."* Speaking of "fetching" brings to mind Hatty as naturally as the sight of ice makes one thing of cream. I wish I was with you about these times. Perhaps I shall go to Gambier this next Commencement, and if I do I'll certainly spread myself as far as Columbus. There is no certainty that I'll do the like but may be I will.

It is a mighty warm afternoon and I don't feel very vigorous so "excuse haste and a bad pen."

Love to all. — Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, August 7, 1846.

DEAR MOTHER:—I promised Uncle to write to you today, or I am quite sure you would never have been troubled with this scrawl. We are all well; eating, drinking, and sleeping as usual. This is no news and yet it comprises all that need be told to give you a complete idea of our situation. I've no doubt but there is as much small gossip about town among the retailers of that commodity as usual, but bachelors, you know, are not in the way of knowing such matters, and my taste runs so little

in that direction that I wouldn't step out of my way for all the precious "titbits" that a lean old maid could pick up in a week's gadding. . . .

I wish I were with you about two weeks to visit all our friends in Vermont with you. You must tell my little cousin at Grandmother's not to forget her bargain with me about copying in a book for me *all* of Grandmother's writings that she can lay her hands on. I think from appearances I shall be fortunate enough in business to pay her all I promised. I'd give more for that little volume than anything else I can think of in the State of Vermont. Not but that Vermont has a great many fine things in it, and although it may be true, as we often tell Pease in teasing him about his brag State, that Vermont has more *acres to the square mile* than any other State in the Union, yet as Grandmother is the only *genius* in the blood, we must save her writings or we shall never have any worth saving.

. . . . Remember [me] to such of our friends as care anything about me. I shall see them if I live within a year or two, I presume,

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Uncle wishes me to say further that either he or I will come on after you, whenever you send on after one of us.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

*Fayetteville, Vermont.*

LOWER SANDUSKY, August 20, 1846.

DEAR COZ: — Don't be distressed at the sight of this formidable sheet of foolscap, for I've no thoughts of inflicting on you a letter of more than ordinary dimensions; but "the facts are," as John R. [Pease] would say, that there isn't a sheet of letter-paper in the office except some that's so slippery that it would bother a Matamoras fly to walk on it; and as this writing letters to a lady not nearer of kin than cousin is rather a slippery business at the best, I thought it wouldn't do to make the attempt upon such dangerous paper. But I want you to understand that I've *got* some letter paper, and it looks as smooth and blue and saucy as heart could wish; so don't make any reflections to the

disparagement of us *abrogoins* on account of our letters, for we are *up to* the genteel, and would willingly give you a specimen if it were not so *mighty* inconvenient.

There, Janette, if you are half as glad to get through that rambling sentence as I am, you'll feel under some obligations to me, I'm sure; for commencing a letter, like beginning an acquaintance, is usually more embarrassing than interesting; but when the "ice is broken" and the tongue loosed (or pen), it goes off "as merrily as a marriage bell."

I suppose by this time a query has grown up in your mind as to the why and wherefore of my writing to you. Well, I'll tell you. John R., that is to say, *Mr.* Pease, — *Mr.* that sounds oddly enough at the beginning of *our* cousin's name (I ask pardon, I believe he is *your* brother [half-brother, in fact]; but it don't seem natural that he should be any *nearer* relation to anybody else than he is to me, seeing that I've slept where I could hear him *snore* any time in the last eighteen months). Here I am snarled up in another long sentence, but to begin again: John R. received a letter from you two or three days ago which he thinks ought to be answered, and as he has some three or four tons of stoves, and an everlasting sight of tin, sheet-iron, and Yankee notions to haul up from the landing, a new shop and store to fit up, arrange, etc., etc., not to mention a batch of miscellaneous duties which have to be attended to at stated intervals, — such, for instance, as shaking like an aspen leaf in a hurricane with *ague* a couple of hours daily, together with the pleasant accompaniments of a burning fever and parched tongue, things which you know in this climate are regarded as among the *necessaries* of life (not *rarities* as with you) and must be attended to "will ye nill ye," — he thought I'd better take your letter and reply to it in such wise as seemed to me meet and proper.

On reflection I've determined to write you a long letter — one so long that you'll never want to see another from under my pen. So, to begin, I'll go clear out to the margin (thus).

John is in fine health and excellent spirits; never enjoyed a trip *home* so much in his life, and is full of regrets that he didn't stay longer. He had told me all about *those glorious* girls before we had been together two hours — not exactly *in love*.

with either, but *highly pleased* with both; though I think he rather preferred the one whom I suppose you allude to as "A." Uncle and myself (by the way, you must know that *Uncle*, John and myself form a family trio in which there are to be *no secrets* — what interests *one* is known to *all*; in fact each one is more solicitous about the weal of the others than of his own) were in favor of posting him back to Vermont to *finish* his business; and we agreed to throw dust in the eyes of all inquisitive neighbors as to the object of his journey, even if we had to suffer the wear and tear of conscience requisite for telling three score *white lies* a day for a month. But you know that the *strong point* in John R.'s character is *inertia*, so that if he once stops, a forty-horse-power can't start him again; and if he starts in a certain direction you can't *turn* him "no more nor" a locomotive. For example, he set out in life, like the blacksmith in "Waverley," with a mortal dislike of "all Whigs and Presbyterians," and though his nearest connections are Presbyterians and his most intimate friends Whigs, yet he still clings to his ancient prejudice like a miser to his gold. Well, he had come home, left the lovely girl without *quite* falling in love with her, and though I know he was sorry and would have given all his old boots and shoes to have the thing to do over again, yet it was *past*; and all hope of anything of that sort is dead as a herring.

As to that "partly promised" article you speak of, I'll bear it in mind to jog his memory if he should show any signs of forgetfulness. It's just such a pleasant little trick as he would like to be guilty of in behalf of a sister whom he thinks a strain or two higher than perfection itself and loves as well as I do my sweetheart, but then that standstill inertia feature of his may prevent him from doing what he would delight to do, unless some of us prick him on a little.

You speak of Sophia (your sister and my cousin) and her husband Gilbert. Sophy is indeed one of the "great" girls and if she has a lord worthy of her — they say she has, — their little home ought to contain as much happiness to the cubic foot as any other house under the moon. No doubt it does. I can see her "in my mind's eye" as real as life as she slipped along over the shining snow which cracked under our feet as we

trudged down from Grandmother's to her *then* home last winter a year ago. I'd go without my dinner to see you and her once again tonight. I hardly remember when I saw *you* last. The most distinct recollection I have of you is about the time we took that ramble on the mountains and saw the *horrendum monstrum*, etc., and how crazy we all were with delight! But those times are past. Not but that just as good times are coming in the future. But then we all love to talk about the good old times. "All times when old are good," and I expect one day to look back on the enjoyments of the present with as much of regret as I now do upon the past. Why not? To be sure, we've no girls here, — sisters, cousins, or sweethearts, absolutely *none*, — that I ever expect to remember with any other feelings than those of the most perfect indifference; yet, still, this free and easy old-bachelor sort of life is quite full of fun and jollity. Pease and myself room together; and everything like order and neatness is banished from our presence as a nuisance — old letters and old boots and shoes, duds clean and duds dirty, books and newspapers, tooth-brushes, shoe-brushes, and clothes-brushes, all heaped together on chairs, settees, etc., in dusty and "most admired confusion." Now, what is there imaginable in clean, tidy *private* life equal to this? Do you wonder that John R. is slow to leave such happy quarters? If you could but see how like "pigs in clover" we live, you'd never speak of the girls to him again.

A Mr. Stem, a friend of ours, went from these "diggin's" to B. [Brattleboro] to try the water cure. If you should happen to become acquainted with him, he can give you a particular description of our mode of life in this "mud village."

I would have left a line for John R. if I had thought he would write a word, but though he appreciates the luxury of *reading*, *writing* is altogether too much like work for his temperament. — Love to Sophy and Grandma. Write to us *bach's* again, *do*.

Sincerely, your affectionate cousin,

RU'D B. HAYES.

MISS JANETTE ELLIOT,  
West Brattleboro, Vermont.

LOWER SANDUSKY, September 2, [1846].

DEAR SISTER:— We are very anxious to hear from you. Write a few words at least to let us know that you are well. I have taken up my pen a dozen times in the last two weeks to write to you and then postponed it for the next mail. It is said Columbus is quite sickly. We fear you are suffering in some way from sickness. We are all well. Not heard from Mother in a month. If you or brother William are taken much sick, let us hear from you, and Uncle or myself or both will come down — I am just starting for Tiffin.

In haste. — Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, September 27, 1846.

MY DEAR SISTER:— Uncle urges me to write today for he says General Bell has heard it is very sickly in Columbus and he is anxious to hear whether you are all well or not; and I was thinking that perhaps you had heard similar reports about our place and might be pleased to hear that we are “well and hope these few lines,” etc.

I was at Sandusky City a few days ago; called [on] Lizzy, of course; found her looking remarkably well and happy and so glad to see me, apparently, that an hour slipped off in about five minutes’ chat, dissolved in about ten minutes’ laughter. I did not see her liege lord, but suppose he spends his time impartially in attending to his own and his lady’s “externals.” They live in a large old-fashioned brick house painted a deep velvet red; well furnished in the old style, with musical instruments scattered about in all the apartments, — at least, in all that I peeped into, — with a great profusion of *handsomely bound* volumes of “works” lying on the tables, etc., etc. You can easily see how I had an opportunity to make these observations, for relying upon “old experience,” I bet with the girl, in whose company I called, a pound of sugar that if we were the first callers that morning, we should be compelled to wait twenty minutes before Lizzy would make her appearance. Of course, I won the bet, and employed the anxious time in taking “notes.” The mother-in-



law, Mrs. Campbell, is a well appearing Episcopal old lady whose faith in the divine perfections of her minister seemed much revived — if such faith as hers is capable of revival — by a remark of my lady's that she thought him "a very evangelical (?) preacher." Upon hearing the word "evangelical" in that connection, I could not but think of old Polonius' soliloquy upon an expression used by one of the players in Hamlet — "mobled Queen of Troy." "Aye," says he, "mobled — mobled is a good word. Mobled queen is good."

Lizzy says she expects Julia Puttles to pay her a visit soon. Julia is reported to be a "great go" in Cleveland — a striking illustration of the scriptural adage, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

We have not heard whether or not Mother has left Vermont, nor whether William has gone East or not. Said [Uncle], "You sit straight down and tell us about these things." I'd give a couple of shillings to be with you a while next month, but probably shall not. By the by, tell us when Hatty'll be married, whether she is to be given enough to have a "flare-up" on the occasion, etc. Her favorite of the Delaware lassies is on Kelly's Island, I've understood, — Webb, I forget her first name. [Not the Lucy Webb, who was six years later to become his wife.] She is said to be a perfect steamboat, or rather "a propeller," like Dalila in "Samson Agonistes," sailing,

"With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Canvas [sails] filled, and streamers waving,  
Courtied by all the winds, etc.";

"with a feather in her cap, like a flag in her top, to tell, I think, which way the winds will blow."

I'd like to see Hatty again before she goes into exile forever. What a sacrifice she will have to make in giving up her "fetchings" and her "catchings," her coquetry and her conquests, — or will she give them up? As William's Connecticut friend says of Wilcox's piety, "I *hope* so. I don't know, but I *hope* so."

I've not yet made up my mind whether to go to Columbus in November when the United States Court sits, or wait until about New Year's. I am quite in a humor to see you as well as my

"quiet girls" again, not meaning Lolly and Will [his sister's children]. Love to 'em.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — I wrote to Janette Elliot just "for case" one day and got a letter in reply which I just thought I'd send ye.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Lower Sandusky, October 4, 1846.*—I have looked back through my diary to see what I said on other birthdays. I do not find that I wrote anything a year ago. If I did not let the day pass off without recollecting that I was then entering on my twenty-fourth year I *must* have written something. I hope I shall find it somewhere.

I hardly know what to write today. A year ago I expected to be married before this time. I wish I were now a married man. I have had no loves as yet. Before another birthday I am resolved at least to make a choice. I've said enough on this topic to show what is now uppermost in my thoughts. I *know* of two fine girls, either of whom I might love. F. G. P —, who is engaged already to another, I fear, and Car'l W —, whose acquaintance I made last winter.

I still have the same or similar feelings, desires, hopes, and views in looking forward into the future that I have had for several years. I still feel young, cheerful, and boyish. Still make good resolutions in regard to study, habits, etc., etc., and still break them as of old. In the practice of law, I am in partnership with Ralph P. Buckland, a sound lawyer, without ostentation or brilliancy; of excellent principles, strict integrity; an inveterate politician, Whig (of course); every way an estimable man, but with a slight infirmity of temper which makes him enemies, but which has never been exhibited towards me.

What of the past? I have succeeded, in all the senses of that word, as well as I could desire in my professional career; but I have not by labor, application, and energy deserved success as I ought. I've studied less, trifled more, been changeable, fickle-

mined, and heedless in many things. This is partly in consequence of certain incipient courtships; smitten, but not in love; fancy pleased and tickled and heart untouched. Reflection and observation prevented anything serious, at the same time that there was enough to unhinge the fixed habits of the mind, etc. Besides that, for the last two months or three, we have, in common with the whole West, suffered here from the prevalence of fevers, etc., which destroyed everything like systematic energy in any pursuit.

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LOWER SANDUSKY, October 4, 1846.

MY DEAR FANNY:—I am writing with my partner's gold pen. and if I write you a cold, stiff letter you must not attribute it to a muddy head or a hard heart. It's the pen that's to blame not me myself. Two notions have induced me to write you again so soon. I am twenty-four years old today—only think of it!—and then as your husband is away and the evenings lonesome, I thought a poor letter now would be better than a very good one a couple of weeks hence. If I could think of anything right pretty to say about my birthday, I'd certainly say it. It is an occasion to make one look backwards and forwards, to call up sad thoughts, strange and mournful feelings, "thick coming fancies of the future," and "a' that." Well, if you were where I am, or I were where you are, or if we were together anywhere, I might perhaps talk off in quite a sentimental strain to you, but as it is, the thing can't "be did" (Pease). So if you want to be filled with sensations "a'most" like mine, just read some fine piece of poetry of a mournful cast and you will probably catch the infection.

The notion that is uppermost in the medley of ideas that are rolling about under my hair, is that before a year runs round I'll get me "a wifey" or at least a sweetheart, if I can find one who agrees with me in thinking that I'm one of the "sunniest" fellows in the world; and along, quite a piece behind that notion, is the notion that I'll try to be a little better lawyer at the end of another year. Then there are a lot of fancies making quite a bulk.

News! The sick folks are all well (a little Irish) or getting

well. No more fevers this year. People who suffer from colds are now getting their portion. Uncle is a little unwell today in consequence of the change of weather. No other news "perceivable."

You should have had Pease with you to enjoy your convocation of Presbyterians. He hates a Presbyterian worse than he does a Whig. I mean, of course, in the abstract. In the concrete he admits he occasionally finds a clever Whig and a *tolerable* Presbyterian; but the "clergy" and deacons you had were very abstract, I take it, from your description.

I am going to Sandusky again tomorrow. Mrs. Campbell *did* "impress" me a good deal as she did you. What I meant by "an *Episcopal* lady" was "a female embodiment of propriety," and "nothing else." I suppose "evangelical" does mean something. I was afraid it might when I heard it, and so I *said* nothing. I only *thought* what I wrote you.

The young lady's name is Fanny — a well sounding name in my ear; but not Fanny Hayes and probably never will be. The other name might be Smith or Snooks, you would be none the wiser if I were to tell it to you.

I'm obliged to Mrs. Sparrow for her offer of her eleven-pounder, but I'd prefer a sister she has if it's just the same to her. You speak of my not enquiring of or about Miss Willis. Why, I think more of and about her than I do of or about any girl of my acquaintance, with one exception. What more would you ask?

Oh, pshaw! I don't feel like writing, especially with this vile pen. It's worse than the gold one I threw down a minute ago, and I've no knife in these Sunday breeches' pockets and can't mend it, so good-bye.

Your Twenty-Four-Year Old-Brother,

RUD.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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October 9, 1846. — I have been travelling about the country several days and do not feel like employing myself about anything serious this evening. In looking back to the 3rd of July,

1841, I see that I then spoke of a difficulty between the Northerners and Southerners at college, that it began by some difference between "a noble, warm-hearted Kentuckian and the orator of the day." That "noble, warm-hearted Kentuckian" was Thomas M. Kane. Last winter he was killed in a duel at New Orleans. The difficulty arose out of a dispute in a ballroom about positions! Kane left college before graduating, commenced studying law in the office of an uncle at New Orleans, was admitted to the bar, had begun practice under the most favorable auspices, and his friends were full of hope that a career of honorable professional success was before him, when he was thus cut off.

I remember his parting words to me. We had walked through the mud from Mount Vernon to Sunbury in the spring of the great political year (1840). I was about to leave for Delaware. Kane spoke of his sorrow at parting, but was sanguine of meeting me again somewhere. His ambitious hopes were expressed in his farewell. "Good-bye, Hayes, we shall meet on the floor of Congress." He is the first college friend whose death I have had to mourn. His best epitaph would be, "He was a noble, warm-hearted Kentuckian."

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LOWER SANDUSKY, November 2, 1846.

DEAR MOTHER:—I see by your letter of the 22d ult. that you seem to expect me to visit Columbus about the middle of this month. If I said in my last anything looking that way it must have been that I could not leave here before that time, for I have never intended to go down until the fore part of December. I cannot conveniently leave here until that time; besides it will be pleasanter at Columbus about that time than earlier in the winter.

Uncle and John R. are both in fine health. I think cousin John will come to Columbus about the 8th of January. He is afraid that his party will desert the hard-money issue, and being himself one of the *hardest of the hards* he could not bear to see such dereliction from duty!!

I am going to Perrysburg in the morning, and to Maumee again in two weeks. I am enjoying myself excellently well these days.

It is church time and I must quit. *I go regularly to church.*  
Good-bye for the present.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

We are of course very glad that the State of Ohio has gone Whig again, not so much because of the good the Whigs will be likely to do, as because of the mischief which they will prevent. Besides it will make Columbus more gay and pleasant. The new editor of the *States* appears to be an able writer, but a poor tactician. I am glad to see him scalping that old pagan, Ben Tappan. What is Mat Gilbert looking forward to as the Ultima Thule of his political existence?

I hope Brother William will soon be rid of anxiety on the subject of his lawsuit. — Love to all, — R. B. H.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, November 22, 1846.

DEAR FANNY: — I intended to have seen you again Tuesday morning before I left, but I did not see the coach leave the office until it was too late. There were six passengers in our stage, Dr. Case, a Mr. Whittlesey to whom I was introduced at Mr. Andrews', two members of the Board of E. [Education] and another very well-behaved man in whom Mother would have found an able ally in the temperance cause. The company being so good the journey was of course pleasant. At Sunbury I stepped into Mr. Bennett's but found the bird was flown and then recollected to have heard at Columbus that she was visiting her friends at Marion. Arrived at Mount Vernon early in the evening, we (Dr. Case and myself) went into a barber shop to trim up a trifle, when we learned (barbers you know are gossips by profession) all that was said and thought of Sarah Shepherd's wedding, etc. etc., and that she had a great party there that evening; but Dr. Case could not be persuaded to be very anxious to bolt in uninvited, so the information was of no benefit in the concrete.

The next morning we went out to Gambier and spent the day most gloriously. Kenyon seems to be flourishing again. I need

not say that I was pleased to see the improvements made and making. The students were the most genteel in appearance of any equal number of youngsters I ever saw. Among other new things is a military company, trained by Professor Ross, which is far superior to anything I ever saw of the kind. They, by constant practice, have become so skillful in handling heavy artillery muskets, that they can load and fire by platoons when running at the top of their speed, and can load and fire when lying flat upon their backs as rapidly as if upright. This exercise, I think, has done much to give them that manly bearing which particularly struck me. In the evening I visited one of my old societies. I felt like a sophomore again—all things conducted as of old. 'Twas very pleasant—very. I shall not fail to visit Gambier often, if I am always as much gratified as I was this time.

Next morning I posted off as fast as a horse could carry me in the rain to reach Mount Vernon in time for the stage. Found Judge Lane and some four or five Board of Education folks fellow passengers and reached Sandusky in the cars in a heavy snowstorm about supper time. Spent evening and forenoon of the next day running about Sandusky, and in the afternoon came up the river in Billy Webb's boat, gossiping all the way up with him about my pickings-up concerning our common acquaintances. Altogether, I set the trip down as one of the pleasantest. Gambier, you perceive, fills a much larger place in my affections than Delaware. There is no mystery in the love which mountaineers always bear for their mountain homes; those great natural objects do not change with time; but a level country if in the progress of settlement becomes a stranger's face after a ten years' absence. They can improve Gambier, but it will only be my old friend in a new garment; the "old Hill" will always stand.

I found Uncle and Pease in good health, and amused them "some" in giving a secondhand edition of Mother's travels and a specimen of her apostrophes on hearing my tales about Pease's brandy tippling.

There was a fair got up this evening to pay a preacher which went off in good style. I spoke to but one lady and but one word to her—her name, "Mrs. Eddy." I beg pardon, I did ask Mrs. Edgerton to bring me a spoon! That was social! I forgot to

mention how glad some half dozen old maids at Gambier, who have been courted by the gallants of ten classes in succession, were to see me, etc., etc. Love to all. Peek-a-boo to Lolly and Willie. It is raining dismally and you can imagine how glad I am to find myself at home.

Your affectionate brother,

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

R. B. HAYES.

[With reference to the "brandy tippling" spoken of in the foregoing letter, it is to be remarked: Hayes's mother was intensely devoted to the temperance cause. Hayes, who was always most temperate, in his love of fun, took delight in mildly teasing his mother by hints of his own libations and wild exaggerations of his friends' convivial habits. This is to be borne in mind in all such instances as the present.]

LOWER SANDUSKY, December 14, 1846.

DEAR MOTHER: — I received Fanny's letter a couple of weeks ago and, having nothing in particular to reply, I thought I would direct this one to you. If you can't read it, it's all one. I do not intend to say anything; and even if I should spill ink over half a sheet and cut it out for fear of blotting the rest, don't feel troubled about it for I will this time take good care to save it until it gets dry and send it on by the next mail. If you will send me the dimensions of the piece that was missing in my last I will blot you a piece of equal size and send it on. It will answer just as well.

I don't care anything about shirt-bosoms or patterns as long as I stay at home. I only want them for the sake of my friends when I visit you at Columbus. If you will see that I am well supplied while there I'll not tease you about any others; and, if you can't furnish me them during that time, I can't come. Nobody here knows anything about shirt-bosoms! When I am away from you I am, as Prince Henry said Poins was, "at a low ebb for linen, and the inventory of my shirts is, one for superfluity and the other for use."

As for documents left by Mr. Gregory, the mails are open, and my credit at the postoffice is still good. At all events I guess



the statistics are worth the postage, so if I don't come down I wish you would send me by mail anything he may have left of that sort.

Fanny speaks of your frequent allusions to what I said about Pease's drinking. Now Pease wishes me [to] set your mind entirely at ease about him as he is only a *moderate* drinker; but he wishes me to add, you have a brother and a son here who might, he thinks, "be benefited, if not too far gone, by some of your advice." Indeed, he feels at times a good deal of apprehension about them; and he would be glad of an opportunity of discussing the matter with you over a bottle of Madeira, — or do you prefer cordial?

Uncle's health is about as usual. People generally healthy. Our place presents quite a contrast with Sandusky City and other places of the same size these days. Our streets look as Columbus does market days — crowded with Abs [?].

I was at Sandusky a few days ago but had no time to call on Lizzy. Her lord said she was glad to get home again. I was told that the only difference which marriage caused in Mr. Campbell was that his hair is now so combed as to hide a little bald spot there was on his crown! Slander, of course.

By the way, Mother, there is an extract from "Punch's Pocket Book for 1847" in the *Intelligencer* for December 1, which if you have not read, I hope you will hunt it up and give it a serious hearing. It contains my notions "to a T."

I do not know when I shall go down to Columbus. I have no business which requires me to be there. My partner has a little child very sick or he would go down tomorrow. He will probably go down soon. He is a good lawyer and in every particular one of the best men in the world. His appearance is about as much against him as Seabury Ford's, but he is a much bigger man in point of mind. I don't know of a man whose main traits of character would come so near meeting the ideas of the different members of Mr. Platt's family. In matters pertaining to business, politics, etc., he is brother William exactly. In his habits and notions about temperance, early rising, etc., etc., he'll suit you, and in having things decent and in good taste, Fanny will find him to her mind. I think he will be down in

the course of a week, but he is now in some fear of losing his youngest child; he is a sickly little fellow and can hardly live, I think.

We cannot both be away at once, so I fear I shall not be able to gad about New Year's—the day I would most prefer to spend in Columbus.

Good-bye. — Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Pease wishes me to say further that I am a good deal bloated; thinks it strange you did not notice my red face!

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*December 23, 1846.* — The old year is waning, the new drawing on. My partner has gone to Columbus and several days past I have spent alone. There is but little office business at this season of the year and the days and long winter evenings pass off slowly, almost too slowly. I read some law, some poetry (Shakespeare), and play chess occasionally. Somehow my faculties are so dull that nothing but chess seems to excite the attention enough to arouse them [at] all. It surprises me when I think of it. What a world of time and brains are wasted in idle daydreams, castle-building, visions of happiness too rapturous for reality. Am I in love, that it grows on me, or is it habit rioting unchecked? Strange that one should know the folly, nay, the fatal influence of a pernicious habit on the mental energies and yet cling to it when a simple act of will would leave one free! If in love, where's the sweetheart? Is it the noble-hearted F— or the giddy, young, black-eyed E— who fills my thoughts? Do feeling and judgment go together? I feel the strong longing, but not the *fixed* attachment which belongs to the true love. The settled object is wanting. It is useless to attempt to cast myself free from the cords which a too warm imagination throws about me. The only cure is marriage. If that is not the specific I may as well despair of ever making even a respectable figure in life; for now in spite of all my advantages, — a happy disposition, fair abilities, and good

principles,—I am almost wholly worthless. The end of the week finds me no wiser than the first day, no more fitted to discharge the duties of my profession, no more able to be useful in the ordinary walks of life.

I feel as if something was approaching in the future which is to determine my fortunes hereafter, and over which I have no control. What an ecstasy this is! With me too, believing as I do, or *have*, that it was a part of my patrimony to be gifted with more than the ordinary allotment of what is called "common sense." I must be in the chrysalis state, neither a boy nor a man; not in love and yet not whole of heart. Well, I hope I shall be safely delivered soon, for if I am not, woe to the future!

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LOWER SANDUSKY, January 24, 1847.

DEAR MOTHER:—The weather has been so beautiful today that I almost failed to give you a letter. It has been too cold to be caught out for more than a week, and now that it is once more tolerable one feels like improving it.

Nothing has occurred since the flood worth naming except the dedication, etc., of the new Presbyterian house. It is a very pretty one. So pretty, and the minister is such a clever fellow, that I've already heard seven sermons in it although this is but the third Sunday of its going off. This you will admit is doing well, especially as there are no pretty girls there. It would raise your opinion of Lower Sandusky to see what good congregations—good in numbers—meet there. We are improving in that particular. I have hopes of living to see the place at least half civilized one of these afternoons.

Uncle's health has been better than usual this winter. He *talks* of going to Columbus when the weather is milder, but his *talking* about leaving home means no more than yours does.

John R. is as happy as usual; very anxious to get a wife; would take e'en a'most anybody that any friend would recommend, provided always that she isn't more than seventeen years old and has no "poor relations"!

The decision of our lawsuit, of which you have heard enough I suppose, caused about as great rejoicing in some forty families

as the success of Brother William's did in his. We better "a' died" than lost it and there was proportionate glory in success.

I've not been away from home since Christmas. Quite a stay-at-home sort of a body I'm growing to be, — "quite domestic," as they say of housewives, or quite *domesticated*, as they say of wild beasts. I shall not be likely to run about much until in the spring. Just when I shall stray off to Columbus I couldn't tell, but probably not until I enlist for the Mexican War; a thing I have a notion of doing, for it looks very much as if they couldn't get along without me.

Nothing more to say at this time. Hope you will venture out here now that we have a fine Presbyterian Church. . . .

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Whatever you do with the Delaware folks don't sue them. None but *very green* people ever go to law to get their rights.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

*February 1, 1847.* — When I last wrote [in my diary] I must have been in a murky mood. Since that time I've had an *understanding* with my "n. h. [noble-hearted] F—," and though present circumstances put an end to "a' that," still there is a "fixed" prospect ahead! Now, being free of such distracting influences, what is to prevent my applying myself heart and soul to my profession? Or rather have I not every encouragement for resolute, patient, continued exertion? Then, let me master perfectly every case we now have in court, still try to increase my familiarity with the German, and apply myself to the faithful study of the law. If I cannot do it now, I never can expect to do it. . . .

LOWER SANDUSKY, February 16, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter written to be sent by some one who was at Columbus from here was received on the same day with Fanny's letter. I wish I was at Columbus now to run

about with Leonora. I am afraid though that I should be falling in love with her, which would be quite inconvenient at this time. . . .

I am sorry to hear that your eyes appear to be failing. Uncle is troubled in the same way. That is the reason why he does not write oftener to you. He relies upon me to do up the genteel with his correspondents. You will perhaps have to rely in the same way upon Fanny, and as I write a very blind scrawl, she will have to be reader-general for you; just as in the navy there are *tasters-general* to try the quality of the cooking done for the common sailors. . . .

We are jogging along as usual here, except there is a great dearth of weddings, funerals, and parties. I believe there are sewing societies at which some of the young folks try to "spark" a little, but I have not attended any of them. We had a few sleigh-rides into the Swamp while our late snow was on the ground, and if I thought it would be interesting, I might try to describe to you the eating, kissing, playing button and blind-hood, screaming, giggling, singing, and the other elegant diversions, which were resorted to [to] give spice and pith to the aforesaid sleigh-rides. But as a description of such scenes would hardly interest you as much as the dedication of a church, and inasmuch as such solemnities are of rare occurrence hereaway, I am likely to send you a very dry letter today.

Uncle comes down every good day and teases Cousin John about the war, lieutenant general, etc., etc., and about a pair of fancy chequered pants which Pease had the assurance to get into the last time he was at New York. Pease has no retort to the political slants, but in the wardrobe assault he makes vigorous defence by describing Uncle's "consumption coat," as he calls a certain drab (yellow) fur-collared overcoat which he says Uncle keeps nicely brushed to wear only in fine weather. Pease's drinking and gambling are also excellent topics for raillery which forms an important item in the intercourse of these two old bachelors.

I am glad to learn that you have a couple [of] new shirts for me. It will be likely to take me to Columbus to get them, for I

am sadly in want of such things, whenever I have business which compels me to go down into the settlements.

Poor Hatty! She ought to write a book. A belle gone into a mud-hole where there is nobody to "fetch" and where it would be thought improper for her to try to "fetch" anybody! It must be perfect misery.

Uncle has set all our heathens, who read anything except the *Statesman* and *Democrat*, to reading Swedenborgian tracts and Professor Bush's writings. The views of the New Church are extremely popular. Men who were unwilling to believe their own existence, swallow these sublime mysteries without a "strain." We shall probably not build a church consecrated to the new views just yet; but we may come to that complexion hereafter. We shall be a pious folk when all our infidels and atheists become "disciples." . . . .

I see by Fanny's letter that my favorite little girls have all "come out," as they say. I should have to look about for new sweethearts. This "coming out" seems to spoil the best of 'em. Miss Willis is still "out" too. It is time, I should say, that she was "off." Now, to hear that Lizzie B. is still in the field seems quite natural and proper—one is used to it. But Miss W. ought to beware or she will find herself an "old girl" some day.

What has gone with Julia Buttles this winter? Has she not honored Columbus with her presence? There must have been a void in the space she was wont to fill and it may not be too much to presume that said void "ached." At least I should think it would.

I rode about twenty miles this forenoon in a cold driving rain that froze as it fell, and got home so late that I've had no dinner (but it's 'most time for tea), and though in the best of humor "tongue-ward," I find that "pen-ward" I am, like Iago, "nothing if not critical."—Good-bye.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

*Lower Sandusky, March 10, 1847.* — "Nor am I sure, notwithstanding all the sentimental flights of novel writers and the sage philosophy of moralists, whether we are capable of so intimate and cordial a condition of friendship as that one man may pour out his bosom, his every thought and fleeting fancy, his very inmost soul with unreserved confidence to another, without hazard of losing part of that respect which man deserves from man; or from the unavoidable imperfections attending human nature, of one day repenting his confidence. For these reasons I am determined to make these pages my confidant." [Source of quotation not given.]

To these seemingly invidious but too just ideas of human friendship, I would make one exception — the connection between two persons of different sexes, when their interests are united and absorbed by the tie of love.

"When thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

Then confidence, confidence that exalts them the more in one another's opinion, that endears them the more to each other's hearts, unreservedly "reigns and revels."

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LOWER SANDUSKY, Sunday Morning, March 22, 1847.

"Cold as ice."

MY DEAR FANNY: — Mother in her last says you are waiting to hear from me before you write again, and she also says I owe *her* a letter or two on arrearages. I have been in the habit of thinking that the last sheet balanced all "gone-bys," and that a letter to one of the household was the property of all, *except* under certain peculiar circumstances when there is a special saving clause to meet the case.

This lovely (?) village has been dirtier than usual this spring, the roads worse than before in years, and the weather as uncertain as a woman. Natheless I am enjoying it well. We have had a good many soirées within the past six weeks, all which of course were honored with my presence. They were in some respects quite like the same article in Columbus and

in others as unlike as well could be. If I were in your big rocking-chair and you sitting in William's lap at the right time of day — or night rather — for elated spirits, we might smile over the items of curious matters that I could give you a history of. I'm quite sure that you never saw just such doings as we have. Ditto of our rowdy sleigh-rides.

But perhaps the best sport I have had in which the women-kind were concerned was in an examination of witnesses in the case of our late Presbyterian minister's lady, against her lord for *divorce*. Extreme cruelty and neglect of duty were the causes assigned. The real difficulty was Mrs. B. had some property which [the] Rev. Mr. B. was resolved to get and she equally resolved to keep, and there was an eternal squabble between them for it. Finally her "sistren" in the church persuaded her to apply for a divorce and trumped up for causes a dispute about peas, a chicken, some rain water, — a quarrel in which the word "old hag" was used, etc., etc. In short, the causes set up were a string of old women's gossip, and during the week past we have been taking the testimony of all the pious old Presbyterian ladies as to what they knew or have heard of the matter. The story began with the first interview the parties ever had and so traced them through the courtship up to their final voluntary separation. Each of the old ladies was anxious to tell what she said to Mrs. Backus, and how she gave Mr. Backus a bit of her mind, and how she foresaw it all, and so on, and so on for four pages of the richest sort of gossip. We had to take with us as our officer a young lawyer, who left the rod of the pedagogue for the law, and who was constantly trying to twist the answers of our respectable old ladies into good grammatical English. This we insisted was all wrong — that the answers should be written as they were given, etc. The ladies too felt a little piqued at the notion that they couldn't reply for themselves; so that we succeeded in getting it down "ses I" and "ses she" equal to a Mother Caudle's lecture. It fell to me to read over one old lady's deposition to her before she signed it. There were three *young* ladies present. I tried to make it sound as nicely as possible, but pretty soon the girls began to giggle, and at one peculiarly fine passage, lawyers, girls, and all, unable to keep it down, burst out into a



most boisterous and unanimous laugh. It took hard coaxing to pacify the lady but we succeeded in getting her name to it.

Tomorrow is the first day of court and my mind is too full of business to get up a good letter. . . . You must not expect any more *long* letters from me until next winter. We are too busy in the summer.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.—We had a most glorious Irish supper got up by the ladies at the court-house. Raised two hundred fifty dollars for relief—St. Patrick's Day, 17th. [It was the time of the great famine in Ireland.]

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, April 13, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY:—I should not write you this beautiful week-day afternoon, if it were not that reading the accounts given in the last two *Intelligencers* of the recent battle at Buena Vista and the sad reflections contained in several articles on the deaths of Hardin, Clay, Lincoln, and other noble spirits, together with General Taylor's letter of condolence to Clay, has unfitted me for ordinary scribbling. The southern mail reached here at noon today, and as I had not read any of the war news since a week ago Saturday, when we received the first authentic account of Taylor's victory, I undertook to *read up* after dinner and have just finished the perusal of all that seemed inviting with feelings nearly akin, I imagine, to those which Mother is in the habit of indulging. I will spare you any attempt at the melancholy for if you have read the *Intelligencer* you have certainly had enough. Besides, aside from all this, I am—or should be—in one of what you term my most unsentimentally jolly moods.

I received a letter from "Brother John" (Little) a few days ago telling me of his intended visit to Lizzy. I took the hint and went to Sandusky Saturday, spent Sunday and returned home last evening. Miss Julia Buttles was there and intends going to Columbus with Lizzy and John. She is looking somewhat bet-

ter than when I last saw her but has not lost her unfortunate habit of courting all the youngsters who come within her sphere. My visit was of course a very pleasant one. Sunday afternoon, instead of going to church, we paraded the streets and dove down among the wharves, schooners, etc., John doing the genteel for Miss Julia and Lizzy looking to me for the same in the absence of her lord, who as a strict Episcopalian and organist was of necessity compelled to forego the pleasure. I thought he (Mr. Campbell) for a few moments lost his wonted good nature when he heard of our ramble, especially when Julia informed him that his lady was in charge of one of her first and most favored admirers! But he soon regained his good humor and we spent the evening in a most uproarious and jolly manner — receiving smiles of approbation from Father Campbell and desperate imitations thereof from Mother Campbell at each unusually noisy burst.

You will hardly recognize John on his return as he lost those whiskers. He is "one of 'em," as the b'hoys say of glorious good fellows, either with or without that appendage.

I have formed no plans for the summer; do not expect to leave here more than a day or two at a time except on business unless I should be troubled with some of our river complaints. As for study, elegant literature, and the like, you know I do not expect ever to become a literary man in the sense that you and I understand the term, — no, nor even according to Hatty's notions which you remember were a little singular. I shall nevertheless try to be enough of a scholar to be a gentleman, fit to associate with gentlemen and ladies too. More than this I do not expect nor care for. "Laughing and cracking jokes" is certainly one of the 'scape-pipes for exuberant spirits which I am fond of patronizing, but very far from being my "main occupation." If not making very striking progress in knowledge, I yet think there is no fear of a backward motion for some time even in this atmosphere, which I confess is not unfavorable to the "retrograde" movement you speak of. If, however, you had chanced to write sagely on such a topic, I would have lent a willing ear to your "woman's wisdom" and not attempted to terrify you with a caricature of your views. There are *some*

things, nay *many* things, connected with all the squabbles of poor mortals, from the wars of nations down to the petty warfare of gossiping tongues, so intrinsically ludicrous that nothing would induce a man of plain good sense to speak seriously of them, if it were not for the misery which they cause. I had not much respect for disputation when I commenced the study of law; but had it been much greater than it was, a year's observation in a law office would have fairly cured me of it. And so it is that in speaking of such things, it is as natural to fall into a vein of ridicule as it is for the rivers to seek the sea.

"Despatches de l'Orient" I have not looked for nor even thought of since the last received from you; nevertheless *the star "the wise men" saw* is likely to be as "bright and particular" as ever, so long as the morning star of hope shines brighter to my eye than the evening star of memory.

Mother's temperance documents were "thankfully received," as country merchants say of "small favors"; but Pease was afraid to read them lest they should make him *dry* and thereby place him in the path of temptation. But you can assure Mother that all of her friends here will vote right whenever they have an opportunity to vote at all; not that we consider it a matter of great moment whether spirituous liquor is sold *legally* in consequence of *lax* laws, as is now the case, or *illegally* in consequence of *lax* officers as would probably be the case (at least hereabouts) if no licenses were granted. But we should vote "anti" for the looks and name of the thing.

I find I am spinning quite a yarn about nothing at all. We have no local news except in the way of "sad accidents." Mrs. Bell (Sarah's Mother), an elderly lady, was very badly burned by her clothes taking fire yesterday or the day before, but is not thought to be in danger.

Love to all. Good-bye.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — I was thinking the other day of the tendency which some creeds have to cultivate a fondness for the horrible in religion as distinguished from the lovely — contrasting Methodism or Presbyterianism with Swedenborgianism. One sentence in

Mother's last, which perhaps you did not see, struck me as illustrating this distinction. She says "our soldiers *and all other persons* should be prepared for death *and all the other horrors* that await them!"

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, May 30, 1847.

DEAR MOTHER:— It is almost church time, and as here every one counts, I must not spend much time in letter writing. We reached home Friday afternoon. Uncle's health much improved—better in fact than before he was taken sick. . . . Pease and all our other friends here were rejoiced at our return. The high prices for produce makes our village very lively and money plenty.

There is also a world of gossiping about our fine military company. I am afraid more clever, companionable fellows are going to Mexico than will be left behind. I am strongly tempted to go with them. A year's absence from the office would probably give me a solid constitution besides the experience in a new and strange sort of life that I should get.

Buckland is talking some of going to Sandusky City to open an office. If he goes we shall continue in partnership. I shall remain here until our business is settled up in this county and he has made a good start there, when I shall also pick up my duds and go to Sandusky City, too. This would probably take a couple of years. Sandusky City is growing rapidly and this plan does not seem to be a bad one.

Speaking of picking up "duds" makes me think of my cloak about which you were some troubled. I had lent it and it was duly returned, in my absence.

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Monday Morning, 31st.

DEAR MOTHER:— Since writing the above "a change has come over the spirit of my dream." I did not tell you—because I did not wish to give you trouble—when I was at Columbus, that for some time I have been suffering from a sore throat, brought on, as the physicians say, by confinement, etc., in my office. I did hope that it would be relieved by the applications I

was making when on my visit home; but I now find that it is bleeding again and the doctor says that the relief was but temporary, and that to effect a perfect cure I must leave the office for a year or two and try an entire change of habits of life, diet, climate, etc. — such as going to sea or something of that sort. After consultation with friends and Drs. Rawson and Brown, it is agreed that the best way I can take is to procure an appointment in the volunteers, which will clear me from the drudgery and hardships of a common soldier and at the same time give me the best opportunity of trying a change of climate and mode of living, together with pleasant occupation for mind and body.

The principal difficulty will be in obtaining such an appointment as I want. I prefer a lieutenancy to any other appointment, but I fear I am too late. When I began this letter I thought there was no chance at all of getting a commission, but there is some hope for it, I learn, by the promotion of one of the officers in our company. Uncle thinks I better go down to talk with you about the matter before making any great efforts about it, but I do not apprehend much opposition when the advantages and necessity are understood of my changing habits for a year or so.

Do not say a word about this to anybody — the Gilberts especially — for I may not go at all, etc., etc.

As soon as the Saturday stage I will either be in Columbus or you shall hear from me. Do not speak to anyone about expecting me; but seeing I can't be a lawyer I guess I better be a soldier. — Good-bye. Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, May 31, 1847.

DEAR BROTHER: — Uncle, I believe, mentioned to you that confinement in the office during the past year or two had somewhat impaired my health. On my return home the doctors discovering that the remedy I had been trying had done little good, advised that I must quit the office entirely for a year or two and begin some new way of life, and Uncle and my other friends resolved that I should do so. Whether this is wise and neces-

sary or not, I cannot tell; but as I must quit the office, I choose to enter the army if I can get a good appointment; and friends, learned and unlearned, agree that the step is a good one under the circumstances. Nothing, of course, would tempt me to it if I could be allowed to remain in the office. But this seems the cheapest and easiest way of carrying out the plan. If I find it does not agree with me, or that I am to be sent to a sickly place, I shall resign. The health of *all* who went from here a year ago has improved. I think mine will; if it does not, I shall soon know it and come home. I wish you and Fanny to do all in your power to reconcile Mother to it. It is certainly better than going to sea as a common sailor, which is now constantly tried at the East. Say nothing at all about this to anyone, and if you can form an opinion as to the probability of my being able to obtain Mother's consent in time to send me word by the return mail, please do so. I shall either write or come down myself Friday so as to be at Columbus Saturday. The matter must be determined soon or I shall be too late to get such a place as I wish. Love to all.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

W. A. PLATT.

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*Lower Sandusky, June 1, 1847.* — I have just determined upon a very important step — to go to Mexico, if my health will permit, and in case there is any post within my reach, the duties of which I shall be able to perform. I am induced to this by a mixture of motives. My friends and those whose advice I was bound to listen to, have resolved that I shall leave the office for six months or a year to come, and I can think of no way of spending that time which is half so tolerable as the life of a soldier. If I can enjoy health, I shall be most happy and receive benefit, I am sure. I have no views about war other than those of the best Christians; and my opinion of *this* war with Mexico is that which is common to the Whigs of the North — Tom Corwin and his admirers of whom I am one. My philosophy has not better principle than that of the old woman who, while she mourned over her neighbor's calamity, was yet re-

joiced to be able to witness the conflagration. Whatever doubts I might otherwise have of the morality of this feeling are entirely *swamped* in the love of enterprise, etc., etc., which I share in common with other young men of my age.

During my school and college days and the last two years' initiation into the mysteries of practicing law, I have applied myself with at least an average degree of industry to books and regular, systematic efforts to improve. Of this I am, for a while at all events, full; and feel a satiety similar in some points, though widely different in its origin, to that felt by Childe Harold when bidding his "native land good night." I must sow my wild oats, according to the vulgarism on this subject. Had I married, as I wish I had, a year ago, I am persuaded this would not have occurred. My health might have been safe and myself a well-behaved civilian instead of a rough volunteer. But as it is, so is it. I now have my eye in a direction which prevents any immediate consummation of that sort, and I must be in a strange way of life to keep my thoughts on this subject from leading to bad results. Whatever other evils may befall me, I shall now remain as pure as need be. My only regret in this course, after looking over the whole ground, is the pain it will give my friends, especially Mother. Uncle will soon view it as I do and be reconciled; but I fear Mother. God grant that she may be calm and resigned under any affliction it may bring to her bosom. I mean to be cool and cheerful in her presence, but now the thought fills my eyes with tears. Enough — enough.

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COLUMBUS, June 6, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE: — I arrived here in good time; found Mother recovered from her illness, and the rest of the family in good health. Contrary to my anticipations, I find that Mother is not at all shocked at my intended Mexican expedition, and though she would have chosen a different course, will not say a word against it, if the physicians think it will be safe. Fanny was so nervous on the subject, that she would not tell Mother about it the first night of receiving the news, but when told of it, Mother *laughed* at Fanny's nervousness, and took it quite as philosophically as I

could have desired. Fanny's trouble, too, was chiefly on account of an exaggerated idea of the extent of my ailing. As soon as she understood that I was not seriously ill, and only needed a little rustication, she came over quite easily.

So, there is nothing in the way now but the advice of physicians and the risk of obtaining such a post as I can safely venture to fill. I have not had time to visit anyone yet, and cannot speak as to the chances of getting such a place; *but do not think them good*. I shall leave here Wednesday or Thursday, so you may direct your letter, in reply to this, to Cincinnati. Notwithstanding all I have said above, my wishes as to the whole matter are the same as when I left.

Yours sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 13, 1847.

MY DEAR UNCLE:— I have been here two or three days enjoying myself as well as the rainy weather would permit. Dr. Dresbach is here, and has done his part in making my stay agreeable. My letters, furnished by Sandusky friends, enabled me to get favorable introductions from Medary & Beeb to the leading military characters here; and although there are applicants enough for the crumbs, my chance, if I were to push my claims, is probably as good as the average; but Dr. Dresbach and Mussey have so far spoken very discouragingly of the proposed trip to Mexico. I have not yet given up, and intend to have another talk with Dr. Mussey tomorrow; but there is scarcely any doubt that I shall have to give up the soldiering after all the bother of getting friends' consent, etc., etc. A very kind letter from Judge Lane, in which he speaks very warmly of the matter, has done more to satisfy me with the doctors' decision than anything else I have received or heard. The judge gave me a very flattering letter of introduction to Mitchel. [Professor Ormsby Macknight Mitchel, the famous astronomer, Director of the Cincinnati Observatory.]

It has been too wet for me to be out much, but there is no fear of our company's acceptance, even though they lack many men of the full complement. Brough is certain of being colonel, I



think; Captain Lilley of Columbus, lieutenant colonel or major. I fear Thompson has no chance of promotion. Eight or nine companies are here and have settled all the elections, as they think. They are some vexed at being delayed here by the Sandusky and Millersburg companies.

I got nothing new from Dr. Mussey, as to my health except the probable debility and danger which would result from exposure to the extreme heats of the South. He thinks that a few months of *starvation*, and outdoor loafing will set all to rights. I shall remain here at least a week, and then go into Kentucky, if my Mexican trip fails. [I] shall not get home again before the 10th of July, if so soon.

I find friends abundant here between my letters and my old acquaintances. I received your letter the day of my arrival. I am glad our company has started. It would be a little too shameful if they were to "cave" now. We shall look for them tomorrow.

Yours sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 13, 1847.

MY DEAR SISTER:—You were so anxious about my proposed plan of spending the next few months that I thought a few words announcing that the doctors have disapproved of that scheme would be some relief to you. Dr. Dresbach introduced me to Dr. Mussey and after having given him a history of the matter they were of opinion that the trip at any other season would be a very good one, but at present, by no means advisable. I shall have another talk with Dr. Mussey (who wishes to starve me to death) as to what course is best, but I have no doubt that the Mexican stock is down, at least for the summer. It is possible that further consultation will change matters, but, as I assured you before, I shall not go unless it is for the best and it is pretty certainly not advisable. Dr. Mussey thinks a few months of outdoor loafing will restore me.

I shall remain here at least a week longer. If you write, direct to care of Pearl Street House.

Yours, in haste,

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

R. B. HAYES.

COLUMBUS, July 1, 1847.

DEAR UNCLE:— William leaves this side for me. I have nothing to say of especial interest. I am still taking Dr. Mussey's medicines and they are certainly doing good. The throat is healed a good deal; not bled any for almost a week. I shall go home as soon as I can get away. I am to stay with Mother at Delaware a few days. I want, I *think*, to go East with Pease, though I shall make up my mind when I have had a talk with you and him.

I am very stupid and sleepy this evening, so good night. I will write when you may expect me.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Lower Sandusky [July] 1847.*—I have been to Cincinnati, taken the advice of Dr. Mussey, and given up my design of going to Mexico. I disliked to leave the company of volunteers, but I had promised my friends not to go if Dr. Mussey thought it would injure rather than benefit my health. My excuse, made to all friends, for going was ill health, and I could not avoid pledging myself to abandon my intention if medical advisers thought unfavorably of it. I am advised to take certain remedies, and if I travel to go north instead of south. I remained at Columbus until July 6; came on to Delaware with Mother and Laura; attended a Sons of Temperance celebration; visited Miss Lucy Webb and left for here Friday, July 8, intending to go East in a week or ten days with cousin John R. Pease.

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LOWER SANDUSKY, July 19, 1847.

MY DEAR SISTER:— Pease and myself will start tomorrow for Brattleboro. Shall reach there by Saturday evening with good luck. We have not yet fixed upon the route we shall take in our cousining campaign, but we intend to make clean work of it, making a short visit to all the kin. After finishing this part of the fun, I shall leave Pease and go to Cambridge to be there commencement day if possible, spend a short time on the coast,

and then home by the way of New York City. If you write, direct to Brattleboro, where I shall be likely to get your letters. Pease, *if he has time*, will court some Yankee girl, but he is sure not to have time. As for myself, it will depend on the appearance of things when I get there. Mother and Mrs. Lamb selected a clever little schoolgirl named Webb for me at Delaware and it would not do to defeat their plan by seeking another sweet-heart in New England.

A week ago I was at Sandusky; had a fine visit with Will Lane and Campbell. Lane has not changed much since he left for Germany. He has now gone to work in good earnest, practicing law with his father.

My health is so good now that I hope to be at work again as soon as I return from the East. Yesterday (Sunday) Pease, Uncle and myself were all out at Green Spring (Stem's) and had a pleasant visit, spending the hottest day ever was under the cool shade around the finest spring in the State.

Uncle is full of the bank these days. It is uncertain whether he will succeed, I suppose, but all are quite confident here.

I shall write you occasionally while I am gone. Hope Mother and Lolly had a pleasant visit.

Good-bye. — Your affectionate brother.

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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[This trip began July 20. Hayes reached home September 26. On his birthday, October 4, he wrote in his diary brief notes of his itinerary and of his doings while away. Hayes and Pease went down the river on a little steamboat to Sandusky. There at 3 P. M. they boarded the *Constitution* which landed them at Buffalo the next night at nine o'clock! Thursday morning they took the train for the East and reached Troy about noon Friday! Saturday morning they went by stage over the mountains, "dining at Bennington and supping at Wilmington, and reached Brattleboro at 12 midnight." The whole journey now would be made in twenty hours or less. The letters tell the story of the summer with sufficient fullness and detail.]

WEST BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, July 29, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER: — Pease and myself arrived here Saturday evening after a most delightful trip of five days, including about thirty-six hours' stoppages at Buffalo and Troy. We spent Sunday here, Monday with Sophia, where we found Janette and Belinda with her husband; Tuesday at Uncle Austin's; yesterday at Putney with the Noyeses, and today we shall spend in the east village. We found our friends everywhere in good health, except a sick child of Belinda's. Charlotte and Mary were both at home appearing very well; Uncle Austin is in finer health than usual.

I was agreeably disappointed at Putney. There are more sincerity, charity, and refinement there than in any family exclusively given up to religion that I have been in. George Noyes was married a short time ago to one of the converts at Putney. Mrs. Noyes (aunt) said that "reasons of state" (perfectionism) were at the bottom of it; but when I saw his intelligent and beautiful bride, I could easily believe that other "reasons" had quite as much to do with the match.

Returning from Putney, we called on Uncle Roger, found him "the same old two and six," etc. Belinda's husband, Mr. McLelland, is one of the best of the cousins. We shall visit him at North Adams the last of this week. We shall leave tonight for Chesterfield, Massachusetts. I shall return here again and make longer visits at Uncle Austin's and elsewhere, but at present I move to keep pace with Pease's wishes. Uncle Russell's little girls are very pretty indeed.

I receipted for Fanny's \$17.50 left her by Grandmother and will hand it over when I go home.

I am told that Mr. Charles Converse, Trimble, and S. J. Andrews, with a dozen more from Ohio, are at Dr. Wesselhoff's establishment in the east village. John Mead enters college at Cambridge this fall. He promises well.

All send love and forty messages which I'll not remember. Direct, if you write, to Brattleboro. Do not write anything not for the eye of all the cousins.

Yours affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

I find your monstrous story of my sickness has gone everywhere. I deny its truth *in toto*. I shall be careful not to tell such facts again.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, July 29, 1847.

DEAR UNCLE:— We had a fine trip; reached here Saturday. Uncle Russell lent us his horse and buggy; we went to Fayetteville, Putney, and Dummerston and returned yesterday evening. Uncle Austin is in better health than usual; was astonished to find me so well and appeared to enjoy our visit. Charlotte and Mary were both at home. Mary had just returned from Boston with as much beauty and as little intelligence as ever. Charlotte appeared to good advantage by the side of her sister. The *screaming* when we entered the house was quite equal to Mrs. Valette's conjectures. It might have been heard a mile. Aunt Birchard showed herself in quick time. We had not been in the house five minutes before she began to exhibit Mary for *Pease's benefit*— apparently wishing to have Mary *captivate* him! So she forced her to play and him to listen to some half-dozen tunes on the piano. Mary performed her part in a half-fretting, half-willing manner, and Pease, to do him justice, suffered with the patience of a martyr. The day was raw and cold. We found Mary dressed in a very neat, becoming style, but her mother soon had her rigged out as if for a ball, *arms bare* to the shoulder and the rest in keeping. Strange to say, Pease's heart was untouched; even the naked arms, chilled into goose flesh, didn't *fetch him*!

. . . We are going to North Adams. I guess Pease will find a sweetheart courted for him and possibly may marry.

If you write, direct to Brattleboro. I will write again in a fortnight.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT, August 8, 1847.

MY DEAR SISTER:— I wrote to Mother about ten days ago from Brattleboro, but as you may be more anxious than usual

to hear from me now that I am travelling about at loose ends, another letter may be acceptable. From Brattleboro Pease and myself took the stage to Greenfield, the cars from there to Northampton, and thence in a buggy to Chesterfield. We happened there at a lucky moment. Helen and her two children and Aunt Fanny and her son, George, were all there, making with ourselves a large circle of relatives. Harvest and haying, both better than common, were first discussed. Uncle Bancroft and the whole family were in high spirits and our visit was as happy a one as any we had made.

One of Uncle's boys — William, I think, the one intended for a scholar, at any rate — had given up going to college, and after some consultation it was agreed that he should spend the winter in Lower Sandusky where Pease is to use him as a tinker, a pedlar, clerk, or whatever he pleases, and see what he is good for. He looks like a tolerable sort of boy, but was as solemn as a gravestone, owing in part doubtless to a stiff neck in consequence of a cold caught in haying. But I doubt whether a stiff neck could spread such a doleful expression over his features if it were not habitual.

They all spoke of you, their desire to see you; also of Mother, and the pleasure they had in her visit last summer. Uncle Bancroft, with characteristic bluntness, speaking of Mother, said: "She is grand company. She talks a perfect hailstorm, faster and faster, and never was tired. Oh, it did me good to hear her!" He is a curious old philosopher. I was amazingly pleased with him. Somehow, with the exception of Uncle Austin, who is first in my regard, our Yankee relatives by marriage are nearer kin than our blood relatives. Witness Aunt Russell Hayes, Mr. Mead, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. McLelland (Belinda's husband). I like them better than any of the rest. It shows, at least, that our family are good judges of character in selecting their partners.

After visiting at Chesterfield we returned to Northampton and took the cars for the south. I stopped at Springfield and Pease went on to New York. Pease is to return about this time to North Adams to see a girl his sisters had selected for a wife. He

told me he would court her if her looks suited. I expect to find a letter from him on the subject when I get back to Springfield, and if anything of the kind is going on I shall immediately go up to North Adams. There would be sport in watching a courtship of his. I had almost forgotten how unmercifully he mangles the king's English. At home, among men and intimate friends, he is quite blunt and occasionally speaks a grammatical sentence. But among strangers — females — such strangely awkward expressions as he "bulges" out would drive Lindley Murray to despair. But I have no fears of his success if he undertakes to court. He is really "sound corn" (Buckeye) and one with half an eye cannot fail to see it.

After parting with Pease, I stopped at Springfield several days with my favorite Cambridge friend (Bond), seeing and enjoying all there is in that part of Massachusetts. Springfield is a splendid town. It has all the spirit and improvement of a Western city with the beauty of a New England village. Its population has doubled in eight years. The whole town now contains near twenty thousand people.

From Springfield I went down to the Sound and spent the balance of the week in fishing and sailing. I fished about four hours on the rock where the *Atlantic* was wrecked last winter. There is no lack of company and the expense, avoiding the great places, is trifling.

I only looked into Newport, saw the name "K. Thomas, Ohio," on the register, and joined a sailing party; was out in a storm; caught myself blackfish, sea bass, porgies, dogfish, and flounders.

I left my trunk, taking nothing but a carpetbag and umbrella, and so wandered about as independent as a midshipman on half-pay. Tomorrow there is a pleasure excursion going from here to New Haven to return at night. If Uncle William is there I shall stop a few days, and if not, a longer stay than a few hours would be a bore.

I forgot to say that my health is perfectly good. I have not thought about [it] before in a fortnight. The only part of Dr. Mussey's prescription that I stick to is cold water and bathing.

I presume Uncle will be with you when this reaches Columbus.

If not, please let him know of my doings for I do not wish to write to him today. There are no conveniences for writing.

Good-bye. Love to all.

R. B. HAYES.

I shall not come home till the hot weather is over.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

WEST BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT, August 30, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY:— Day before yesterday I returned from wandering to and fro through the land of the Pilgrims to the "old eyrie" of our fathers and was rejoiced to find two letters from Columbus (albeit they were somewhat old) [giving] the first news I had received from home.

First, to give you my purposes: Tomorrow I shall go up to Fayetteville, stay about four days, return here and start for New York next Monday, one week from today, and thence, after a stop of a couple of days, home by the *northern* route. I may change the route but do not expect to do so. On my way to New York I shall perhaps stop a few days as I have not visited New Haven yet. I certainly shall, if Uncle William arrives. He is looked for daily. When arrived at home I shall go to work in my office as usual. I think I can safely do it, but if I find it any-wise hurtful I shall be ready in November to resume my travels southward.

I am sorry to hear that Uncle's case goes to Washington. This is the only bit of news I have heard as to affairs at Lower Sandusky. If you write me at New York, care of Dr. Hickock, I shall probably get the letter.

Since I wrote you from Norwich, Connecticut, I have travelled in this wise: I went to North Adams, Massachusetts, (Belinda's home) to see how Cousin John succeeded with *his* courting; found him at Pittsfield with Janette just starting for Troy and in great doubt whether he should return to North Adams, after doing up his chores in Troy, and *finish* the work he had begun, or wait till another year. I returned with Janette to Adams, staid three of four days, paid my respects to the girl Pease had commenced to court, and returned to my friend's at Springfield.



Caroline Adams (for so is hight Mrs. Pease that is to be) is a girl about twenty or twenty-one years of age, quite tall, dignified, and handsome. Not very bookish, but intelligent enough and ladylike. All in all, a very reputable cousin. Though I fear Cousin John will defer his opportunity till his flower is plucked by some other hand. He seemed hardly to know whether he "fancied" Caroline or not. I told him he did and he "thought he *ought to*"!

From Springfield with two friends — young lawyers — I started for the White Mountains; reached there in good time; ascended Mount Washington one beautiful day, and had a noble view of the lakes and hills; visited all the noted lions — the "Notch," the "Basin," "Pool," "Flume," "Bridge," and "Old Man of the Mountain." Without going off in a frenzy of admiration, it is enough to say that the White Mountains are "some pumpkins."

[Hayes in his diary adds some interesting details of his Mount Washington experience. He says:—"Saturday, August 21, passed through Littleton to Fabyan's Washington House. Found my friends, Norton and Knox, had gone on to the mountain. Day clear and beautiful; concluded to go up and spend the night for sunset and sunrise; companions, James Kelly, a young broker of Wall Street, Britton of Richmond, Staten Island, and the guide. Two blankets, two bottles of brandy, pork pie and bread, and a bag of oats for our two nags, [and] an axe to cut fuel completed our equipments. Reached the summit in time for a grand view of sunset. Then cold rain and horrors during the longest night I ever saw. A door for a bed, a stove-pipe for a pillow, and no shelter to speak of. Horses frightened. Stone wall blown down and the deuce to pay; but we lived through it."]

From Mount Washington [I] went to Boston; found Mr. Mead there with John, who had just entered freshman at Harvard, and friend Camp who had joined the Law School. We were there at Commencement; saw Will Niel's class graduate. Niel was among the graduates but had left at the end of last term. George P. Marsh, the famous Vermont scholar, delivered the Phi Beta

Kappa Oration — a great one too, the more interesting from his connection to a pretty girl (?). Camp and myself paid our devotions to the Puritan shrine at Plymouth; found it a pleasant and interesting spot for pleasure and curiosity seekers. After having renewed my acquaintance with the Boston lions, I came back where *I now is*: “to wit,” “viz,” “that is to say,” the old homestead, northwest chamber, etc.

I did not ascend Mount Holyoke though I am sure we should either of us be as much delighted with it as in the days of our “small experience.” I visited the highest mountain in Massachusetts, Greylock; the highest in Vermont, Ascutney; and the highest in the United States, Mount Washington, and have no doubt that a more *beautiful pleasing* scene is spread out before the eyes on the summit of Holyoke than on either of the other three.

You should publish your “Song of the Cradle.” It must be quite equal to the preacher’s parody, the “Song of the Quill.”

When a person is forced to comment on what is contained in one of your letters, I believe you take it as evidence that he is out of timber, so I’ll make an end “on’t” by saying that I have nothing to add to my Norwich letter on either of the great subjects which occupy the minds of the youngsters of this age — *war, politics, and love*.

Hope Mother’s face is well again. — Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

NEW YORK, September 19, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY: — William [Platt] is writing on the other corner of the table and as there is room for another scribe on this, I will have a talk with you about my visit to New Haven.

Last Monday morning early, [I] trudged down to the boat for New Haven in the rain; had just got my baggage stowed and fare paid, when I came upon Mr. Ford and his lady, who, having heard of Uncle William’s arrival from the West Indies, had come East to visit him. Mr. Ford was about as interesting as usual, occasionally entertaining me with a “yes mom” or “no mom” in

reply to inquiries of his wife, until our arrival at the wharf at New Haven, when quite an exciting scene occurred between Mr. Ford and some dozen or fifteen hack drivers who were all bent on assisting Mr. Ford in the easiest and shortest manner to the exact place he wished to reach. Mr. Ford was sadly puzzled what to do. He could not bear to refuse anything to such polite and hospitable persons, and at the same time he must of necessity select one and disappoint the rest! How to do it without wounding the feelings of any of his attentive friends was the problem. The drivers, seeing his trouble, redoubled their importunity. One seized a trunk, another a handbox, a third his wife, and two actually contended for the possession of Mr. Ford himself! But our Governor (?) that is to be finally reached the Tontine in safety but, like James Fitzjames after "the combat, . . . breathless all."

I found Uncle and Aunt in good health, together with their little adopted child. I cannot repeat all the kind things they said of you and Mother. You know Aunt E. has a large stock of affectionate adjectives always ready to scramble out of her mouth whenever it opens, and she seemed nothing loath to give them utterance when speaking of you and Mother. Uncle William too was quite prolific in the same sort of expletives. I took up your portrait, as a substitute for your own sweet perfections, and that came near converting the whole family to idolatry. They seemed to have a suspicion that you were flattered, but I assured them that the image fell far short of the original. Little Annie, the adopted, is a graceful, affectionate child of Laura's age, and is very dear to them.

I was greatly pleased with the Trowbridge family. Even the old gentleman is not at all times a savage and Mrs. Trowbridge is an excellent woman and thinks Mother is a little more after her own heart than anybody else she is acquainted with. The three girls are all charming. I might, perhaps, fall in love with the oldest, Caroline, or the little witch, Ellen. The middle aged is a fine girl but red-headed. I was beau to Caroline at one of the largest weddings they have had in New Haven in a long while. It was much like a Columbus wedding.

As for New Haven, it might, fifteen years ago when it got its

name, have been the prettiest town in New England, but there are now at least half a dozen much superior to it in beauty. The elms are all that give beauty to New Haven. It is as level as Columbus and has very few elegant buildings. It is now beginning to be called an antiquated belle in the other fine towns in the East, and it is certain it has had its reign.

I called on Clara Baldwin, found her looking extremely well. She does not grow old fast. How she missed having some fine fellow for a husband, is one of the mysteries; but she appeared quite as happy in her single blessedness as many women in married misery.

I remained at New Haven until Thursday evening, enjoying my visit as well as any I have made. When I come East hereafter I'll not omit to visit those beautiful cousins. They are not well educated in books, but have seen enough of people who are, not to exhibit ignorance of such matters and they have more unsophisticated simplicity of character than I have before seen in persons who are at home in "the upper ten thousand."

Uncle William returned with me to New York to see Brother William and remained till yesterday evening.

I do not yet know when I shall start for home, but think I shall go before William does, say Wednesday next.

Love to all.

Good-bye. Your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, September 27, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I arrived at home last evening, found all of my friends here well and the town quite healthy. Mr. Buckland left this morning for Mansfield before he had time to tell me anything of the business of the office, so that after having set the house to rights and arranged my own papers and books, I am left without anything to do until his return. During this leisure time I am a-going to write to all the friends who have any claims on me so as to start fair with the world, as far as correspondence goes, upon beginning business again.

Although I did not write home very often while I was on my

excursion, I believe you must have heard of all my visits. My stay at Dr. Hickcok's in New York was quite as pleasant as any part of the whole trip. I staid there until Wednesday morning last. I came up the Hudson River by daylight for the first time. I need not attempt to tell how much I was delighted with the noble scenery. . . .

I believe I have not written to you since I was at New Haven. Mrs. Trowbridge seems really to have fallen in love with you. She talked as if she had never found any one quite so much after her own heart as you are. It might have been partly from a habit of talking kindly which some folks have, but I think the most if not all was sincere. . . .

Uncle has just returned from a trip of about two weeks down into the Wabash country in Indiana. He is in excellent health and spirits.

I have received a letter from Bryan urging me to visit Texas this winter and Uncle thinks I would do well to go; but my health is so good that I prefer to resume my profession. I am a-going to continue in the office until after our fall terms of courts, and then, if I feel like it, I will pack up and take a ramble into the wilds of Texas.

I have seen several letters from my friends who volunteered. They are all pleased and very healthy, and say I better come down yet on my own hook; that the climate and life is just the thing for me, etc. But that fever is now worn off and I hardly regret not having gone. I have certainly spent the summer as pleasantly and, so far as everything except health is concerned, with more improvement than I should have found in a soldier's life.

. . . William intended to leave New York in time to reach home next Saturday evening, but there is so much irregularity about the boats on the lake that he may not reach Columbus until Monday evening next.

Love to all. Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, October 16, 1847.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—It is Saturday night and we have been quite thronged all day with people inquiring for, and giving, information about their business in court next week. I do not feel fit to do anything else and so think myself in the right frame of mind to write a letter.

Uncle has been busy all the week attending to some dozen hands and teams who are working out their road tax on Buckland Avenue—the street leading from town to Mr. Valette's and which passes by Uncle's favorite building spot [Spiegel Grove]. He is very proud of his work, and threatened Pease and myself with most direful punishment if we did not visit and praise it as he thinks it deserves.

Pease is doing a great business with his traffic and barter and is constantly affirming that this is the greatest place for a smashing business to be found west of the mountains. In the meanwhile, I am sorry to say, law business is diminishing or at least at a standstill. But these flush times are swelling the bubble at whose bursting we shall find employment for our "pickers and stealers."

I see Mr. Gilbert is again a defeated candidate and from some occasional sallies in the papers I imagine he has made himself appear more ridiculous than ever. I hope Willie Gilbert will not be infected with his father's follies for he has too much good stuff in him to be spoiled.

I wish I had a wife to take charge of my correspondence with friends and relatives. Women of education and sense can always write good letters but men are generally unable to fish up enough entertaining matters to fill half a sheet. By the by, I hope you and Mother Lamb will see to it that Lucy Webb is properly instructed in this particular. I am not a-going to take a wife on recommendation unless her sponsors will fulfil to the utmost what they assume. Don't forget now. . . .

Buckland has come in feeling in the best of humor—the effect of good news from one of the doubtful districts, which he thinks settles it that Ohio is Whig for another year. This was not expected in this part of the State, though we had the good luck to carry this town for the first time in ten years.

There was a great *soirée* at one of "the neighbors," evening before last. I did not attend and am in some doubt whether to go to any this winter. There are a-going to be (from present indications) a good many such gatherings this winter, and as I vote them a bore I thought it best to begin with a safe precedent. I shall not, however, avoid merry meetings *in toto*. For instance, there is to be an oyster supper tonight at which my stool will not be empty.

Our Episcopal church has shut up shop, so I have turned coat and come out Presbyterian. I presume you will not feel any dissatisfied with the change. . . . Love to all.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, October 23, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY:— . . . It is Saturday afternoon—the close of court week. Buckland started for Buffalo this morning, leaving me alone. The office is swept clean of the leavings of loafers and business. I too am "fixed" for Sunday—shaved, boots blacked (two pair), best duds on. Affairs have gone nicely in court, and I find myself as tranquil and satisfied as a clam at high tide.

The only news I can tell is the arrival and installation as a sub in Pease's tin-shop of our cousin, Edward Bancroft. He seems to be a very sensible boy and will, I think, enjoy his new home and employment.

I spent a Sunday a fortnight ago at Stentown with the girls and Miss Gardiner of Columbus. This is the only act squinting towards gallantry that I have been guilty of since my return home. In fact, I have been too busy to think of such things. . . . I remember my thoughts matrimonial-wise of a year since but have no very fixed notions on the subject now. Mother in her letter to Uncle says she thinks the choice she made at Delaware is not just the one. Well, I am content to go on or stop as she prefers. If Lucy is too young she must find me an older one. Youth, however, is a defect that she is fast getting away from and may perhaps be entirely rid of before I shall want her (?).

Besides attending to business I am doing very little at present. While travelling, I often thought of the pleasure I should derive from a superficial knowledge at least of geology. Anything beyond this my habits and pursuits place out of the question. I have chosen a few books and have gone into it vigorously since my return home. I find the study very interesting and the little I shall acquire will be of some benefit by way of putting something where nothing now is. I have never had an inclination to study anything of the sort before, and I mean now [to] push my way into the natural sciences far enough to be able at least to comprehend others when conversing on such subjects. I am also brushing up my smattering of French and German so as to be ready to read with ease divers works which Will Lane brought home from Europe and which I have promised to read this winter.

Uncle still talks of my going to Texas this winter, but as I have got into the way of using his famous Watson horse horse-back riding, I am in hopes to keep out of the reach of medicine and medical advisers. Mother occasionally lets fly a paragraph which looks as if she was still harping on that subject; but if she will only not talk about it to every one I am likely to meet when I visit you, she may write to me as much as she wishes and I will read, mark, and inwardly digest it all. But if she does not wish to banish me from Columbus, she must not talk in such strains that the first question I shall hear will be, "Why, how well you look; when did you recover?" etc. It is pesky vexing to be forced to tell people that you are well and have been well, and then be told that so-and-so had said that so-and-so heard your mother say that you were in *feeble* health — far gone with consumption. I would much rather *have* some terrible disease than to be suspected of it when I am well. . . .

Tell Lolly I know she must have been disappointed not to have her letter sent, but we know all about it now and we are *just as much obliged* to her as if we had received it.

Uncle and Pease both well. — Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.



LOWER SANDUSKY, November 5, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY:—I of course smiled—I always do—when I read Mother's cogitations on the subject of health, place of residence, and good wives, and was well pleased, too, to find your opinion agreeing with mine on the last mentioned topic.

The "real name" of the author of "Mosses from an Old Manse" is given, I think, in the book. It is Hawthorne. He was educated at Harvard and though a great student studied no profession, and having enough of this world's goods to live without labor has spent his life in a philosophical lazy way ("learned leisure"), occasionally rewarded for his witty contributions to the *Democratic Review* by some of the crumbs at the disposal of "the powers that be," of whose policy he is a moderate supporter. He at present holds some post in the custom-house at Salem. When I was at Cambridge some years ago, he was living in the old parsonage—"the Old Manse"—at Concord.

Uncle and Pease are both well. Pease has quite forgotten his Yankee sweethearts—all of them—in the hurry and hubbub of business. Our town never before was as busy as it has been this fall, and Pease has reaped a full share of the golden harvest.

We have a new cousin here, Edward Bancroft—a good-looking, intelligent fellow, of fine humor and disposition, but with singularly *solemn* features which lead those who are unacquainted with him to think him sour-tempered or melancholy. He is making tin cups and doesn't care a fig what he does or what becomes of him, if he can only raise money enough to *travel*. That is his hobby.

Our *Captain* Thompson has resigned and returned from Mexico, satisfied that he is too old for campaigning. It is really a treat to hear his yarns, but a still greater one to see the interested, longing air with which our new cousin listens to them. He wants to go to Columbus, Rio Janeiro, and Canton! and doesn't much care which he visits first. . . .

We have two new jokes on Pease about his gambling. One is, Captain Thompson was telling in his honest way marvellous stories of the gambling done in camp among the officers. He

said: "I never gambled any. I *couldn't*, but I used to think *If Pease was only here he would skin you!*" Uncle and I repeat this with the embellishments often enough to keep it in remembrance.

I have just read a notice of the death of Father Espy. He will be a great loss to *our* church. I can't write a eulogy on the good old man for the River Committee are in the office engaged in a warm debate on sundry matters of interest to the fishermen and navigators of our Sandusky waters. . . .

River Committee is breaking up. Pease says it is time to be going. I have written this by snatches "between the showers," or rather the storms, of the committee's discussions. — Good-bye.

Your brother,

RUD.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, November 22, [1847].

DEAR SISTER: — . . . Uncle has again taken up his quarters for the winter at Mr. Valette's. Cynthia is teaching school. Pease is planning a new building for his business (which has grown very profitable) and intends to erect the first tolerably good store and warehouse ever built in the place. I've been rather busy of late (it is a fact) in the way of my profession, but a couple of weeks will see that off my hands and then I shall keep on as usual. . . . I cannot say to a day when you may expect me, but I shall not leave here before the fifteenth of next month, and I shall, if no accidents prevent, be at Columbus before Christmas. . . .

I ate (or helped eat) a fine oyster supper at Mr. Cutter's last evening. The supper passed off with a natural gentility not often exhibited by the female portion of the household, upon whom, of course, the responsibility of such affairs always rests. I am satisfied there is at least one lady housekeeper in town. Mrs. Cutter cooked the oysters, set the table, and presided at it, acting each part as if she were bred to it. There are an abundance of women who can cook, some few who can set the table in the presence of a large company as if they didn't know there

was another person in the room, but not one in a score who can serve in that department and be a lady at the feast. . . .

Our church (the Episcopal) goes off finely now, as the Presbyterian minister (who was a great knave) nearly broke down his congregation. Even Austin Taylor bought a pew and goes regularly to church. Both strange events considering what a close-fisted heathen he is, a sort of relation too! The bishop was here a few days ago and had a confirmation of fifteen, consecrated the church, etc., etc. Everything went off to the satisfaction of the vestry who are the six finest men in town; but not one of the six has or pretends to have any more religion than Mr. Gilbert or William. But they are all honest (in the business sense), liberal, and whole-hearted, and before they had families, a few years ago, were the rowdies of the town. They have built the church with the same spirit that they used to go into a spree. Mrs. Eddy, who is a glorious [woman] and notices all the funny things, says there was nothing out of the way in all the performances of consecration, etc., except that part of the quire sung a psalm and the other part a hymn of the same number and to the same tune, but they were all so frightened it was undiscovered among the singers! I was at Maumee when the bishop was here. We passed him in the Swamp as we came this way. He made us a very gracious bow. Our Democracy were well pleased with him. In the meanwhile, Judge Lane says that in Washington City the office-holders, retainers, etc., "Lokies" one and all, — are Episcopalians; and through the country generally it is the favorite church with the party leaders. He thinks it must be from a desire to be *genteel* one day in seven, which is as *near piety* as can be expected of a full-blown, unterrified Loco-foco.

Love to all. I often try to imagine to myself Laura and Willie as they must be now.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, January 28, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:—Pure selfishness—if anything so foul can be *pure*—prompts me to write you at this time. If I supposed there was any probability of hearing from you until you hear from me, I would see this dirty sheet in Tophet before I would fill it with my scribblings. I did not give you or Mother the promised letter on the first Lord's Day after my return home, inasmuch as all anxiety on my account must have been removed by the note to Uncle which I mailed the first leisure moment after my arrival.

We have had two very goodish sort of balls within a fortnight—*also a few deaths!* But except the mud there is nothing else you would be particularly *pleased* to hear of.

Pease utters a chapter of lamentations every noon *when he goes behind the bar*, and is thereby naturally reminded of Uncle's absence! At night after supper he slowly draws on his overcoat, lights a candle to stick in his lantern, looks carefully out into the street, draws back, and with the ejaculation, "What a country for white folks!" begins to pull off his coat, blows out his candle, and sits down to play chess with "Put" till midnight. At the ball, Pease soon got weary of dancing, hunted up a pack of cards and played the balance of the evening! . . .

We (that is Buckland's family, Pease, and myself) begin to look forward to the day when we shall all be "Governors" Ford (*vide* the song about Governors Tod), Buckland by virtue of his wife's relationship to Mrs. Ford, and Pease and myself by virtue of Uncle William's "chumship" at college. Verily, we are a great people, and Dick was right when he told the loafers at Goose Tavern that "they were all good enough for Governors." When the porters at New Haven were joking about "the good-natured man," they didn't know they were handling a Governor.

I was glad I started home when I did. The roads were then tolerably good and I had excellent company, Loco-focos tho' they were. As to health and all that ar, which gives Mother so much *worriment* (give me credit), I can't say anything *interesting*. I am perfectly well and hearty (good Saxon—*vide* Johnson.)

Since I have been at home I have been busy reading the books

I brought along from Riley's. You must tell Uncle not to buy any books I bought. Mr. Riley will be able to tell him my list. Headley's "Letters from Italy" are quite interesting, also Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist." "Half-Hours with the Best Authors" has some good things in it—how could it be otherwise?—but is on the whole a mere catchpenny. . . . Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

R.

P. S. — Tell Uncle to come home quickly or Pease and myself will join the Odd Fellows to keep out of mischief. Very *suicidal* weather — dangerous to be much alone.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, February 12, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:—Yours of last Sunday by some lucky accident wormed its way through the mails and reached here in the same length of time that was occupied in the creation of this "terraqueous globe." I find no difficulty in imagining and appreciating Governor Ford's grotesque politeness and the music of the spirits. But I can't conjure what friend N. could have found to say that would have smacked of "Spiritualism." He is really a matter-of-fact, "material" sort of person, and to try to ape the opposite character is "not wise."

We have been looking for Uncle every stage since our treasurer returned and reported that he was coming the first fine weather, and we have had several days of really charming weather for the season within a week.

The Sunday that you wrote your letter, one of my old college chums, Trowbridge of Michigan (you remember him by the baby jumper), was here. In the afternoon we walked up to Mr. Valette's and *teaed*. The weather was so bad that I thought Uncle might perhaps have returned Saturday evening without our hearing of it. We of course found no Uncle, but were agreeably entertained by Mrs. Valette whom I had not seen before since my visit to you.

Pease is becoming quite disconsolate without Uncle's company. In his desperation he sometimes goes so far as to talk

of sparking a certain buxom country damsel who resides about twenty miles from here, and at other times he threatens to go to Columbus after him.

We are beginning to have our hands full of business, getting ready for the approaching courts. By the by, I wish Uncle would tell our member to send us word if there has been any change in the law as to this circuit, and the times of holding courts. We are still in the dark in this matter.

Uncle will be pleased to hear that John L. Greene was elected to the high judicial office of "squire" yesterday. There was quite a spirited little contest, and the cause of good government and pacific counsels triumphed gloriously by the overwhelming majority of *one vote*!

The political elements are beginning to *simmer* preparatory to the great bubbling which we soon shall have. Buckland would like to be a delegate to the National Convention or to have some other Scott man sent from this district. He wants Uncle's influence to quiet the Tiffin folks, who *can* and will get the appointment unless *coaxed* off by some kind-hearted friend of theirs. So that Pease is not the only one who will be glad to see Uncle. As for myself I *am in funds* again. Fellows come in every once in a while wanting to pay a little money to Uncle. I tell them my receipt will answer as well! So, as I said before, I am in funds. There now! If all that fails to bring Ucle home, I give it up.

Ed Bancroft sits near me reading Shakespeare. I notice his hands are decidedly rusty, though he certainly doesn't soil them with labor. Speaking of "soiling" — that's why I spoke of it — I am afraid he'll soil my Shakespeare — but 'twould be uncousinly to tell him so, therefore I must e'en be silent. He reads about half a play, gets weary and goes off, and comes back to take up another. Thus he goes over the beginnings of plays but never finds the ends of 'em.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, April 16, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:— I was very glad to receive another of your “ho bone” letters last Thursday evening. It found me still busy pettifogging. Since I wrote you I have had the pleasure of contributing my mite towards sending one of our colored fellow citizens to the manual labor institution a few rods west of your abode, there to spend the remainder of his days in repentance for the past and preparation for the future breaking stone — not to mention other worthies who are now dieting on bread and water at the public expense. These and other such like benevolent acts occupy the most of my attention this beautiful weather. . . .

I am enjoying as good health as could be expected — seeing how recently I broke off using liquor! By the by, Uncle has quit the use of tobacco — chewing forever, and smoking till he is in good health. . . . Love to all.

Your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, June 18, 1848.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . . Court has been in session the last week and done much more business than usual. Mr. Buckland's absence made it a hasty-pudding time for me, but it's safely over and I shall be as clear of trouble and work as the laziest youngster could wish for the next month.

I am sorry Minor is so afflicted. I would like to spend a few hours with him to drive away the blues if they trouble him. That is *one* thing I am good for.

I see you have converted Fanny to your good opinion of Lucy W. [Webb] — except the *freckles*, and she says they may be *washed* out. Never mind about faults only *skin-deep*. I can easily forgive such, not being at all fastidious in matters of that sort. Uncle and Pease have made a choice for me here. There are many points about their selection which would please you, some that please me, and a *very* few that Fanny would like. As I must suit you all, our Sandusky girl will hardly catch me at present.

Uncle was delighted to find so many complimentary things said of the Gardiners. It is quite possible that we may induce Pease to visit Columbus when I do, in which case there is to be a match made for him with some of 'em. Pease's and Uncle's *better halves* are well-looking full-size oil paintings.

I can't come down until after Buckland gets home, say middle of July, and then I can stay *all* time and perhaps longer — make visits in Delaware and all that, if my money holds out, and I intend to start pockets full.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

LOWER SANDUSKY, July 9, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:— My pen is so poor that it would only harrow up Mother's feelings if I were to direct my letter to her, so I write to you in reply to her.

I am sorry to hear that the little ones are unwell so often. Really it is a miracle that any of us escape the "ills that childhood's heir to." Perhaps it's a wise dispensation. We always value the good things of earth according to the care and labor we spend in getting them. If the little folks were no more trouble than apple-trees we should perhaps love them less.

During the last month I have dabbled a little in law, a little in politics, and a little in temperance reform. Yet with all these matters, I have had to fall back on Shakespeare and miscellaneous readings to get happily rid of these long days.

Buckland will not reach here for a week or two yet, and then we must prepare for the Supreme Court which will keep us busy until after the first week in August. From that time until October I am at your service, or that of my friends, for all that I now can think. Stem (the lawyer) is urging me to go with him up the Missouri to kill a buffalo, etc., etc. There are several other plans suggested to get rid of dog-days, such as a trip to the upper lakes or Niagara Falls. So I can occupy my thoughts *studying* upon these plans until the time for *doing* arrives and then act as "circumstances" require. I want to spend another fortnight in Cincinnati to satisfy myself whether



an attorney of my years and calibre would be likely to get business enough to pay office rent in that growing village.

As the period I had fixed for my pilgrimage here is within a year or two of its close, it is about time to determine what community shall be next blessed with my presence. Besides, that pretty brunette, Miss. Johnson, dwells somewhere down in that quarter of the State (Piqua, I think), and I might at the same time look after my interests there too, if she is not already captivated. Since the late Revolution in France, "too late" has become a phrase of warning often heard; perhaps so in this instance. But "no odds." I'd like to live in Cincinnati if I could get "a fair start," and that I mean to look after with two eyes if I make a visit there this autumn.

Pease has gone East; will be home in a fortnight unless he also gets the marrying mania, which is quite unlikely. Uncle busies himself with his farms, his flowers, and politics, the flowers having by far the largest share of his time and care.

Have you ever had daguerreotype likenesses of Lolly and Willie taken? They certainly are old enough to sit now if they ever will be.

We shall have a telegraph office here in a week or two, so we shall be within speaking distance of the great world hereafter. — Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,  
R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, September 18, 1848.

DEAR FANNY: — [Beginning of letter, six lines mutilated.] The excitement about the railroad was at its height all along our route. People were constantly stopping the stage to make inquiries as to the route selected. I was glad to hear at Mansfield that the route through Delaware was adopted. This for the sake of "auld lang syne."

Reaching home, found all our friends well. Uncle had dropped his flowers and was diligently employed road making — improving Buckland Avenue, as the road leading to Mr. Valette's is called. He has really made a fine road, but with his singular

pride in whatever interests him, he would think such moderate praise almost an insult and imagines it the finest road which has been built since the Appian Way.

Uncle, Buckland, and quite a gang of our Whigs came home about midnight last night from Norwalk where they heard Corwin make one of his fine speeches. As I had heard him once this fall, it was voted *nem. con.*, that I should stay at home and keep house.

Pease has gone to Massillon; will return in a few days and start after his little wife about the 10th of October. Our gossips are very busy selecting him a spouse. The purchase of the farm settles the question of his intention to wife someone, and he can't look twice at the same girl without satisfying somebody that *she* is [The next nine lines are mutilated. They contain some reference to the proposed trip to Texas, and they make it clear that the picture spoken of was a daguerreotype (probably) of his niece, Laura, and his nephew, Willie.]

Their picture is greatly admired. It is at Mr. Valette's, and is much prized by Uncle.

I have nothing to say and plenty to do, so "ad-yea." Write and give me "the items."—Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, October 8, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:—Uncle reached home in fine spirits a week ago and has been out in the Swamp kissing babies and all the *et cetera* of county electioneering ever since. The Whigs had done nothing in this county until last week, but since Monday we have done nothing else but serve the country. All this stew and pother doesn't change a hundred votes, but the interest and sport attending that sort of work is pay enough for those whose gambling propensity leads them into politics.

Mother wrote me a little letter by Uncle in which [she] seems fearful that my interests may suffer for want of proper attention in your quarter. I know the importance which in legal matters is often attached to what is called "constant claim" and would

have no objection to putting in my oar either by pen or word of mouth if I thought it necessary or that it would be successful. If there is no call for haste, or if it is probable that I shall see her in November at home, I would prefer [to] do up that sort of business face to face.

Pease will start after his little young wife day after tomorrow. He came out today in his new boots. They pinched his gouty bachelor feet cruelly, but he took it philosophically as part of the penalty for entering the married state. Sunday though it is, I am so often interrupted by politicians running into the office that I must give up writing you much of a letter. I promised to send three dollars to William for Uncle but haven't the change "past me" now.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, October 22, 1848.

DEAR FANNY:—The elections and court have kept our office in a stew for the last fortnight. I suppose Seabury [Ford] is Governor at last, but what an experience of ups and downs the poor man has had. How the creams and oysters will have to suffer next winter to pay for his anxiety!

I shall be stirring about the circuit for the next three weeks, and it will be out of the question for me to visit you until we start on our trip South. This weather *is* favorable for such enterprises, as that you speak of. Yesterday and today are of the very best of Indian summer weather. However, I have not much faith in influences of that nature. I shall be coming down about a month hence and will probably stop a week or fortnight with you.

Uncle, who is all taken up with politics, feels proud of what we have done and perfectly outraged with the shameful manner in which the Franklin Whigs have allowed things to go. Sweetzer for (?) Congressman is however punishment enough, I should imagine, without reproaches from abroad.

I have an invitation to some part of the wedding arrangements of Dr. Case, whether to the wedding party or not I cannot tell. It was from Mrs. Dr. Jones. I paid Dr. Little a

visit last week. He has a pleasant office for loafers and time enough to devote to his friends. Both agreeable things for my purposes. . . . Write.

Your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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[There is no entry in the Diary after that of October 4, 1847, for more than a year. Then we have the following undated paragraphs briefly summarizing the activities of the long period of silence.]

From the 26th of September, 1847, in my office with R. P. Buckland, hard at work making up for lost time until the last of December. Spent the holidays at home, Columbus. New Year's, 1848, call with John G. Miller Jr. During this visit make the acquaintance of Helen Key. Attend small gathering at Mr. B——'s, for the first time play "Ship from Bordeaux." January 1, 1848, Little Red Ridinghood gathering at Sullivan's, see Miss M. J—— and ———. [On the] 8th of January, enjoy that convention. Return [on the] 10th with Jack Dickinson, Jim Steadman, and Henderson — jolly crew.

Stay at home hard at the desk until August 1848. Go to Columbus by way of Mansfield. With Mr. Blynn to hear Corwin at Xenia; party at H——'s and home in the night. [This was in] September — day of Whig county Convention.

Work like a trooper for "Old Zack" [General Zachary Taylor, Whig candidate for President,] and enjoy the victory. Remain at home until November 21. Off to Columbus and thence to Texas.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE TRIP TO TEXAS, 1848-1849

**N**OVEMBER 21, 1848. — Having made all needful preparations for a winter's tour in Texas and a visit to my old college classmate, Guy M. Bryan, I started for Bellevue this cold raw morning with bag and baggage, taking with me Cyrus Thompson to return the horses and buggy. At 4 P. M. took the cars for Sandusky City, arriving there at supper. In the evening with Joseph Williams to hear the Hutchinson Family sing their glorious songs.

*Wednesday, 22.* — Spent with Dr. L — and friend Lane and doing chores. Evening at a division of "the Sons [of Temperance]."

*Thursday, 23.* — Railroad to Mansfield. Thence by stage to Mount Vernon. Saw Miller Moody (an old classmate) at a small village nine miles from Mount Vernon, keeping a dirty tavern and looking "hard"; a fit sequel to his college life.

*Friday, 24.* — Stage to Columbus; a cold, rainy day; roads "mud and slush." Farnham and a queer girl (a silversmith's daughter in Columbus) for company.

[The rest of November and the first week of December were spent at Columbus, visiting his mother and sister, paying calls, and reading new books. His uncle, Sardis Birchard, arrived December 3, and a row in the Legislature held their attention. Both sides were stubborn and "possibly no organization this year." Then—]

*Thursday, [December] 7.* — Making final preparations for our departure; bidding good-bye to friends, "posting up" in legislative views, etc., etc. [At] 7 P. M. Uncle Birchard, Rev. Henry Richards, an Episcopal clergyman, gifted with a liberal share of the free and easy qualities, and a crowd of us take the stage for Springfield. A pleasant moonlight evening, but showery after

midnight. From Springfield railroad to Cincinnati, reaching there at 10:30 A. M.

*Friday, 8.* — Tumbled into quarters at the Pearl Street House; outside coating of dirt scrubbed off. Find friend Jones as warm-hearted and joyful as ever. Evening with Jones at the theatre; stupid, except old Logan. A goodish, or ratherish, or rather-some goodsome panorama of the sea views about Newport.

*Saturday, December 9.* — Raining "multitudinously." Slip out between showers and buy an umbrella; run over the "yaller-kivered" literature at a "literary depot," falsely so called, but finding nothing "taking" am not taken in. Pore listlessly over the "Sketch Book" until "dine." Evening spent with Stem and lady at Mr. Erner's.

*Sunday, 10.* — Cold and cloudy but no rain. Heard Mr. Blake at Christ Church. Same old voice, gestures, and expression of phiz as when I last heard him at Gambier. Our travelling companion, Mr. Richards, read service. Dine with Geo. W. [Jones] at Miss M. Johnson's. A delightful little family gathering. How exquisitely she looked! Evening at Mr. Erner's.

*Monday, 11.* — Cold, but bright and pleasant winter weather. Visit the slaughter pens where "blood flows like water," only more so. Visit Covington with Jones. See McNickle. [Observe] the funeral of an Odd [Fellow], a Son [of Temperance], and a Mason, attended by all those orders. Call at Governor Morehead's to see Miss E. "Love's labor lost" (no love either). Ditto, P. M., up street in the city. Tea and evening with uncle of Miss—. All night with George W [Jones]. Ring lost and found.

*Tuesday, 12.* — Engage passage to New Orleans on the steamer *Moro Castle*. Call on Miss Johnson. Buy "Now and Then," Dickens' "Christmas Tales" and "Italy," Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," etc. A lovely day. All Fourth Street swarming with the fashion. Sup [and] sleep on board. — *Mem*: Never pay your fare until your boat is off. Steamboats never start on the river until forty-eight hours after time.

*Wednesday, 13.* — As bright a day as ever opened. Up at the old court-house heard Storer arguing the Hathaway lunacy

case. Saw French, Hoadly, and Collins. Ten minutes before 4 P. M. leave Cincinnati. A clear cold evening; scenery "of the kind we read of." The hills on both banks fold gracefully to the river. Play chess with a stranger, Mississippian; quits, or "game and." Make the acquaintance of Isaac Larmon, a rough, shrewd Kentuckian, now living at Madrid Bend in Tennessee; also an old Connecticut Yankee who boasts his temperate habits and sound health,—evidently a libertine in his day, now an exceedingly polite, knowing old gent.

*Thursday, December 14.*—Clear, pleasant weather. Reach Louisville at 9 A. M. Wander over the city; not half so thriving in appearance as Cincinnati. The old court-house half finished. Pass over the rapids about noon. "Some pumpkins," but not to compare with Lachine in [the] St. Lawrence. Toll through the canal for our boat would be one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Thumped once or twice on boulders but no injury done. During the afternoon sail pleasantly along through a fine rolling country. The weather mild and soft. Play chess until tea with my Natchez acquaintance. After tea walk the deck with friend Richards until dark. Evening, rainy.

*Friday, 15.*—Cold and cloudy; wants to snow but can't. At daylight opposite Owensboro; at 10:30 A. M. at the mouth of Green River. Green River very high. The Ohio much higher than above. Banks low, only a little above the water. General Lane's residence, a plain two-story white frame house, on the Indiana side a few rods from the bank. Evansville at 11 A. M. Pass a beautiful island just below the mouth of Green River. [At] 2 P. M., still cloudy but much milder, at Henderson, Kentucky.

I like this sort of life. Table equal to our best hotels. Captain Scott more resembles a landlord with his smiles and jokes than [the] haughty autocrat of a Western steamer. In the after part of the cabin are four or five ladies with their children, one apparently an unmarried lady, and the other a widow. The latter is the object of the particular attentions of a fat, self-sufficient old nabob whom Uncle styles "Old Soap-grease" (Van Vorhees, a stage owner of Ohio). Two ladies and two gentlemen generally

play cards in the after cabin (ladies'). Next, towards the bow [is] another table of social card-players, consisting of a loud-talking, boastful youngster (a Jew, Moses, of Cincinnati), whose garb and gab alike proclaim a volunteer officer; a good-natured, laughing Hoosier; a third only remarkable for his height and the prodigious length of his arms. I noticed him today at dinner; he reaches like a well-sweep to all parts of the table, gathering and storing away an unheard of quantity of provisions. Next forward, a table of chess or chequer players, with a few gaping lookers-on. Next is a group of nondescripts, quite at a loss how to bestow themselves; some dozing listlessly in their armchairs, waiting patiently for the next meal, others reading cheap tales of pirates, "love and murder," etc., etc. Last group forward, four professional gentlemen busy at poker for money.

I have read Warren's "Now and Then," Dickens' "Battle of Life," and am now doing Cooper's "Bee Hunter." I read, play chess, walk the deck, [and] study the map and chart occasionally. *Mem:* This is not a talking boat. Altogether pleasant — very.

*Saturday 16.* — Below the mouth of the Tennessee; cold and cloudy. River almost a mile in width. Pass Cairo at 12, noon; then into the "father of waters." The color of the water of a deeper dark than the Ohio, which is now a bright yellow like the gutters after a recent rain in a clay soil. The weather clears up warm and pleasant in the afternoon, and I spend all the time on deck, getting acquainted with the Mississippi.

*Sunday, 17.* — Finds us, with the weather of a lovely spring morning, forty miles above Memphis. The river full to its banks. Islands, bayous, chutes, etc., give the river the appearance of a lake filled with islands. Often difficult for a stranger to tell where the true channel of the river is. No gaming allowed on board today; all as quiet as a New England Sabbath. [At] 11:30 A. M. stop fifteen minutes at Memphis; part here with our fellow traveller, Mr. Richards. The city presents a fine appearance from the river. Naval establishment here.

*Monday, December 18.* — Morning warm, cloudy, and foggy; clears up at about 10 A. M. Saw the finest plantation with its little village of white cabins in two rows; also first live-oak.



Today saw the first cotton standing, and cut the first cane one hundred and fifty miles below Memphis. River and its banks, same as yesterday, except more frequent settlements. Had a mock trial of a young Jew for smoking in the cabin; our sport marred by the Jew's anxiety to escape the penalty.

*Tuesday, December 19.*—Below Vicksburg. Morning warm and foggy; clears off about 10 A. M. Woods on the shore look like ours after the first frost; leaves dropping but not dead, and large patches of green foliage. Grand Gulf. Here are the highest (indeed almost the only) hills yet seen on the Mississippi. The town a rotten borough. So called [Grand Gulf] from the singular bend in the river.

*Mem.*:—Last night a bit of a row at one of the gaming tables. A small, villainous-looking professional gent accused by Lieutenant Moses of cheating; the lie given; pistols cocked. No blood shed but gambling probably done for.

*Mem. 2*:—Our tall Hoosier dreamed of being in a free fight (excited by the events of the evening), plunged at his visionary antagonist from the upper berth, badly bruising cheek and eye.

*Wednesday 20.*—Thirty miles above Baton Rouge. Morning foggy; clears off [by] 9 A. M. Went ashore at Judge Chaney's sugar plantation. Yesterday heard frightful stories of cholera in New Orleans. Reports dwindling away with every boat we meet. Saw General Taylor's residence, a neat, one-story, long cottage—porch all round—on a pleasant hill. Saw an old white horse quietly feeding near the house, supposed to be "Old Whitey" [the general's famous war-horse]. Baton Rouge is a fine town; beautiful State-House building.\* At a sugar plantation land two hundred and fifty barrels. The overseer on reading in the letter, enclosing bill of lading the words "Dear Sir," broke out with great warmth: "'Dear Sir' as if he *knew* me!" After this exhibition of himself, I was not surprised to find that he couldn't count the barrels!

*Thursday 21.*—Arrive at New Orleans, a city of ships, steamers, flatboats, rafts, mud, fog, filth, stench, and a mixture of races and tongues. Cholera, "some." [At] Planters' Hotel. *Mem*:—Never get caught in a cheap tavern in a strange city.

At evening taken desperately sick of an acclimating fever; toss and roll all night. Dr. Hunter administered quinine [with] good effect. Rev. Mr. Blynn calls on me.

*Friday 22.* — Fever gone. A bed all day. More quinine. Well again.

*Saturday, December 23.* — Dine with Rev. Mr. Blynn. The cholera on the increase. The alarm and excitement too great for enjoyment. Planters' Hotel a miserable place.

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STEAMER MORO CASTLE,  
MISSISSIPPI RIVER — NEAR CAIRO,

December 16, P. M., [1848].

DEAR FANNY: — As I am writing for the family I will give you a sketch of our movements, diary fashion. Friday, 8th, arrived at Cincinnati, 10 A. M., after a comfortable ride. Weather cold and clear. I hunted up Jones, and Uncle fell into the hands of Stem. Spent the evening at the theatre (*mem.*: — small potatoes). Saturday, 9th, cold rainstorm; housed up reading newspapers all day. In the evening called with Uncle on Mrs. Stem (I mention her, she being the *principal*). Sunday, 10th, cold and cloudy. Went to church with Jones, dined with Miss Maggie (what a nickname) Johnson, who is keeping house for her father in C. Sunday is a hard day at the best but most of all away from home, but we survived it. Monday, cold and cloudy. Visited the slaughter-houses and witnessed the whole business of converting a drove of hogs into mess pork, keg-lard, stearine candles, glue, and bristles. I'll not describe it. It's a bloody, brutish business and is all done in less time than it would require to tell it.

After having thus prepared my mind to do the agreeable, Jones and myself went over into Covington and called at Governor Morehead's on Miss Bell E. "Not at home." Gossip: I remarked that if I were a Governor I would have a better house to receive the beaux of my pretty sisters-in-law. Jones replied that if I drank as much and was as fond of cards as Governor Morehead, I probably couldn't afford a better house. P. M. called at

Mr. Graham's in Cincinnati, where Miss Bell *should* have been, but again, "not at home"; so didn't see her. Slept with Jones. [He] told me how he courted Miss Tibbotts, granddaughter of the General Taylor whose death you have noticed and grand-niece to Old Zack; how he *fetched* her and how he was to be married about New Year's — going to Havana as a wedding tour and how he wanted me to wait and go along, etc., etc.

Tuesday, 12th, cold and clear. Called on Miss Johnson; bid good-bye all around. Bought Warren's new tale, "Now and Then," Cooper's "Bee Hunter," Dickens' "Italy," Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," besides some chicken-feed pamphlets, to read on our way down. [At] 4 P. M. went on board our steamer which *was* to have started Monday evening without fail but didn't start until Wednesday, 4 P. M. *Mem.*:— Never believe a Mississippi steamboat's notices, judged by the symptoms, as to starting time.

Wednesday evening was as pleasant as a cold evening could be, and the fine scenery below Cincinnati did its best to look charming, but I couldn't feel very sad at the prospect of finding a warmer sun. Thursday morning, 14th, found ourselves at Louisville. Cargo tumbled into a lighter to let us over the rapids. Meantime, rambled over the town. Many fine residences but, all in all, not near equal to Cincinnati. It has the air of a fading beauty. At noon went over the falls — the weather warm and pleasant, the river roaring full. Many flatboats, loaded with coal, hay, flour, whisky, etc., of all shapes and dimensions passing down every few moments. Passage not at all frightful but highly exhilarating. Friday morning, 15th, at Owensboro, a short distance above the mouth of Green River. Weather, cold and cloudy; wanted to snow but couldn't. River growing rapidly. Banks, low and wooded with an occasional farmhouse and clearing. Saturday, 16th, below the mouth of Tennessee River; cold and cloudy; river much grown since yesterday. At 12 M. passed Cairo, Dickens' Eden — "when found make note of." As we passed out into the Mississippi, the sun drove the clouds away and it is now warm, pleasant spring weather. This river, the junction, etc., etc., are just as I supposed in appearance, scenery, and size.

Reading the above items would leave the impression that this

is dull travelling. No such thing. It exceeds anything in my experience for solid comfort and enjoyment. Our boat is about an average one in all boating qualities, such as speed, neatness, size, etc., etc. The captain is one of the most social, companionable men alive. He looks and acts much like John Miller the auctioneer of the roses at your fair. Any passenger can get from him all he knows on any subject, not to speak of his good-natured smiles, which are sprinkled about on everybody and everything. So much for Captain Scott.

The passengers are of all sorts, but decidedly agreeable as a whole, five ladies with husbands; a lot of children about the size of Willie and Lollie; a widow, bright and pretty and wanting a husband; a young lady, nothing in particular about her; two old gentlemen, widowers — *one* tall, garrulous, excessively polite to everybody, distressingly so to the ladies in general, and awfully smitten with our widow; *the other* fat, *autocratic*, nothing to say to nobody on no account, but nevertheless determined to get the widow in spite of our polite friend, No. 1; (Uncle has dubbed the latter "Old Soap-grease"); a gentleman who plays chess just well enough to make it hard work for me to beat him, which I do twice out of three times; some interesting river men, owners of hay-boats, flour-boats, etc., etc.; some merchants; some gamblers; some invalids; and the rest may be styled "chinking and daubing."

The sleeping is like all steam-sleeping — abounding in cataracts, precipices, snakes, and other dreamy figments of the brain. Eating, unparalleled; the best cooks, the best waiters, and the best eatables I've ever seen anywhere. As soon as the tables are cleared, the passengers, if the weather is disagreeable, as it has been much of the time, group themselves as follows: — One long cabin extends from stem to stern. At 9 o'clock P. M., the ladies are cut off by folding doors. At the stem a few ladies and gentlemen are reading or lounging in a lazy way on the sofas; next two ladies and two gentlemen playing whist; then a bevy of *gents* talking politics around the stove; then a table at which chess and chequers are going off, with some lookers-on; then settees with gentlemen reading and others writing at tables; then the loafers' stove, where those who are too bashful to go near

the ladies toast their feet and read stories of robbery, murder, etc., with horrid pictures; then a table where four or five are gambling at all hours, with ten or a dozen lookers-on; and last the barber's shop. All this is in one room, and nothing is pleasanter than to promenade from one end of it to the other. There is nothing but civility and good feeling ever exhibited, so far as I have observed. I really think I could live this way a month without growing sick of it. When it is pleasant, as it is now, it is delightful to walk the deck and wonder where all this water comes from. The water, the river, is the only thing which can be called scenery in this flat, wooded country, but that is enough. We are now hitched up to the Tennessee bank getting wood. I will mail this at Memphis, where Mr. Richards leaves us. *You may look for another letter from New Orleans.*

Sunday, 17th. Below Memphis. — Didn't mail my letter as I intended. Parted with Mr. Richards at 11:30 A. M. Stopped only fifteen minutes. Lovely spring weather as ever the sun saw. No gaming of any kind today; all as quiet as a New England Sabbath. The river here is over its banks; a stranger cannot tell where the main stream is; full of islands, bayous, chutes, and bends, so as to resemble a great lake full of islands. I spent the day viewing the waters and reading "The Last of the Barons."

Tuesday, 19th 2 P. M. — A few miles above Natchez. The weather is as warm and bright as June. I have been sitting out on [the] boat's balcony in an armchair, the twin of yours, reading in the same way I would on your porch in the summer. Many of our passengers have left us and we enjoy the lazy weather in the laziest and most luxurious way. The rapid change from the cold to warm weather is most grateful. I am too lazy to write more till some rainy day.

Thursday, 20 [21]. — Foggy morning but pretty day. Arrived at New Orleans, a town full of ships, steam and flat-boats, mud, fog, filth, and stench, and just now a sprinkling of cholera. To avoid which we shall leave the first opportunity. This will not be mailed until we are off so you may feel sure that we are safe out of harm's way if this reaches you. A boat leaves in two or three days. The sickness will spoil our visit here. Aside from

that and the causes of it, this is a princely city. The weather is quite warm; winter clothing is not uncomfortable, but I am sitting at an open window, and one sees no fires.

We became acquainted on the boat with a very intelligent Presbyterian clergyman, resident here, who is acquainted with Blynn's brother by whose aid we shall certainly see 'em. The clergyman mentioned preaches today (Thanksgiving) in Mr. Blynn's pulpit.

The last three or four hundred miles of the Mississippi banks is a lovely country to view from the water. Pretty little white cottages and an occasional grand edifice for the planters, and rows of neat, whitewashed cabins for the negroes are always in sight. Didn't see old Zack but saw his neat little white cottage with its portico all round and surrounded by evergreens, and also "Old Whitey."

Saturday evening, 23. — We sail in the *Galveston* for Texas in the morning. It is perfectly healthy there which is quite an advantage over New Orleans. We dined with Mr. Blynn today — a fine man, fine wife, and pretty little ones. The little girl, about three years old, inquired at once about Uncle William and her little cousins at Columbus. Thank Mr. Blynn for me for that acquaintance. — Good-bye all.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Packing up, we just had a laugh over one of Pease's shirts! How these stolen shirts rise up in judgment!

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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Sunday, 24. — [At] 9 A. M. go on board the fine ocean steamer *Galveston*, bound for the port of the same name. Weather, warm and foggy, clears off bright and pleasant. A delightful and rapid sail down the river, passing the palaces and gardens which line the banks. General Worth and staff on board; an exceedingly agreeable, fine-looking man, medium size, of a plump, upright person, with good features, a bright piercing black eye (Bishop McIlvaine's), a bushy head of gray hair, affable and easy in his manners. "No other marks or brands perceivable."

Monday, 25. — Christmas passed on the Gulf, having left the mouth of the river early in the morning. Weather cold and

pleasant. A fine body of passengers. Some *pro*- and some *anti*-slavery out of which [fact] arose, naturally enough, discussions by the quantity. Among others Atcheson, formerly of the Law School. Seasick a trifle.

*Tuesday, 26.* — Reached Galveston in the afternoon, a neat, fine town on a sand beach and apparently healthy. What a glorious contrast to the disease and filth of New Orleans! A most noble hotel, the Tremont House.

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GALVESTON, TEXAS, December 26, 1848.

DEAR BROTHER: — Thinking you might feel anxious about us after what I wrote from New Orleans about the cholera, etc., I will send you a few lines before we leave here.

We had an exceedingly pleasant passage on a fine steamship loaded with passengers running away from the cholera. General Worth and staff were on board and brought a physician with them to be ready for the worst; but there was no sickness. Here it is fine weather; a dry, healthy, pleasant town and one of the best hotels I am acquainted with. It is sixty miles to Bryan's and we leave in the morning. We anticipate returning here to spend some time. We hardly expect to find another place so much to our liking as this in Texas. It is built on an island, is high and sandy, resembling Cleveland, only not near so large or rich, and is every way a good pleasuring winter retreat.

No time to write more. Will write again from Bryan's. Love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

R. B. HAYES.

WILLIAM A. PLATT,  
*Columbus, Ohio.*

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*Wednesday, 27.* — Leave Galveston for the Brazos on steamer *S. M. Williams*. Pass around Galveston Island by San Luis over a shallow bar into the Brazos about 5 P. M., at Velasco, a faded town; dilapidation and ruin. Manhattan or Maumee River like [the Brazos]. About sundown pass Mrs. Jack's plantation, the only one yet seen. Wild prairie, low grassy

banks, chocolate-colored water, cattle, and buzzards, the striking features of the scenery of this part of the river. Mrs. Jack's, a pretty place; saw "the belle of the Brazos" on the porch; association and first sight of this place I've so often heard Guy speak of, very pleasant.

About dark landed at Aycock's. Found Mr. Perry's "Sam"; took his mule myself and Uncle borrowed a horse of Aycock. Through a level, muddy country, mostly wooded, trees weeping from all their abundant foliage and gray hanging mosses, two and one-half miles to Mr. Perry's. Hitch our horses and are met by a bushy-headed, fine-looking boy who resembled Stephen so much that I shook him heartily by the hand, supposing him to be my old friend Stephen, [but] a connection. A cordial welcome by Mr. Perry [Guy Bryan's stepfather] to his most hospitable home. Stephen and Guy gone to a horserace. Return early in the evening. Make the acquaintance of Mrs. Perry, Eliza (an agreeable girl of twenty-one or thereabouts), and spend the evening till midnight talking over old times. Been a wet, gloomy month; country shows to the worst advantage, we are told.

*Thursday, December 28, 1848.* — Day wet. Housed up. [Discuss] politics, old friends, sweethearts, etc., etc., with Guy, making the day seem short. The home is delightfully situated in the edge of the timber, looking out upon a plain on the south extending five or eight miles to the Gulf. A large and beautiful flower-garden in front, trimmed and cultivated under the guardian eye of Mrs. Perry.

*Friday, 29.* — Day spent in talking about and primping up for the party in the evening. [At] 2 P. M. gentlemen and ladies begin to arrive. — Thos. Harrison, of Houston, Dr. Arthur, etc., etc. Gentlemen and ladies on horseback, through mud and rain, ten, fifteen, or twenty miles. An exceedingly agreeable, gay, and polished company. The ladies particularly noticeable for the possession of the winning qualities. Merriment and dancing until 4:30 A. M. Like similar scenes elsewhere. Sleeping arrangements for all got up in all manner of ways, but comfortable. Told that when a gentleman and lady "*tête-à-tête*," bite gloves or handkerchiefs or the like, [it is a] sure sign of *somewhat*.



*Saturday, 30.* — Guests breakfast from 10 till 11:30. All off by 12 M. Weather bright, warm, and spring-like. Look forward to a delightful visit, judging by what I see. Frightful stories of the cholera in several Texas towns.

*Mem.* — Introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bryan, Joel Bryan and lady, Miss Harriet P. Jack, [Miss] Harriet Gothern, [the] Misses Lewis (three), Miss Emily Jones, Miss Ella Eggleston.

*Sunday, 31.* — Fine weather. Spent at home talking, reading, etc.

*Monday, January 1, 1849.* — Ride with Eliza and Guy over to Mr. Westall's to visit Miss Emily Jones, a modest, pretty Buckeye lassie of seventeen. A grand day for a gallop over the prairies. A good visit. A long queer yarn from a Philadelphian (Mr. Davis) about a flirtation he had in St. Augustine with Maggie Worth. Return home after dark.

*Tuesday, January 2, 1849.* — Start on a visit to the Misses Lewis, but learn that they are absent from home. Weather fine. Return and afternoon take a ramble with Henry after deer. Saw seven, also a wild hog. Had two shots at too great a distance to do hurt. Saw "Gus" "rope" (lasso) a wild cow. Exciting and somewhat perilous, in the eyes of the uninitiated. Home at dark and had chess with Henry until a late hour.

*Wednesday, January 3.* — Fine weather. Spent at home, writing letters, pistol firing, and playing chess.

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PEACH POINT, TEXAS, January 1, 1849.

DEAR FANNY:—A happy New Year to you and all your household!

We arrived here, at Bryan's last Wednesday evening and have enjoyed life to our hearts' content ever since. The country here is quite new and thinly settled, much more so than I had supposed. The morning after our arrival, one of the negro men, who was sent out for the purpose, killed two deer before breakfast. One of Mr. Bryan's brothers killed a panther only a fortnight ago. I mention these sporting items as showing the wildness of the country. This plantation is a very pleasant one in

all respects. Looking out of the window before me I see a garden filled with the richest shrubbery, roses blooming and birds singing as if it were the first of June instead of January. The family consists of Mr. Perry, a sensible matter-of-fact sort of man, full of jokes and laughter, and of course a great friend to Uncle; Mrs. Perry, an excellent motherly sort of woman, whose happiness consists in making others happy; Eliza Perry, a young lady of twenty, a fine girl, free from silly notions, and agreeable company as all such girls are; Stephen, the business man of the establishment, you remember him; Henry, a fine romantic boy of seventeen who it at home from school to spend the holidays with one of his chums of fewer years,—both spend their time visiting the girls and hunting. Guy, Uncle, and myself complete the white portion of the family. Within two miles there are perhaps four families, the nearest a mile off.

Friday evening we had a great *soirée* and dancing party here. The ladies were like *ladies* anywhere else; fewer wall-flowers and more life than is usually found in our gatherings, owing doubtless to the greater frequency of such things here.

Wednesday, January 3. — Immediately after writing the above, I commenced with Miss Eliza and some one of her brothers *calling* on the various new acquaintances made at the *soirée*. This is a very different thing from calling in Ohio. It is a fine gallop over the prairie, with an occasional adventure, crossing a swale or great mud-hole, a dinner, a supper, and a moonlight ride home. A *dinner* here is “some.” Seven or eight kinds of meat, sweet potatoes in two or three shapes, half a dozen kinds of preserves, and pastry in any quantity. It is quite surprising to find the refinement one meets everywhere in a country newer in appearance than any part of Ohio you ever visited. Every place you find the planters ready for company and “seemingly” expecting you. *Mem.*:—Henry killed two deer yesterday.

I saw a wild cow lassoed. It was quite an exciting scene. The pictures of the same thing in La Plate which you find in the geography are graphic and true.

It has just been decided in family council that Henry is not to return to school on account of cholera in the villages. This is good news for us. He is a fine sportsman, a capital chess player,

has never been out of Texas, and I am quite in love with him. He and Uncle are now out hunting. We already have invitations to make ourselves at home at enough places to spend a twelvemonth in Texas. No doubt they would all be pleasant homes, but we are too well pleased with present quarters to be in a hurry to change.

The brothers all have sweethearts, even to Henry. The manner of courting here is "some" also. For instance, Stephen will start in the morning for the county town on some real or fancied business; goes six or eight miles out of his way to visit his lady-love, dines, sups, and stays all night; goes on in the morning to town, returns in time for tea, remains all night and till after dinner of the third day, and home to tea. This appears to be the everyday quick trip of a youngster in love. In the meantime, the errand, if of importance, has been attended to by a negro sent for the purpose by some of the family who are in the secret.

Bryan sends good wishes; says, "Tell ye Mother that if the cholera gets you, you'll be taken just as good care of as if you were at home in Ohio." We have but little fears of the cholera spreading into the country. In '32 it came in the hot weather and yet did not find its way to but a single plantation in this county although it was in all the towns. It has not yet touched this county but is spreading rapidly over the State, so that it is "town talk" everywhere.

"Gulf Prairie Post Office, Brazoria Co." is our address and the only one we shall have in Texas. Mails *never* go or come here. So you need not expect to hear from us unless there is something urgent, with any regularity. We can dispatch a negro to Galveston whenever we are anxious to communicate rapidly. A letter reaches Columbus in ten or twelve days from Galveston.

Both of us are in the best of health. Good-bye. Love to all.

R. B. HAYES.

Guy says lots of love to the *two* Hatties.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Thursday, January 4.* — Ride with Eliza and Guy eight miles over to Mrs. Jack's beautiful home on the east bank of the

Brazos. Found there Miss B. L. Hardiman ("Teenie"), Miss "Hally," Mrs. Jack, Mrs. McKinney, and Thomas Harrison. During the ride talk over with Guy all college jokes, Society contests, etc., etc. Mrs. Jack is a large, noble-looking woman, benevolence, kindness, and humor beaming from every feature, shedding sweet influences on all around her. Miss Teenie, an agreeable girl of twenty from Tennessee; Miss "Hally," a blonde of singularly pleasing manners, graceful and handsome; Harrison a witty, sensible, educated, and *moral* young lawyer of Houston.

*Friday, January 5.* — Housed up at Mrs. Jack's. Chatty and pleasant; sleeping late and eating much.

*Saturday, 6.* — Ditto, only better acquainted and more familiar. A lovelorn swain riding with his sweetheart over one of these bald prairies, at a loss for anything else, says, "A fine hill for turkeys just here." "The Bible is a good book." — *Guy. Mem.*: — Remember to send engravings to Miss Hally and Eliza.

Many delightful hours spent in that old office on the Brazos. — "No poultry but a smart chance of chickens."

*Sunday, January 7.* — Ride home. Wet by a warm spring shower.

*Monday, January 8.* — Cold and cloudy. Hunt without much success, A. M.; P. M., afoot with Guy down to Joel's. *Get lost on Guy's home farm.* Guy "bored," of course. Little Perry, a lad of eight years old, "ropes" hogs, chickens, etc., and rides like a Pawnee. To keep his brothers still, [he] *ties them*. They struggle stoutly but when roped bear it without whining. Uncle hunts wild hogs with a heavy rifle *unloaded* (which Guy retorts on him for the *last* joke) and rides a runaway chase after wild cattle. Evening at Joel's. A fine, lovely moonlight, reminding me of the night I left Columbus.

*Tuesday, January 9.* — Clear and bright, but the coldest day of the winter in this part of Texas. Bishop Freeman with three attendant clergymen [here] making his visitation. Preaches in the schoolhouse church to a congregation of thirteen gentlemen, six ladies, and five children. [The] bishop travels his somewhat extensive diocese, to-wit, Arkansas, Texas, and the Indian Terri-

tory, in a stout cart, covered with canvas, drawn by a pair of large mules, driven by a stout negro, who cooks, etc., etc. At dinner much joking on the wandering turkey and its motto, "a fine hill for turkeys."

*Wednesday, 10.* — At home and hunting. Stephen and Uncle start for Chocolate (Liverpool) where Stephen seeks his fortune. Weather of the best.

*Friday, January 12.* — A high wind with rain during the night; clears off bright in the morning. Spent at home as usual.

*Saturday, 13.* — Spent in assisting Guy to make out lists of lands belonging to the family in other counties, [amounting to] a [square] league [and] forty-four hundred and fifty acres. Labor [slaves(?)] one hundred and eighty. Weather pleasant. Eliza sings her sweet "Good-bye," of which I have become very fond.

*Sunday, 14.* — Rainy and unpleasant. [Uncle] Birchard still absent at Chocolate.

*Monday 15.* — Start for Austin Bryan's, on Oyster Creek. Spend afternoon and night with Mrs. Jack. Story of their runaway negro; his honor in showing himself next morning according to promise and *then* running away. Swift chocolate-colored current in the Brazos.

*Tuesday, 16.* — One of the new steamboats passes down with its load of four hundred bales of cotton, pecan nuts, etc. In the rain with Mr. Harrison over to Mr. Bryan's. Ride over to a point of timber; *see* an abundance of deer but get no shots. A large blue crane killed flying, Guy and Harrison both shooting at once. On cutting it in pieces found by the size of the shot who (Harrison) killed it.

*Wednesday, January 17.* — Glorious weather. Hunt all day without success. Row the skiff three or four miles to find a canoe, but somehow miss it. Find a lot of fishing tackle and *steal* the net. Prairie all covered with sea-shells. Bottom of the Brazos filled with fossil remains. Petrified trees in Burleson County. Harrison, crossing on a raft, left for home.

*Thursday, 18.* — Guy and self swim our horses over the bayou and home. Find Uncle home from Chocolate in great spirits

and full of jokes. Colonel Hansboro told Stephen: "You are not an educated man, sir. You have neither travelled nor read, sir. But Guy Bryan is the best educated man in Texas."

Colonel Kinney was vain of his horsemanship, and being Senator from San Patricio and a candidate for United States Senator, took pains to exhibit his horsemanship by riding through the streets of Austin in every variety of posture; and [he] was also voted a bore for making harangues intended to be impressive and eloquent. To cut his comb, Williamson, of Washington County, nicked "Three-legged Willie," after one of Colonel Kinney's efforts, rose and replied: "The gentleman from San Patricio is a *great* man, the gentleman from San Patricio is a *very* great man. He rides at a swift gallop through the streets of Austin, standing upright upon his horse — he is a great man; the gentleman from San Patricio is a very great man. He can swing himself from side to side of his horse when galloping at full speed — he [is] a great man. Mr. Speaker, the Senator from San Patricio is a very great man. I have seen him while riding swiftly stoop from his saddle and pick up a dollar on the ground and safely regain his seat. Oh, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from San Patricio is a great man! — he is a very great man."

Replying to a member from Galveston, "Galveston," said he ["Willie"], "what is Galveston? An isolated portion of the North American continent! Formerly it was the haunt of the slave stealer and the pirate, and now it is the abode of the most graceless set of vagabonds that these two blue eyes ever looked upon!"

Canvassing for the Legislature, his competitor, a military hero, boasted of the exploits he had performed in wars with the Comanches and Mexicans. Willie asked him how many he had killed. "Oh," said he, "that I cannot tell — it was in battle and I took good aim; but come, Willie, how many men did you ever kill?" "I don't know," said Willie, "how many I've killed, but *I've killed two that I got!*" — He had shot two men in duels.

So far [I] have seen few villages, no mechanics, no public improvements. Country appears very new. Many finely improved sugar plantations in this part of Texas.

*January 19-23.* — Laid up with a sore foot from sprain and coarse wet boot. Uncle kills a young leopard. Perry gets lost. I read "Pilgrim's Progress," "Don Quixote," Lieber's "Ethics," "Two Years in Mexico," etc., etc.

*Wednesday, 24.* — Ride with Uncle and Guy over Gulf Prairie to the mouth of the Bernard, to fish and eat oysters. A glorious day. Deer, cattle, cranes, wild geese, brant, ducks, plover, prairie hens, and the Lord knows what else, often in sight at the same time. The roar of the Gulf is heard for miles like the noise of Niagara. Staked out our horses with "lariats," eat old Sailor Tom's oysters, picked up shells, fished and shot snipe until 5 P. M., then rode home through clouds of mosquitoes thicker than the lice or locusts of Egypt — like the hair on a dog's back. Notice the eagle's nest on the lone tree in the prairie, and reach home glad to get away from the mosquitoes.

*Thursday, January 25.* — Still at home waiting for Uncle to improve before starting on our tour. These Texans are essentially *carnivorous*. Pork ribs, pigs' feet, veal, beef (grand), chickens, venison, and dried meat frequently seen on the table at once. Two little black girls for waiters pass everything possible around, and take the plates of the guests to the carvers, *never failing to get the right name*. *Mem.*: — All Texans famous for name memories.

*Friday, 26* — Spent limping around after buzzards. Speaking of buzzards: Mr. Perry, who has a world of good jokes and anecdotes, told of a Frenchman. "Some people, *be gar*, say rat pies are not good, but it is all *prejudice*. Rat pies are good, and frog soup is good, and some snakes, *be gar*, are very good. But *buzzard* soup is not good and it is no *prejudice*."

*Saturday, January 27, 1849, and Sunday, 28.* — Still lame. Housed up. Read "Patent Report" on sugar, etc., etc. Received letter from Fanny full of alarm about cholera. Uncle goes to Oyster Creek.

*Monday, 29.* — Ella Eggleston goes over to Matagorda. I ride a few miles with Guy towards Brazoria. Return and read Walpole's "Letters to Horace Mann." Still limping.

*Tuesday, 30.* — Ride with Mr. Perry over to Sterling McNeal's plantation. A shrewd, intelligent, cynical old bachelor "full of wise saws and modern incidents [instances]"; very fond of telling his own experience and talking of his own affairs. Living alone, he has come to think that he is "the be-all and end-all here." The haughty and imperious part of a man develops rapidly on one of these lonely sugar plantations, where the owner rarely meets with any except his slaves and minions. Sugar hogsheads vary from eleven hundred to eighteen hundred pounds. White and black mechanics all work together. White men generally dissolute and intemperate. Returned, found Uncle Birchard returned from Oyster Creek with the trophy of a successful onslaught upon a tiger-cat. Glorious weather. One little shower.

*Wednesday, 31.* — Weather fine; warm and windy. Read Bulwer's "Rienzi." Good. Scott's "Black Dwarf"; so-so only for Scott. Lieber's "Ethics," again. Uncle and Eliza ride down to Joel's after brandy peaches and return joking each other about their intemperance. *Mem.:* — Uncle not quite well yet. A fortnight since I had my boots on.

*Thursday, February 1, 1849.* — Despatch a letter to mother by my old classmate, Ed. Austin. Uncle and Guy busy getting ready for our trip to the upper country.

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GULF PRAIRIE, TEXAS, January 27, 1849.

DEAR MOTHER:— We are about starting on a tour through northern and western Texas, and as we shall be constantly on the go, and as there are no mail facilities worth naming in the interior, you will not hear from us again until after our return to the coast, a month or six weeks hence. After the receipt of this, let your letters be directed to Galveston. We shall get them there sooner than here.

Since I wrote last we have been riding about this neighborhood visiting, hunting, fishing, etc. The weather has been warm with frequent rains, which have kept us under roof a large part of the time. Mr. Perry and Uncle are constantly together telling anecdotes, talking politics, playing backgammon, and attending to the business of the plantation. They are as well suited to each



other as John Anderson and his wife in the song. Guy, Eliza, and myself visit the young ladies when it is pleasant weather, and read, play chess and games when it rains. It has now cleared up for good, so they tell us, and is beautiful May weather. We were down to the Gulf fishing, shooting, eating oysters, and fighting mosquitoes. You have no idea of the effect of this fine weather on one's health and feelings. It is really intoxicating. Uncle is getting [as] fat as a seal. It has but little influence on me in that way, although I have the health of a mountaineer.

We anticipate a good deal of pleasure in our trip up the country. We have now become pretty well acquainted with the sugar-growing part of Texas. The life of a planter who has a fair start in the world is one of the most independent imaginable. We here find the pleasures of fashionable life without its tyranny. I doubt, however, whether a person of Northern education could so far forget his home-bred notions and feelings as ever to be thoroughly Southern on the subject of slavery. We have seen none of "the horrors" so often described, but on the other hand I have seen nothing to change my Northern opinions. It is often thought with us that Southern ladies have an easy time of it with their "help," but it is not so. A good "manager" here has quite as much "vexation of spirit" as ever you have who are changing "girls" once a fortnight. Mrs. Perry, for example, instead of having the care of one family, is the nurse, physician, and spiritual adviser of a whole settlement of careless slaves. She feels it her duty to see to their comfort when sick or hurt, and among so many there is always some little brat with a scalded foot or a hand cut half off, and "Missus" must always see to it or there is sure to be a whining time of it in the whole camp. Besides, to have anything done requires all time. It may be I am mistaken, but I don't think Job was ever "tried" by a gang of genuine "Sambos"!

January 28 — I have just received Fanny's letter of the 3rd inst. Of course, we cannot but regret that you should have been forced to feel so anxious on our account, but we could not help it. I wrote to relieve your anxiety as soon as possible after we reached the danger and again from Galveston, when we were out of it. The ravages of the cholera, both in New Orleans and

Texas, were so much confined to people of exposed or intemperate life, that I have never felt a particle of apprehension from it. It has now entirely disappeared in Texas and nearly so in New Orleans. You need not fear for us on that score. We shall not go where it is again, even if we take the overland route to St. Louis or the sea voyage to New York when we return. Feel no more trouble if you do not hear from us. We are going west and you will not hear from us for six weeks — perhaps more. Bryan goes with us. Our trip is through the healthiest part of Texas and, indeed, of the world. I do not believe there is a healthier place than this, summer or winter, on the continent.

My little fever at New Orleans was an acclimating fever brought on by change of water and air. It lasted but a few hours and would not have caused much trouble to any one but for the sickly place and time at which I happened to have it. *We are both free from colds and all manner of disease.* Uncle just started off on a bear hunt. We shall wait a few days for Guy to get ready. When I began this letter we did not expect his company.

I was very glad to get your letter. I had not expected one before, and when "the boy" (all men slaves are "boys") went down to the landing this morning, I told them all that I would certainly get a letter and offered "to gamble" on it. (N. B. — All betting is here called "gambling"). I hope the little folks will get safely through with their whooping. One of the worst barriers between childhood and "grown folks" will then be passed.

I was a little amused at Fanny's account of the way she kept my horrible little note from you for fear it would injure you. I really think you bear such things the best, and in future if I have any choice item of awful import, I shall try to convey it to you first and let you *break it to Fanny as fast as she can bear it.*

29th. — A pretty May morning. I have an opportunity of giving my letter a fair start for Ohio. Even *that* is not an everyday occurrence. — Love to all. Good-bye.

Your affectionate son,

R. B. HAYES.

February 1. — Just fixed for "*a go*." Glorious spring weather. Be sure to write us so that we shall find two or three letters from you on our return to Galveston. We will send you papers from the western country, but it is not likely you will get them before a month or two after they are mailed. — H.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*Friday, February 2.* — A pleasant ride with Miss Eliza over to Mrs. Jack's. A lively evening. The best thing got off was a description of Miss Proserpine Random's manner of preserving her presents — gifts, annuals, and elegantly bound volumes of the poets — by carefully stowing them away in their wrappers in one of her mother's cast-off candle boxes; also a description of the "toplofty air" of one of Miss Random's beaux.

*Saturday, February 3, 1849.* — Too wet for Eliza and self to return home. Chat and chit and read in the office in the 18th Niles' *Register* the account of the Missouri Compromise, also "Life of Rienzi." Tease Eliza about her beau (really Miss Hally's), Mr. William Pitt Ballinger.

*Sunday, February 4.* — Very wet cold "norther." Mr. Harris calls. At noon, with Miss Hally and Eliza, start for home against a fierce norther. Reach home safely; find Joel and all the others gathered around a fire.

*Monday, February 5.* — Cold and clear. Forenoon spent with Stephen and the ladies; music and flirting. Afternoon rode up to Major Lewis'. Three agreeable young ladies, Louisa, Cora, and Stella; music, singing, and dancing, — city refinement and amusements in a log cabin on the banks of the Brazos, where only yesterday the steam whistle of the steamboat was mistaken for a panther! Slept with Stephen. Stephen's town called "Sngar-acky-town."

*Tuesday, February 6.* — Rode back to Mr. Perry's, all except Stephen and his Mexican who went on to Chocolate (Liverpool, P. O.)

*Wednesday, February 7.* — Uncle, Guy, and self left Mr. Perry's for a trip through northern and western Texas. Guy

mounted on a high Mexican saddle covered with a *red sheep-skin* on Joel's mule, a grand beast; Uncle on a stout bright bay — "Hotspur" (Guy's favorite horse), a fine animal; and I on a tall, gaunt, black, awkward, frisky piece of horseflesh bought out of one of the Kentucky regiments, sent to Mexico; — all with saddle-bags, overcoats, and ropes for lariats. *Mem.*: — My big "Rosinante" "nicked" "Nimrod." Road, or route rather, watery, muddy, and blind ten miles to Brazoria, a small village of two hundred people on the west bank of the Brazos. At the hotel introduced to E. M. Pease; said he was of the old Salem stock of Peases with whom the first-born son was always called John. Also an intellectual and most interesting man from Paris, Ky., who was insane, W. B. Victor. Queer how he was frightened by Uncle enacting the ghost, "Cold Huckleberry Pudding."

*Thursday, February 8.* — Cloudy and warm. Ride fourteen miles on a good dry road on the banks of the Brazos. Dine at Mr. Adrance's in Columbia, a pleasant village of one hundred and fifty people. Horses shod; chat with the postmaster, Mr. Duncan, who was in the battle of Ballville [near Fremont, in the War of 1812]. Evening at Colonel Morgan L. Smith's plantation.

*Friday and Saturday, [February] 9 and 10.* — Housed by a wet norther: delightfully spent with Colonel Smith who talked incessantly, telling of his improvements, sugar refinery, "vacuum pans," etc., his travels in Europe, political affairs in New York, mercantile operations in Texas, etc.

*Sunday, [February] 11.* — Started out in the norther, muddy and wet. "Like travelling in Ottawa County," until we reached a prairie in which there was a mound about fifty feet high, oval and swelling from a base of one hundred acres. It has stone in it, although no other stone is to be found in many miles. It is at Damon's, on the line of Fort Bend and Brazoria Counties. Counted one hundred and eighty-five deer on the *now rolling prairies*. Reached Colonel David Random's just at night, forty miles from Colonel Smith's. A lovely place on the high, rolling banks of the Brazos. A laughing joker of Indian blood; keeps fine horses for racing and *always wins*.

*Monday, February 12.* — Cold and clear. Today ride over a high, rolling prairie, "most glorious to behold." *Mem.*:— Last night saw the prairie on fire. — Grand. In the course of the day passed the house of the identical man whose chickens come up in the spring and *cross their legs to be tied*, so strong is the force of habit — their owner having moved once a year a day's journey (or week's) until he reached Texas, all the way from Kentucky!

*Tuesday, 13.* — Over a charming New-England-looking country to Mr. Brown's, in Austin County, on Mill Creek.

*Wednesday, 14.* — Ride to Colonel Gillespie's in Washington County to dinner. Thence to Captain Fuller's on the stage route from Houston to Austin. Weather lovely until 11 A. M. when on a sudden our lovely June breezes were changed to a norther, colder than December, accompanied by sleet and snow.

*Thursday, February 15, 1849.* — Weather-bound at this fine inn with a crowd of queer people from all parts of the United States. Good eating, good sleeping, and fun a plenty. Snow three inches and ice and frozen ground.

*Friday, 16.* — A bitter cold ride of thirty miles to Cunningham's, an "old settler," originally from Massachusetts. Bastrop County.

*Saturday 17.* — Clear and cold but bearable. Twenty-six miles to Colonel Chambers'. Through the village of Bastrop. First sight today of the green Colorado, with its picturesque hills and beautiful, wide-spread meadows. Ascend Guy's future home, one mile south of the village of Bastrop. He calls the hill on which he wishes to put his mansion "Bald Knob." It overlooks a lovely bottom, in horseshoe shape, of one thousand acres.

*Sunday, February 18.* — Clear and bright, but still cool weather. Thirty-three miles to Austin over a fine rolling country. The last two days, pine and cedar in abundance — the country looking like one which suffers from the drouth; hills covered with small round pebbles, some places to the depth of four or five inches; under this layer, a rich black soil. Austin is an inconsiderable village among the [trees(?)] on the Colorado, with "large expectations." Governor's office, judges' rooms, etc., are little log cabins sixteen

feet square; not more than one or two passable buildings in the city (?). Town full of discharged "Rangers," officers and soldiers of the United States army, gamblers, and *others*. Costumes of every variety — Indian, Mexican, Christian, civil, military, and mixed. All armed to the teeth. Fierce whiskers, gaming, and drinking very abounding in all quarters.

*Monday, 19.* — Cloudy, but pleasant. "Surround" the city with Uncle afoot. Cross the lovely blue Colorado. The capitol is a low frame building on the top of a gravelly hill overlooking the village. The hotel consists of a number of log cabins, and is very comfortable, all things considered. The landlord is one of the famous and-dreaded "Rangers," Captain McCulloch. General Harney is in town. In the evening, peeped in upon a California meeting, held in the hall of the House of Representatives — a room with two ornaments, a map of the Holy Land, and another of the wanderings of the Jews. Called at the room of an old law student of Delaware, Royal T. Wheeler, now a judge of the Supreme Court. His office as judge, "den," as he called it, being a log cabin about fourteen feet square, with a bed, table, five chairs, a washstand, and a "whole raft" of books and papers. Visit the Supreme Court; consists of three judges, Hemphill, —, and Wheeler. Hearing land cases under their *shingling* system of entries.

*Tuesday, February 20.* — Weather warm and balmy, but cloudy. Walk with Uncle over the Colorado to Barton Spring, named after the Barton who sent word to the commanding officer of a company of Regulars, sent out to *guard the frontier*, that if he didn't withdraw, "*he would let the Indians kill them.*" [The] spring is large but not unusually so. P. M., ride to the top of Mount Bonvel, north of Austin — a steep, high hill overlooking the valley and affording a fine view of mountain scenery, stretching off towards the northwest. Evening spent with Judge Wheeler, talking over old times.

*Wednesday, February 21.* — Misty and threatening but no rain. Set out for San Antonio. Cross the Colorado and ride over a high dry prairie without much timber to San Marcos, on the beautiful stream of the same name; and the county-seat of Hays

County. Visit the spring. The water spouts out of the foot of the mountain in streams of a foot in diameter.

*Thursday, 22.* — Weather A. M. as yesterday, clearing off in the afternoon. Ride twenty miles over a fine rolling country, looking old and cultivated with its orchards (mezquite trees), meadows, flocks and herds, but no houses, to New Braunfels. Stop at Millet's a "*ho bone*" place. This is a German village of two or three thousand people at the junction of two of the most beautiful streams I ever saw, the Guadalupe (pronounced Wah-loop) and the Comal. The Comal flows from springs in the same manner as the Comal [San Marcos?]. The water is so transparent the fish seem hanging in the air.

*Friday, February 23.* — All day spent in viewing the lions with Judge Dooley — the pleasure ground on the hill, the deep hole, the spring, and mountain, where I gathered mountain laurel and buckeyes.

*Saturday, 24.* — Off over high, dry, rolling prairie thirty-five miles to San Antonio. Stop at Mrs. Shelton's. Visit the Alamo with Mr. Bean; visit the grave of Walker and Gillespie, [and] the Alamo and find a party of California emigrants cooking in the room where Crockett fell.

*Sunday, 25.* — Early in the morning go to mass at the Church of the Cracked Chimes. Mexican girls of all colors, with no bonnets, but shawls gracefully thrown over their shoulders, kneeling reverently on the ground floor. Attend Mr. McCulloch's church A. M. Sacrament administered and a description of Christ's crucifixion by a ghostlike, consumptive gentleman from the North, with one foot in the grave, in the most eloquent and impressive style imaginable. Singing by officers of the army. P. M., walk about over this old ruined Spanish town — one or two American houses only. In front of one see General Worth walking about. Evening, entertained by Mrs. Shelton with her piano, which had "the heaves," and her asthmatic voice; gives us her pedigree and biography. Wandered from New Haven through all the Southern cities, first teaching school and afterwards keeping boarding-house, until now on this frontier she contemplates going on to El Paso!

*Monday, February 26.* — Visit the Mission houses, San Jose, Concepcion, etc., — ruined castles with statuary, carved work, and painting, built for worship and defence in the most magnificent style; now in heaps of ruins affording shelter to bats, Mexicans, and venomous and filthy reptiles. Evening attend two “*fan-dangos*.” Girls not very pretty but exceedingly graceful. [You] pay a dime for a figure and refreshments for your doxy, who instead of eating prudently stores her cakes, etc., in a basket to be taken home for the family. This town [is] the scene of more bloody fights than any other on the continent.

*Tuesday, 27.* — Warm and pleasant. [At] 2 P. M. leave San Antonio and ride twenty miles over a rolling prairie (not a house or farm seen) to McLelland’s. Met Peacock of the Mississippi Expedition and a good-natured Missouri Son of Temperance with whom we spent the evening pleasantly enough. In the morning find a lot of horses stolen — fortunately not ours among the number. Peacock and the Puke off after them.

*Wednesday, 28.* — Threatens rain, but set out through Seguin where the smallpox rages dreadfully. Stop in the prairie at 12 M. and take a dinner with John Pollen, a waggoner of Victoria, — the fiercest temperance man I know of. Stop at night at old man West’s, thirty-five miles from McLelland’s. Listen to divers yarns and go to bed in the worst quarters I’ve seen in Texas. Uncle said he would have been obliged to the old gent if he had put him in the corn-house.

*Thursday, March 1, 1849.* — Rain threatened, but start on over a lovely country of hill and valley, “*mottes*” of timber and prairie, to Gonzales to dinner. Met James Rose’s twin brother who forgot to pay his bill and went back to do it. That night at widow Burkett’s on [the] Gaudaloupe — thirty-five miles.

*Friday, 2.* — Threatens rain. Down the Gaudaloupe through a country of increasing beauty to Mr. Burns’ — a fine old gentleman pioneer. A lot of daguerreotypes of the whole tribe the chief topic of conversation until we turned it into the trail of Indian warfare. — Thirty-three miles.

*Saturday, 3.* — Same as yesterday as to weather. Now on the



*flat* prairies again. Stop at Ingraham's in Victoria. Saw Delano, Judge Allen, Mr. Bikel.

*Sunday, March 4.* — With Delano to the ferry. P. M. Spent in Delano & Allen's office, talking politics, hearing yarns, etc., etc. Evening again at Delano's office; hear L. Jones talk of everything most entertainingly. Read of Richter.

*Monday, March 5.* — Ride over a level, boundless prairie, out of sight of land. Think of the Inauguration and talk of it as Uncle and I eat our dinner under the old live-oak. Stay all night on [the] Navidad at a large old gentleman's, (Mr. Sutherland) — thirty-five miles; two hundred and ninety deer.

*March 6.* — Thirty-five miles over level boundless prairie to Elliot's Ferry on [the] Colorado. — Two hundred and seventy-six deer.

*Wednesday, March 7.* — Hunting, etc. Jolly Englishmen with guns a plenty.

*Thursday, March 8.* — Thirty-five miles. Now in the lower country. Lost in a canebrake. Thirty-five miles to Mim's Ferry over the Bernard. Saw a deer at thirty steps — not frightened.

*Friday, March 9, 1849.* — Reach home at Mr. Perry's, ten miles. Find letters from home, etc.

*Saturday, 10.* — Spent at home with Mr. Dupuy, of Kentucky.

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GULF PRAIRIE, March 10, 1849.

DEAR FANNY: — Just back again. Find here your letters of January 13 and February 3 and several newspapers, for all which many thanks. You can't think how amused and pleased I was with Lolly's letter. "Willie had the hooping-cough and Fanny had a Christmas present," etc. How natural! Be sure to impress her with proper notions of my gratification at being numbered among her correspondents.

We have had a most delightful trip riding over the *prairie* hills of upper Texas. It is no part of my intention to trouble you with a descriptive letter, for I should be driven to extremities in attempting to spread before you the singularly picturesque

appearance of most of the upper country. It has the clear running streams of New England, skirted with heavy timber, high hills of smooth greensward, soil, rich and deep to the very top, here called rolling prairie, occasionally dotted with "mottes" of timber, resembling old orchards in an old cultivated country—except in the absence of buildings, fences, and improvements. We often rode thirty miles without a house. The Colorado, Guadalupe, and San Antonio are the prettiest rivers I ever saw.

The towns are without interest except two or three. Austin, the capital, is not near equal to Sunbury. I there saw Royal T. Wheeler, formerly a law student in Delaware and now [a] judge of the Supreme Court of this State. I spent three or four hours with him most pleasantly.

New Braunfels is settled wholly by Germans. It is settled by peoples of every grade,—noble and plebeian, nabobs and paupers. I never was in Germany on the Rhine before; but there at the junction of the beautiful Comal and still more lovely Guadalupe, in the most delicious climate I've ever imagined, these fair-haired Teutons have built in a short three years the most prosperous, singular, and interesting town in Texas. I'll describe it when I see you.

San Antonio is an old Spanish town built in Spanish style, peopled by Spanish Mexicans with all their vices, amusements, and worship. Curious and strange enough, the whole of it. I'll tell you about that town, too, if you should desire it.

10 P. M., Saturday evening.—Uncle is in bed and all the household, including visitors, dogs, and guinea hens, are "as quiet as a nest-egg." The only good time to write letters! I *could* write a love letter this fine moonlight night; don't know how I shall succeed with an ordinary family affair.

Speaking of Mother's advice as to carrying phials of cholera medicine always in our pockets, Uncle wishes me to tell her that on our late trip he did so and found it a great preventive. He had frequent recourse to his *bottle* stowed away in his saddlebags where he could get it without dismounting from his horse. It was, however, neither peppermint nor laudanum but excellent fourth-proof brandy!

Mrs. Joel Bryan and Miss Eliza Perry are probably going

North with us. If they do we shall not leave here until the first of April and not reach home until some three weeks after starting. We shall know tomorrow or day after their determination. Should they not go with us, we shall be with you fast on the heels of this letter. There is little doubt of their going. Mrs. Bryan is a lively, agreeable woman and will be excellent travelling company. Eliza is a matter-of-fact girl who is fond of seeing, laughing, and talking in the Leonora style. They will stop with friends in Kentucky. Uncle will not call at Columbus but push on home.

We saw at Victoria a gentleman from Toledo who was in Lower Sandusky the middle of February. [He] reported no deaths but much sickness from the influenza.

My respects to John Little. Don't let him "go off," till I'm there to see.

The California fever is not likely to take us off. I think the Mexican War in every view was a better way of scattering one's wild oats. There is neither romance nor glory in digging for gold after the manner of the pictures in the geography of diamond washing in Brazil.

I've seen and enjoyed more, ten times over, since I wrote you last, than during my previous visit in Texas, but I can't select the choice *morceaux* from such abundance and variety without more time and leisure than I can now command. The only plan of sending it [to] you would have been to write twice a week, as you say H — does, and that was utterly impossible, travelling as we did and in such a country.

We had an adventure with a crazy man the first night out, [and] a chat with one of the soldiers, who fought the battle which makes Mr. Valette's farm in Ballville classic ground, the next day at noon. The next two days we had a "norther" which weather-bound us at the house of a gentleman, former Mayor of New York City, who had made the tour of Europe, had the conversational powers of Franklin, and talked the greater part of the forty-eight hours, stopping only to sleep a little, eat a good deal, and to ask us if we were not tired of listening.

We next rode to a celebrated horse-racer's, who told us all *he* knew in the happiest style. Thence forty miles farther to a pious

old Baptist gentleman's plantation, who thought Providence had specially interfered to promote his earthly happiness and furnish him with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life. I'm glad he thought so. But for that pleasant delusion, I should have thought him an object of sympathy. He had nothing to eat but burned hoe-cake and "a fry" (slices of crisp pork floating or submerged in a sea of gravy), washed down with thick, strong, black coffee without milk or sugar; a house that you could throw a cat through at random, on a bleak hill where the "northers" blow four months in the year; thirteen dirty, cross young ones (of whom, to prove how he had been blessed with health, none had been sick), and a wife, dirtier and more cross than her whole thirteen colonies.

From there sixty miles to Captain Fuller's, who had great Yankee fires (by this time another "norther"), a pleasant wife, a pretty daughter, two clever boys, and a lot of guests who could tell frontier stories of hunting and fighting and make time pass rapidly and pleasantly. "And so on" to the end of the chapter.

I've not yet carried you half-way on our seven-hundred-mile ride; have only named the items, and am at the end of the sheet. — Good-bye. Love to all.

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Sunday, 11.* — Evening, Joel, Guy and Austin, all talking of California.

*Monday, 12.* — Uncle and Guy over to Mrs. Jack's. Dupuy and self shot at alligators in Jones Creek. Dine with Mrs. Joel Bryan.

*Tuesday and Wednesday, 13 and 14.* — At home, reading "Life in Mexico" and writing land contracts for Mr. Perry.

*Thursday, March 15, 1849.* — With Guy and Bostwick through the wet prairies and boggy bottoms of the Brazos and Oyster Creek to Chocolate (Liverpool) on Pleasant Bayou, as Stephen's home is called.

*Friday, 16.* — With Guy for Houston. Get lost and finally bring to at C. L. Dell's stock farm. Mr. Dell said he *could not* accommodate us; beds all packed up for a move to Houston next day. Asked him as to the road to Houston. Said it was the worst road in Texas. "You can't go on. Come in, gents, you *must* be accommodated." And [he] treated us like a prince.

*Saturday, March 17.* — Ride into Houston; fine town on a muddy flat at junction of two bayous forming Buffalo Bayou. Academical style of architecture prevailing. Dine with Baker and his pleasant family. Visit Tom Harrison. Capitol House is a *capital* house. Play chess with Mr. Blunt.

*Sunday, 18.* — Hottest ride yet, thirty miles over to Dr. Miller's near Richmond on [the] Brazos in Fort Bend County. Dr. Miller keen and eccentric; a great "Son."

*Monday, 19.* — Fine weather. Through Richmond to Mrs. Bell's, a fine, pious old lady. "Old settler."

*Tuesday, 20.* — To Shelby McNeil's and home to Mr. Perry's. Find Miss Hally. Mrs. Anderson and half of widow's prairie over there.

*Wednesday, 21.* — A long good-bye to this pleasant home. God's choicest blessings on all beneath the hospitable roof! Eliza, Guy, Uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Perry to Velasco by way of Joel Bryan's. Self and Stephen dine with Mrs. Jack and so down to Velasco. Evening at De Gauthiere's. Laura, Roana, and Harriet — and the songs [to be] remembered long.

*Thursday, 22.* — By stage with Eliza through San Luis to Galveston Island. Ride on the beach. Do not reach Galveston till midnight; trunks slip off and divers calamities.

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[Two days were spent at Galveston "at that grand hotel, the Tremont House." March 25, good-byes were said to Mr. Perry and Eliza and the steamer *Palmetto* was taken. New Orleans was reached two days later and, the cholera still prevailing, Hayes and his uncle started immediately on their uneventful journey up the Mississippi, pursued by cholera alarm until they had passed Memphis. They arrived at Cincinnati April 6. After three days there

Hayes went on to Columbus, where he lingered for several days. It was not till the very last of April that he finally reached home, where the next few months were spent in preparations to remove to Cincinnati. The Diary has the following undated summary of the summer's activities.]

Last of April, 1849, return from Texas home to Lower Sandusky. Settle up and finally dissolve with Buckland preparatory to bidding adieu to Lower Sandusky. Prevented by cholera in Cincinnati from going there. Fourth of July, picnic and ride.

First Monday in August, 1849, cholera panic; general stampede; a week spent in flitting about the country; then off to Delaware. At Gambier, commencement day, August 8. Met with the old Phi Zetas that evening. Find myself a college boy again. [Then] back to Berkshire. [At] Mr. Gregory's with Uncle, Mother, Fanny, William, and the chicks.

August 23, [go] with George Wood Little from Harts Spring down to Columbus. Saw Doctors Case and Little and also ———. Till [the] 29th playing chess, in Delaware; then back to Harts, with brother and sister a day and a half. Return to Mrs. Wasson's, [Delaware], and Friday [the] 31st, home to Lower Sandusky.

September and October spent at home boarding at the Fremont House and winding up affairs preparatory to leaving for Cincinnati. November [10] (the day Pierpont Marsh was buried), left Fremont [to which the name of the town had recently been changed largely through the interest and activity of Hayes in the matter] for Columbus with Uncle Birchard. Remained all night with Jesse Stem in Tiffin. Monday, railroad with W. G. Lane [?] to Springfield; same evening to Columbus. Laid up with quinsy. Tuesday evening Ella Espy married but could not attend on account of said quinsy. Waited on A. B. Buttles with Miss Mary Sisson the evening of his marriage to Miss Lizzy Ridgway. Next morning, Wednesday, November 29, went to Circleville, day after to Lancaster, day after to Chillicothe, and Sunday, December 2, home.

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[The letters of this period that remain are not numerous nor of great significance.]

LOWER SANDUSKY, May 4, 1849.

DEAR FANNY: — At home again and enjoying myself. Was at a very lively wedding party last evening. The happy pair were two of our best young folks. . . .

Pease and his wife are living just as you would suppose two such people would live. . . . Pease is mad with the plank road fever. They have commenced the plank roads south and west and will finish enough to test their value this season. If anything can save the place from utter worthlessness and desolation, this is the work that will do it.

Mrs. Valette and family are well. She is just the wittiest, thriftiest and (to use one of Lollie's superlatives) *smilingest* woman in this country. She sheds happiness around her as the Arrowsmiths did chilliness.

I am boarding at one of the hotels. It is a very decently kept house. Uncle bore up against the bad weather as well as could be expected. It confined him to the house a few days, and he no doubt felt its ill effect, but he is now well and very happy in the prospect of having something more to add prosperity to the apple of *his* eye — this village.

Our good people are busily engaged cleaning up for a proper reception of the cholera. Every one expects it to visit us. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

LOWER SANDUSKY, June 27, 1849.

DEAR MOTHER: — I received your letter and brother William's last evening. We are all quite well. No cholera has yet made its appearance in this neighborhood. When it does so, we shall go into the country. I am sorry you have not all done the same. It may be as well, but really it seems to me a needless exposure. Nothing about the cholera is more certain than that it does not visit the farmhouses. If there is anything in the new theory — ozone — the sulphur springs will protect Delaware from the disease. With your constitutional tendency to cholera morbus and diarrhoea, it will require particular care on your part to avoid the disease. . . .

We shall expect to hear something from you often. I am not myself so apprehensive of cholera as many people. Cheerfulness and regular habits are, I think, pretty good preventives. But do write.

Your son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

FREMONT, August 27, [1849].

DEAR MOTHER:— You must put up with another short letter. You know that all is well when I say nothing or but little. Uncle is quite well again and all other friends. I have been busy, and I think *useful*.

You have met some great losses in Columbus which are everywhere spoken of with the same feelings which I suppose prevail with you. I hope you will not do so much with the sick as to make yourself an invalid. . . . How strangely the cholera goes. Delaware and Mount Vernon, cities of refuge heretofore, are no longer places of safety. No sickness here, none anticipated. . . . Don't be nervous at my silence. It is either the mails that are to blame or I am well.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

FREMONT, September 9, 1849.

DEAR FANNY:— I suppose the fine cold weather we have had during the last few days has frozen out the cholera and sent you shivering home.

I found Uncle and our other friends well. The only change was the addition of a son to Pease's family. . . . This is not the only piece of good luck among our kith and kin. Austin Taylor's wife has presented him with a pair of 'em! Whew! Isn't it horrid to reflect upon?

No other news of any sort. Will Lane, who worked like a Turk in the cholera hospital at Sandusky, is said to have fallen in love "at sight" with a pretty "ministering angel" he happened to meet there. Not stopping at that, it is further said that they are engaged, etc. A very pretty bit of romance, but as I chanced



to know more than a year ago that he had a "sneaking notion" after this same damsel, his looking sweet towards her when he met her in the hospital didn't strike me as remarkable.

Uncle has been busying himself dividing lands with Dickinson's estate. I help some at this, practice law a little, and read a good deal by way of preparing myself for "coming events."

Love to all. Write soon *all* the news.

Your affectionate brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

FREMONT, September 23, 1849.

DEAR FANNY:—Notwithstanding your good-natured humor on the subject of my former letter, I fear I shall not be able to get off one today which will be an improvement upon it either in quantity or quality. Women can write clear around most men, supposing the raw material of equal abundance and interest to be within their reach. In the case of you and I, you have, not only the advantage of a woman's readier skill in epistolizing, but also an infinitely greater amount of good subjects to work upon. You have a houseful of changing, improving little folks in whom we feel an interest, as many grown-up people as there are of the kin here, and a whole cityful, big and little, in whose gossip we claim a right to be instructed. Now, only think how scantily I am supplied with topics. Uncle and his affairs,—one little description of them will *do* them for a whole year. Pease and his little wife and heir require if possible less watching; the only event happening in his household since the advent of the baby is the arrival of a rocking-chair like the one in your parlor. And Austin Taylor and his tribe suggest no very pleasant trains of recollection or thought, though his wife does look young and pretty, remarkable as it may seem. Then, there are Valette, Buckland, and their families to be spoken of once in a while, and I am at the end of my roll.

We have a new landlord, and I think an improvement. The old one was good enough but for a deficiency in his kitchen cabinet or "diet." Under his administration our biscuits were never *warmed* clear through, and *cold* dough doesn't seem to agree

with me. On the contrary, those we had last night were *just about* heated through, an important gain seeing that cold weather is coming on apace.

Besides doing what business I have in hand, being about half enough to occupy my time, I am brushing up my law reading and mustering as strong a force of inducements and provocatives to ambition as possible, so as to be able to survive the two or three briefless years which probably await me at Cincinnati. Though the prospect is by no means a glowing one, gilded as it is by the dreams of my hopeful imagination, divers are the plans, which are chasing each other through my brain, of spending that period pleasantly and improvingly. When thinking of the great change which must come over my habits of life upon mingling in the throng of a great town, some fancies, or rather half-formed convictions of duty, force themselves upon me which have been absent from my thoughts since long, long ago. Believing in the essential verities of religion even with my weak, half-skeptical faith, there seems something inexcusable in neglecting this subject when seriously thought of. But I suppose that, instead of embracing the opportunity given me by a change of life and friends to attend to suggestions like these, they will as hitherto be postponed to a more convenient season.

Church bell rings and I am a-going. A short sermon must do you this time. I was some amused with your account of certain matters. — Love to all.

Affectionately,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

COLUMBUS, November 25, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE: — I merely write to relieve you from any anxiety you might have on account of the bad cold I had when you left. It continued bad in spite of Mother's and Mr. Platt's remedies until finding it was making my throat quite sore, I commenced using my old remedy, *cod-liver oil*; since then it has steadily improved and I think I shall soon be clear of it altogether.

I found some three or four cases in the clerk's office of this county showing the old practice to be as we claim. I shall go to Lancaster and other places this week. Mr. Tilden says Mr.

PREPARING TO LEAVE FREMONT, 1849 273

Meline is to be up here from Cincinnati in a short time, when our matters can be talked over.

. . . I will write you again as to my success at Lancaster, etc.

Your nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, December 4, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE:—I returned from my trip to the southern counties Sunday evening. I made more of a trip than I at first intended to, in consequence of finding that in Fairfield County *Mr. Ewing's notices were all correct and regular*. But in the other counties, all the notices were similar to ours. Our list of cases now numbers about thirty which is quite enough to settle the practice. Judge Lane is here and we are engaged on the argument. There can't be any doubt about the case.

In the Legislature the Whigs of the House came down as sensibly and with as little fuss as possible. In the Senate the struggle is going on without much violence. I do not see how the Whigs can fail to get a majority eventually in that body if all the Senators remain true. No one here seems to feel suspicious of Randall. It is for his interest this winter to be with us.

My cold has quite left me. Judge Tilden's letter tells me that Mr. Meline is to be up here in a week or two. I shall, of course, wait here until I see him if he should come within a reasonable time. All well. Regards to Mr. and Mrs. Valette.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, December 6, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE:—Your last two letters have been duly received; also the eighty dollars due from Patterson. . . .

We are still at work on the argument; it will be ready for printing tomorrow; it is short but good.

So far, things have gone all right, or as near right as was possible, in both houses of our Legislature. There is a rumor that Randall is bought by a promise of Galloway's office if he will *cave in*. It is hoped that there is nothing of it.

Court in banc have made no decisions. They are *tied on* questions in which banks are concerned. This seems to be a great year for *ties* in public bodies.

Whitney lectured on his railroad scheme last night. I am satisfied that his scheme and his route are the best, and perhaps the only ones, to accomplish the work. He looks more like Napoleon than any other man who ever lived; not even excepting Mr. Worthington.

Judge Lane thinks I had better remain here until Mr. Meline comes up. I shall want no money until I go down. All well except Lollie, who has had a little turn of fever but is getting well. I *did* write to your Wisconsin lawyer. Love to friends.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, December 16, 1849.

DEAR UNCLE:—Our argument was printed and sent off to Washington day before yesterday. I have now nothing to keep me here longer and am anxious to start for Cincinnati as soon as possible. Judge Tilden has not made his appearance here, and as Judge Lane is to be in Cincinnati within a week or ten days, I have agreed to meet him there at that time. . . .

In the Senate there are as yet no signs of "*caving in*," settlement, or compromise on either side. I rather guess that, eventually, Randall will give in, but he has not shown the white feather as yet.

Court in banc is fairly at work at last. Judge Spalding is certainly a very able judge. I think there would not be the least danger of your case before the present court. An opinion was delivered day before yesterday as to the validity of a defective entry in the Virginia military lands, in which the court went out of its way to state pretty strongly the necessity of upholding ancient proceedings although erroneous. . . .

My health was never better than now. I have no fear on that score. If I can only get into business within a reasonable time, I shall not be much troubled about colds or sore throat. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

## CHAPTER IX

### ESTABLISHING PRACTICE IN CINCINNATI, 1850

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 1, 1850. — November 10, 1849, — day Pierpont Marsh was buried (Sunday), — [I] left Mrs. Valette's, Fremont, Ohio, with Uncle to make a new home in Cincinnati. *Health* and *stimulus*, my principal motives. Spent a month in Columbus — health bad. Prepared argument in Boswell case [involving title to lands long in the possession of his uncle]; visited Circleville, Lancaster, and Chillicothe to get old records. Found Judge Tilden was going to Cincinnati to reside. To avoid the widowers' party at Columbus, left Columbus with Judge Tilden and reached Cincinnati Christmas evening. Dined Christmas day with Judge Tilden at Broadway Hotel.

*Mem.* : — At Columbus dreaded the widowers' party solely because there would be published accounts of it; and as Miss H — had requested my escort, I feared to be heralded as her accepted and intended, feeling quite sure that no *acceptance* is *intended* at this present by her, nor much desired by myself; that flirtation will never ripen into anything. It once bloomed but is now pretty much sham and [on] both sides. I still talk love to her, but it is habit and coquetry, not felt and true. So mote it be.

Am making a few acquaintances, seeking an office, etc., etc. Called at Wesleyan College. Miss L[ucy Webb] not in.

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CINCINNATI, January 4, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — . . . You would like, I suppose, to hear of my doings, views, and prospects. After remaining a short time at the hotel, I became satisfied that the advantages of being in a public house would not, at least for the present, compensate for the increased expense. I have accordingly commenced boarding with Mrs. Fulton on the southeast corner of Fourth and Vine Streets. Mrs. Fulton is a very excellent widow lady — a

Presbyterian after Mother's own heart — who has the reputation (like General Taylor) of never deserting her sick and wounded. There are about a dozen boarders, chiefly merchants. The situation is pleasant and is next door to Mat Stem's boarding place. So much for my eating and sleeping.

I came down with Judge Tilden, who soon got his partnership (quite a respectable one) formed, but [I] found Mr. Meline had made arrangements *for the present at all events*, to get along by the aid of a clerk, so I have been since studying the ways and means and probabilities of obtaining practice in a crowd by myself; and although I would greatly prefer a connection with an established lawyer, I yet am satisfied that, in due time, I shall be able to wedge in. The tediousness of waiting a year or two before I can reasonably expect much to do does not trouble me. I shall spend it pleasantly enough brushing up and preparing and making friends and acquaintances. I find Mr. Jones very willing to aid me, and quite confident that, by holding on, I will succeed. He will give me favorable introductions to business men as fast as I want them. Judging by what I have seen of the practice, the arrangements of the several courts, and the intercourse of the members of the bar, I shall be better suited *if I get practice*, and have more to stimulate to exertion than I ever could in the country.

I have not yet got into an office; there is some difficulty in getting a good one, and I shall look about a good deal before I take up with an indifferent one. I shall send to Edgerton for my books as soon as I engage an office. In the meanwhile, time is not wasted nor do I find it hanging on my hands. So far as my position as to social pleasures is concerned, I am, as I supposed I should be, most pleasantly situated. I can go in society little or much, and in one circle or another pretty much as suits my taste. New Year's day I made about a dozen calls—a part with Jones and the remainder with a young brother chip. In the evening I went to Mr. King's to a small gentlemen's gathering where, among other notorious persons, I met Cassius M. Clay, and to my surprise found him not only pleasant and agreeable, but exceedingly *unobtrusive and modest*.

Judge Lane left here this morning. He was, of course, quite

desirous of aiding me and spoke a good word or two for me in some quarters where I am likely to get some benefit from it. I hope you will be well enough to spend a part of the winter here. Jesse Stem, Mrs. Stem tells me, is intending to be here to stay the remainder of the winter. You, I am sure, would enjoy it. In writing to me, direct simply to Cincinnati. I shall get your letters, although not directed to anyone's care. I shall write to you often, and shall be anxious to hear from you until I know you are quite well again. My kindest regards and a happy New Year to all Mr. Valette's family.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*January 8, 1850.*—This day I have gone into an office—a good office—on Third Street with John W. Herron, not as a partner but as a mere office chum. He is young, of good habits, education, and mind—a good fellow, by accounts and by appearance and “sign,” as the hunters say. The arrangement is probably only temporary. We sleep on little hard mattresses in a little room *cooped* off from one end of our office. Quite like living my college life over again. Now for a period of waiting, patience, perseverance, etc., etc.

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CINCINNATI, January 14, 1850.

DEAR BROTHER:—I received your very satisfactory letter, (bating the suspicion about the wine parties) in due season and shall tomorrow take advantage of the permission given by drawing for fifty dollars. After I have got such office “fixin’s” as are required, my expenses will be about thirty dollars per month, not including clothing. I am very pleasantly located in an office on the south side of Third Street, between Main and Sycamore, directly opposite the Henrie House. Telegraphic communications should be sent to my office. I will enclose my cards in my next.

My office chum is quite another person from Mr. Heith M.

Ware! He was a classmate and chum of Henry Noble. We share the office together until spring, and longer if no better location then is open to me.

By the by, you folks must have given the wine at that gathering a more important place than it deserved. I regarded the quails and oysters as the crowning glory of the feast. It was as far from a gentleman's wine party as anything of the kind I ever saw.

I found Lucy Webb the other night. She had so far forgotten me as not to recognize me, although I laughed and chatted with her a long while before I relieved her curiosity by telling her my name. Don't you think I read the *Journal's* description of the soirée without discovering you and Fanny among the characters! Lucy enlightened me on that score or I should never have known what "a sterling and popular couple" you are.

I have heard from Fremont that Uncle is recovering his health again. Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

WILLIAM A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, January 20, 1850.

DEAR CHUM:—Quite like old times to get a letter from you, although it was short and a good while coming. If ever I abused *long* letters, it was when I had more clients than I now have, or am likely to have, for some time yet.

Your information on the points touched upon was quite satisfactory, especially that on the subject of ethnology (I think that's what it's called). But there was one point of some importance which you somehow omitted to speak of, viz., the whereabouts of Miss Lucy Webb. Friend Jones has introduced me to more than one charming damsel; but still, for a country-bred boy, it's pleasanter to meet the natural gaiety of such an one as I fancy Miss Lucy must have become by this time, than any of the artificial attractions of your city belles. So that, while I feel quite indebted for the intelligence that "Sam" or "Jim" or "Jake" is not quite white, but nearly so—that his father is dead and gone, and that his mother is so green as to



swallow your pills, I still think you might have stretched your patience and your letter long enough to have said a little for the fair one referred to. However, I suppose you didn't want to give it to me faster than I could bear it.

I have got me into a pleasant office, a pleasant boarding-house, and an agreeable set of companions and *damsels to match*; all that seems wanting is the sober reality of clients and business to place me in a situation more after my own heart than any I have ever been placed in. Without any business in hand, the prospect in expectancy is so good that I am content to bide my time, not forgetting to enjoy myself in the meanwhile. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Lest you should be troubled at not having mentioned Miss Lucy's whereabouts, I would simply say that I found her as soon as she returned from her holiday visit, and have enjoyed the light of her gleesome smile and merry talk times not a few nor far between. — H.

DR. JOHN A. LITTLE.  
*Columbus, Ohio.*

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*Cincinnati, January 25, 1850.* — I have just finished reading Bulwer's "Life of Schiller," prefixed to a translation of his poems and ballads. It is very interesting, very instructive. I shall read it again — I had almost said — and again. I am almost persuaded to go stoutly to work and master the German; but no, perhaps my strength better be preserved for the mastery of my profession, which, as Judge Story was fond of repeating, is "a jealous mistress and will endure no rivals."

I am now living again a student, with abundant leisure and few cares. Why may I not, by a few hours daily spent in systematic study, regain all I have lost in the last three or four unfortunate years spent or wasted at the North? Let me awake to my old ambition to excel as a lawyer, as an advocate. For style and language read Webster and Burke, Byron (!) and Bulwer (!). The last two are strange names to be heard in a

student's mouth, but to counteract the cramping effect of legal studies and practice and to give one that *copia verborum* and power of intense expression, which are so essential to success as a jury advocate, what are better? For mental discipline, read carefully and thoughtfully the most logical treatises on evidence, pleading, on kindred topics.

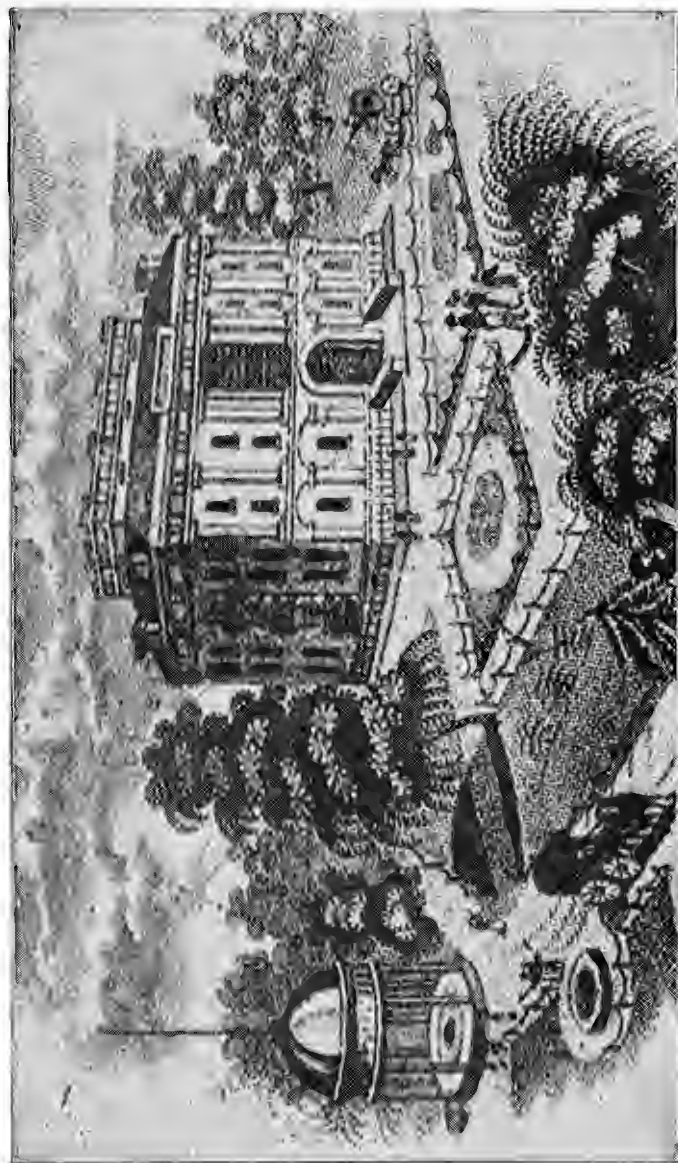
*January 27.*—Heard Mr. Thompson, President of the College at Delaware, preach a good, practical sermon today at the Wesleyan Chapel. After dinner called on Mr. Jesse Stem and lady at the Gibson House; walked with Jesse and A. M. Stem down to the landing. The river is booming full. The fine weather and busy scene on the quay with its crowds of Sunday-dressed people presented a glorious sight for one accustomed to the wintry weather and deserted streets of lake shore villages.

Returned and read a little Byron. Sick of that, then took up Mrs. Adams' "Letters." What better shows the spirit and character of the people of those times than the following. Speaking of a body of two hundred men (a mob?) who came into Braintree one Sunday evening to carry off the powder lest the British should get it, she says:

"They put it to vote whether they should burn the warrants taken from the sheriff, and it passed in the affirmative. They then made a circle and burnt them. *They then called a vote whether they should huzza, but it being Sunday evening, it passed in the negative.*" — *Letter dated September 14, 1774.*

Where in all history is there anything to parallel this little incident?

*January 31.*—Last day of my first month in Cincinnati, and the last day of the first month of the year. I have had no business as yet; have, however, extended my acquaintance, and think I can see streaks betokening the approach of day. My studies have been pursued with tolerable diligence and earnestness. Tonight heard a lecture on Louis Philippe's career and fall by an old college acquaintance, J. D. French. At college, I thought him the most promising and gifted of all my acquaintances. I now think he is destined to fulfill his early promise. Can as much be said of myself? Oh, the waste of those five



ELLIOTT HALL OF OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, DELAWARE, OHIO.

The first academic building of the University. Lucy W. Webb was a student here under special arrangement from the opening of the University in 1844 until the graduation of her two brothers in 1848.



precious years at [Lower] Sandusky! Shall I ever recover what I have lost? I believe I can, and so will go on, high of heart and full of hope, determined to do whatever my hand findeth to do with my might.

*February 4, 1850.*—Read all day—Starkie on "Evidence," with occasional sips of Greenleaf and reported cases; Kent on "Negotiable Papers," referring to our statute and the decisions in Ohio; the *Law Journals*; a little German, and a little of Bulwer's "Schiller."

*February 10.*—Finished Starkie on "Evidence" yesterday. Shall tomorrow begin Greenleaf, reading it in connection with the Ohio Reports. During the last week have read pretty diligently with friend Herron Story's "Promissory Notes," in connection with Ohio Reports. Shall continue it next week. Shall also add logic and to speak German to my list of studies. I have called on Dr. Schmidt, and from my conversation with him think a little brushing up of my German may be well "*worth my while.*"

This forenoon heard Dr. Humphrey, of Louisville, son of old President Humphrey of Amherst, preach in the First Presbyterian Church. He is a graceful, animated, and entertaining speaker, without much depth or strength. This afternoon have been reading Byron's truly incomparable and matchless letters. What a *racy* (I hate the word) way he has of hitting off a thing. Witness the following: "Like other *largish* parties, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk."—*October, 1815.*

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CINCINNATI, February 10, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have been hoping to hear from you for some time past, but suppose you do not get down to your office very often this bad weather. I now get the *Democrat* regularly so that I am likely to know if anything very extraordinary happens to any of my friends at Fremont. Stem has not left here yet. He is waiting for Poag and his wife and Judge Reznor and his

lady (all of whom are now here) to get ready to go down the river.

Glenn, I think, intends to make his fortune here by speculating in real estate. He is satisfied that the fortunes are not all made that can be in that way, and I think he is quite right. Judge Reznor bought a farm of about sixty acres five or six miles from the city last fall, which would now sell for three thousand more than he gave.

I called on Mrs. Glenn a few days ago. She seems to be pleased with the place, but as she is yet boarding does not feel quite at home. They expect to buy a house and go to house-keeping in the spring.

I am really sorry that old Eddy didn't remain here. Those qualities which in a small town render him somewhat of a bore to his friends would here make him very valuable. He would pry into everything—know who was compelled to sell out, who was in want of money, or a lawyer, or anything of that sort. But as it is, we have enough northern [Ohio] folks to make a very respectable little society by ourselves. . . .

I suppose you have noticed by the papers that your lawsuit has been submitted to the court. I now watch the papers pretty closely to see the decision. It will be decided, I presume, within two or three weeks; although of this I am not certain.

My office chum has this minute brought from the office a long family letter from Fanny. She and William are coming down here to spend *one day* when the first train of cars run from Xenia, which will be in about a week. Fanny says she wrote to *Charlotte* a few weeks ago and Charlotte not being at home, Aunt Birchard replied sending with her reply "*a volume* of letters received from Mary who is in Yazoo, Mississippi." Mary in her letters tells her mother she intends to spend her summer with her friends in Ohio, and that she expects Uncle Sardis to meet her at Sandusky, etc., etc. To this piece of information Fanny adds that she thinks she can make it go off pleasantly enough at Columbus, and (here I quote) "how I would like to see Uncle when he hears of it! How he will stride across the floor revolving means of escape!" Aunt Birchard says, "I hope

you will all think of Mary in that wilderness in a log cabin with niggers and write to her."

It was an old English lawyer's favorite maxim "never to stop speaking until he had given the jury something to chew upon"; and as I think I have accomplished that for you *now*, I will stop.

Love to Mr. Valette's folks.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*February 15.* — Attended last evening the most agreeable little soirée at which I remember ever to have been present, — at Mr. Key's. The ladies all were intimate with each other, gentlemen ditto. No stiffness, nothing uproarious, all, all agreeable.

Yesterday received my first retainer in Cincinnati — five dollars from a coal trader to defend a suit in the Commercial Court.

*February 19.* — Tuesday evening. — Just returned from the lecture room of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, where I heard a most eloquent and glorious lecture from [the] Rev. Thomas Stockton. "Materialism the Foundation of Irreligion and Spiritualism the Corner-stone of Piety." Mr. Stockton certainly resembles Henry Clay in personal appearance as well as in genius. — Attended last evening a pleasant little soirée at Mr. John D. Jones'.

CINCINNATI, February 19, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — I received your letter of the 14th yesterday. I reply thus promptly because I have leisure and happen to feel like writing. Besides, if you are housed up, you are no doubt glad to have the monotony of an indoors life broken in upon even by a letter which has nothing in it.

Mrs. Valette's thinking of my place of worship reminds me that I have never given you a detailed account of my way of living and spending time. and, therefore, thinking it may perhaps interest her if it does not you, I will try to give you a picture of

my days. My office is in the "Law Buildings." The lower story is occupied by two express offices, an auction store, and a telegraph office; the upper stories by about eighteen lawyers, three or four architects, and a loafer or two, about one-third of whom sleep in their offices or rooms adjoining. The rooms rent for about ten dollars per month each. Our office is one of the best, if not the best, in the building. In one corner of the room, about twelve feet square is partitioned off for a bedroom, in which are two husk mattresses on bunks the size of Mrs. Valette's lounge, a washstand, a bureau, and divers pegs on which hang divers dusty garments. In the morning about 5 o'clock, an Irishman (who is not a Son of Temperance) comes in and builds a fire and sweeps out the office; about seven (more or less) the newsboy comes with the daily paper, and we get up, scratch open our eyes, read the news, and go to breakfast.

My boarding-house is three squares off. A very respectable set of boarders;—one Old School Presbyterian clergyman, four or five intelligent Scotch merchants, also Presbyterians (but not members of our preacher's church), and strong on doctrinal points, an agreeable lawyer and his lady (an old schoolmate of Fanny's), a young Methodist New Yorker who is always getting the worst of the argument from the Scotchmen, an insurance broker from Connecticut, very like John Pease, and with more sense than all the rest, two or three nondescripts, an old widow lady, great on homœopathy and Swedenborgianism, a son of hers about forty who echoes his mother's sentiments most dutifully, and myself.

While we are gone to breakfast, our Irishman and his wife make up the beds, bring water, and brush off the dust, never omitting to arrange all the books and papers on our tables *right wrong exactly*.

After breakfast, I read law student-fashion till noon, when one of us go to the postoffice and then read news and letters, if there are any, until dinner. Every few days a forenoon is spent in court, if anything interesting is going on. Dinner at one o'clock. Remain in the office until near four, when we sally out to call on friends or ladies—in short, in search of *prey*. About half-past five, I go to the gymnasium where I often meet



Mat Stem and occasionally Glenn; Glenn you know is pussy [pursy]. He works hard and looks among the youngsters who are seen there like a whale in Green Creek. About half our evenings are spent in the office — one or two evenings a week with the ladies, and one or two at lectures, Sons [of Temperance], or something of that sort. Among the lawyers in this building are Judge Walker, Judge Read, Tom Gallagher, Gholson & Minor, etc. — all clever and social.

I attend church at Mr. Nicholson's (Episcopal). He is a very showy, dashing declaimer, once a Methodist, who draws large crowds of the younger sort. My Sunday resort is Mr. Jones's (who, by the way, often mentions you). There I find often some young lady or (now that George is East, his wife) with whom I go to church in the morning and return to dine (*mem.*:— great Sunday dinners Mrs. Jones gets up) and in the afternoon to church again, or not, as suits the crowd. I belong to a delightful little club, composed of lawyers, artists, merchants, and teachers, which meets once a week — has debates, conversations, (similar, I suppose, to those of the "Fremont Literary Association, H. Everett, Secretary"), essays, and oysters.

All this looks well for enjoyment, but you would know the prospect of [my] getting into business. This is not different from what I expected when I came here. All who stay and are found in their offices ready to do business, do get it. I think I can see some symptoms of work. About a week ago a substantial coal dealer accidentally stumbled in and gave me a five-dollar retainer to defend a suit for which I shall charge him twenty-five dollars when finished. Mr. Jones has given me a lot of notes which will probably have to be sued; if so, there is probably a hundred dollars more if I *succeed* in collecting them. It is a difficult affair, but I feel pretty confident of collecting them. I have two houses which wish to do for me what they can; at present, their business is in the hands of regular attorneys and they cannot change except by degrees and slowly. Their business would support me. Stem, Baker & Co. also speak good words for me occasionally. I met Horace Hunt at a party the other evening. He wished to be remembered to you. By the way, I gave a young German a letter to you and Buckland. He is agent of

the German Whig paper here. Will you see Buckland and have the young man sent out to Woodville and aided in his work?

Dr. Schmidt is very friendly to me and says he will send me some German clients. Dr. Schmidt, you know, is the proprietor of the paper. It is now a large establishment and is making money hand over hand.

Jesse Stem and company sailed on the *Yorktown* Saturday. By a mistake which was much regretted, Poag and lady got on the wrong boat, so they are, separated after all their efforts to keep together. Mr. Stanbery went on to Washington a short time ago. He had not prepared any additional argument, I presume. Whether he will do so, I do not know. It may, according to the way of doing business, be some time yet before your case is reached. I have filled a good sheet full. My health is fine. — So, love to all.

Good-bye,

S. BIRCHARD.

RUD.

*March 1, 1850* — Yesterday about 11 A. M., was surprised by the entrance of my brother-in-law, William A. Platt, into my office. He had just arrived on the first passenger train of cars through from Columbus to Cincinnati — sister Fanny with him. Her first visit to the City of Pigs. Strolled up and down Fourth Street gaping at the windows of shops and houses; also over the Burnet House — not yet quite finished. Evening spent with Mrs. Stem (A. M.) by my sister and William and with ———, and others by myself. A sleepless night, thinking of the silliness of permitting such a brutish fellow as ——— [to] count himself among my *friend's* friends. No envy or jealousy in it, for I know he is too "egregiously an ass" to win in that difficult game. But then, the looks of the thing! Why, I should almost hate my own sister if she were to permit such intimacy.

*March 3.* — Made my first speech in the Club last night. So-so, but *ratherish good*, considering. Shall improve the privileges of the Club in the future to the full. About ten adjourned. Went to Masonic Hall with friend Collins just in time to witness reception of the Legislature who had come down on the new

railroad by invitation to have a spero or bender. Speeches made by President of the City Council, Speaker Converse of the Senate, Leiter of the House, Mr. Kelly, president of the road, etc., etc.; after which oysters, roast turkey, champagne, etc., until midnight. Good, good. President of the City Council welcomed the Solons by wishing them a "safe and SPEEDY (!) return."

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CINCINNATI, March 5, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — I write to you again so soon to know about a couple of matters and wish you would reply as quick as you conveniently can. First, whether it will pay expenses (I don't mean in money, but in pleasure to you and other friends) for me to come to Fremont next court, and if so, *when* the court sits? I do not want to be gone long, and would prefer to be back here election day, the first Monday in April. If court sits about that time, I will come up the week before court and stay the first two or three days of court week and then come home. The other matter is this: Mr. Jones had about seven hundred dollars of notes intended to circulate as money issued by the Whitewater Canal Company. He lost, by the acts of that company, fifteen hundred dollars besides this money, and wishes to make the stockholders individually liable on the money if possible. Mr. Longworth, Judge Burnet, Judge Walker, and a score of the other leading men of the city (friends of Mr. Jones) are the stockholders. He did not wish to sue them in his own name, and, accordingly transferred the legal title to the notes to me. If Pease will permit me to use his name in collecting the notes, it will oblige me and do him no harm. It is just and honorable that the notes should be paid. I do not use my own name, because I wish to appear as attorney, and it will be pleasanter not to be a party. I have spoken to Judge Walker (who, thanks to Judge Lane's introduction, is very friendly to me) on the subject, and he, as one of the parties in interest, regards it as perfectly fair game, although he will be one of the losers if it goes against him. I do not ask you for the use of your name, because, you, I hope, will be in Cincinnati so often, that it might

be unpleasant. Tell Pease all these things, and I have no doubt he will give me his name. *Good luck* is in his name, you know, and going to law is a matter of luck oftentimes. I may get along without beginning suit at all, as one suit to try the same questions is now pending; but if I sue it will be in a week or two, and I want, therefore, a reply as soon as convenient.

William and Fanny came down last Thursday morning on the first train of cars from Columbus. They returned the next day after dinner. They were in raptures about the excellence of the road and the pleasure of the trip. The weather was fine and both appeared to enjoy their trip mightily. They avoided seeing acquaintances except Mrs. Stem and (accidentally) Mr. Jones' family. It seems no journey at all now. The members of the Legislature are here with the Governor; Sam Medary, Mr. Kelley, and others. I, of course, have hunted up all my friends among them—among others, Dr. Bell, Sergeant at Arms, etc.

I see they now elect Whig associate judges at Columbus. Will Sandusky County have a Whig? . . . . .

My health never was better, and of late years not so good as now.

Good-bye,

S. BIRCHARD.

R. B. HAYES.

*Wednesday, March 6.*—Sunday evening [I spent] at Mrs. Williams', visiting the Columbus girls. Monday afternoon, likewise. Tuesday afternoon (5th) rode on to Mount Auburn and to Spring Grove Cemetery. Evening in the rain to hear Mr. Galloway lecture. Echo bad, speaking good. Shall devote this week to the Columbus ladies. Fanny and William visited me Thursday the 28th [of] February. Left Friday. How delightful to be practically so near one's best friends! Six or eight hours quite enough to find them in.

*March 11.*—Still tramping out to Sixth Street to see my Columbus friends (?) . . . [To-day], called on them; had a good chat (A. M.) with ——— and agreed to give up letters, but nothing to dampen or discourage in all this.

My busiest week during the time of my stay in Cincinnati — I

mean *real* business in addition to the business of "sparking." I have had ten new claims in Commercial Court, one title to examine and make out papers, etc.

*March 15.*—Night before last called with Mr. Drake on "the girls" (credit Miss Sallie with that quotation); chatty until 9 o'clock. Then go to Colonel Bond's. Mr. Drake devoted to Miss Lucy and I to Miss Ellen until 12. Colonel Bond read the eloquent portions of Mr. Webster's speech on secession. Well read. . . . Yesterday, sleepy and snoozy but no refreshing rest. P. M., walk with "cousin Ed," as sweet lips sweetly call him, and evening spent at a little sociable at Mrs. W—'s. War among the women (*mem.: like them—I mean many of them*). Mrs. W— imagines that her sons—one, sensible and agreeable, the other "a weak sister"—have been neglected, and asks the girls, "Don't you think my sons *respectable*?" The discreet and unsuspecting Miss Sallie seems to fancy that she owns "the girls" and that she alone is responsible for and capable of promoting their happiness; intimates that but for the assiduous attentions of Collins and myself, more agreeable beaux would have attended to the sight-seeing with the ladies. Ask pardon "girls"! As the old one crows the young one "peeps." Her mother happened to be sitting at a table reading. I at the other side of the room sat conversing with some one in such a position that my back was towards Mrs. W—. She construed this into intentional and inexcusable disrespect! Human nature is mysterious enough, but woman nature is its queerest phase.

*March 17.*—As Byron says, "it is awful work this love and prevents all a man's projects of good and glory." I have not dared put on paper, even in my sacred diary, much of my love. I have been afraid of profane eyes, and, with shame be it said, that one day I might myself blush to see it; not the love, but the repulse. Success, success even in affairs of the heart, is the thing which crowns and ennobles. For almost two years I have been in love with ———. She has been at times "coy and hard to please" and again yielding and kind, smiling sweetly upon my protestations of affection. Woman nature is, indeed, "a mystery

past all finding out." I now fear she is thinking of another. She asks for *her* letters but wishes to keep *mine*! To take from my hands all proofs of her former feelings and to keep the evidence which is good against me. To free herself and to keep me in chains. As long as there is a hope, my love is so blindly strong I must cling to it, though my pride prompts decision. When a straw indicating a favorable "air from heaven" is seen, I am happy as the angels; could strive and labor and learn, be good, and, if in me there lies such power, great. When she frowns, the world is drear and desolate; "man delights not me nor woman neither." It is as "a blast from hell." I am more infirm of purpose than a child, weaker than an infant. Shall I say to her "now or never"? This suspense must have an end! If I am wrecked and hurried o'er the shoals of disappointment, I have elasticity and firmness and pride enough to quickly stand erect and free. But then it may lose what patience and time and suspense and suffering may win. What glory, hope, happiness in the thought! I'll talk again with her — probe her yet again. This giving up the letters severs a few more of the frail strands which seem to hold us together; but that *must* be and shall be — this night, if possible. She loves and don't love. She has a weak longing for a dark eye and tawny brow. Hence her insane penchant formerly for L—, whom no man, not to say woman, *else* could see but with loathing and disgust. Hence her endurance of D—, who is scarcely less disgusting to intelligence and sensibility. Hence here is the ache! the alas! — her apparent preference for ——— who though *gut genug* is not the man to fascinate by any other personal advantages. Foolishness! Shall I tear the page? No, let it stay a little while.

*April 12, 1850.* — The last three or four weeks have been spent journeying to my old homes, Columbus and Fremont. Wednesday morning, March 20, left here at 6:30 A. M. in company with ——— in the cars for Columbus. Met Mrs. E — as fellow passenger in the cars. How wise she tried to look! Think of her asking my mother if I were engaged or not to —! A pleasant ride; talky and agreeable company. Poetry repeated in which occurs the line, "There's beauty all around our paths."

Query: Did she mean to pump? If so, a failure. Or was it to tell me that she knew where a certain New Year's gift came from? If the latter, O. K. — Afternoon spent at home with mother.

*April 17.* — Mother seemed more happy than usual. What a happiness it is for her to have such a child as Laura [Platt, her granddaughter,] to educate and train! She spoke of the gossip concerning myself and a certain fair one in a sensible way that pleased me very much. In the evening [of March 20] saw "Brother John," Dr. Little. I *do* love him and Mrs. Solis. I am getting to have a genuine regard for all coquettes from seeing *her*. She was an exquisitely captivating one in her day, and now what a patient, loving, and devoted wife. Her affection for a man not overwinning or lovable (in my judgment) is in truth beautiful to look upon and contemplate.

[The next morning], Thursday, [March] 21, early visit Doctors Case and Little. After that, Miss Lizzie Baldwin, a cheery, charming girl — growing *passée*, but as young and hard to please as ever she was in the day of her most triumphant coquetry. P. M. Met Mrs. — on my way. She tells where to find Miss —. Spend the whole afternoon; give up my letters. She reads from her "what-ye-may-call-it" the closing paragraphs of my letter from Delaware in reply to hers requesting a discontinuance of our correspondence; gives me the fanciful names of her "friends," as she strangely enough terms her lovers; among others "Rudolph Hastings," whom I take to be my humble self. Then reproached herself with folly for letting me know she kept such an article. After tea walked over to her sister's, spent a half-hour and returned chatting lovingly (on *my* part) another half-hour in the night air on the pleasant west balcony. 'Tis plain to see and feel that she has grown coquettish, amazingly, since I first began to love her. Had she then been such as now, with all her "fascinating and admiring qualities," "however talented and agreeable," I should probably never have "affected" her much; but now I am

"Stepped in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

I feel now that this "affair of the heart" is degenerating into a mere flirtation on both sides. How strange that I can feel so, looking back. Less than a month ago I wrote in a very different vein. Since that, seeing more of her and reflection on what I had before seen, has led me to a feeling midway between love and entire indifference. I still think her *at heart* estimable, capable of deep and strong and lasting emotions. Of her intellectual endowments there can be no difference of opinion. I believe she will be a most faithful, affectionate, and angelic wife to the man she loves. But my trip to Columbus with her, the previous intercourse, and the observations then made have cured me, at least for the time, thoroughly of everything like a weak attachment for her. I am now regarded by many as the lucky one. Better so than the opposite. And as long as she cares to keep it going, I shall be happy to contribute my share to the evidence which brings the gossips to that conclusion. I shall, as opportunity offers, visit her, flirt with her, and talk love to her as long as it is as agreeable, as it now appears to be, to her and to myself. If I wish a wife before a change comes o'er the spirit of her dream or of mine, I'll think naturally first of her. Otherwise, otherwise. More content am I now with my own views, feelings, and designs in this affair than at any time since the delusion began.

[On] March 18, [I] saw Murdoch in the play "Lady of Lyons" with ———. She thought Pauline was too *near* yielding at the last moment to relieve her father. She admires "Shirley," and is not offended at being "likened unto" her. She, as an excuse for encouraging my disposition to flirt with her, says she needs a "counterirritant" to prevent gossip from settling down upon another, and perhaps (?) to her less agreeable, quarter. She detests coquettes, abuses them, and tries to fancy herself not one! Oh women, women, Byron knew ye after all.

Thursday evening, March 21, [I spent] at home, talking with the family. Morrison Gregory, about to start for California, made some sport, etc., etc. Mother *alone* sat up and talked kindly and cheerfully until midnight, — when into the omnibus over to the cars, and off to Xenia. Friday evening reach Tiffin and . . . Saturday, March 23 . . . [by] stage to Mr.



Valette's near Fremont. Uncle and all well. Weather cold as the frigid zone.

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[Hayes remained at Fremont for ten days or so, renewing old acquaintances there and in neighboring towns. April 5, he went by rail from Tiffin to Springfield. From there, the next day, by stage to Dayton whence he travelled by packet to Saint Marys. After two days there and at Celina he took packet again and in twenty-four hours reached Cincinnati, April 10.]

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CINCINNATI, April 18, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have just learned of the loss of the Boswell suit. I do not write by way of condolence; that would be out of place with you, besides, I hate it as much as you can; perhaps a good deal more; but I thought you might like to hear my first impressions about the matter.

1. I understand the decision to be flatly in the teeth of our state decision. I hope it is so, for in that case, tracts 7 and 9 are in the same boat, and the state court will ultimately be forced either to back out or stand up in opposition to the United States court. There will be no chance of holding one way as to tract 7 and another as [to] tract 9.

2. I suppose the case will be remanded to the July term of the Circuit Court. The case of tract 9 will then also be decided and writs put into the hands of the marshall to turn you all out. At that time, we must be ready to take the benefit of the new occupying claimant law which is strongly in favor of the defendants. There will probably be a struggle against this. That's one fight ahead.

3. Then, going on the presumption that our state court will stand firm, how to fight them and when to begin, is the question. I don't give it up, and of course, you will not have any thoughts of doing so. One thing, you have the control, I believe, of some lots in tract 9. Now, it may be worth while to get a suit on one of them into the state court before any suit is begun as to lots in tract 7. So that precisely the same title may

again come before the court which they have already adjudicated.

Another thing. The sooner Boswell transfers his title to persons residing in Ohio, the better; for if you beat a *citizen* in the state court, he can not turn round and sue you in the federal courts.

You will not need another attorney in conducting the future proceedings. I can attend to it as well residing here as if I were in Fremont — on some accounts, better. We have from now until July to deliberate as to what is best. Before that time I mean to master the whole subject. — Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

The rascals will soon get tired of it and want to compromise. Ewing is always pinched for money, and you know how it is with the others.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Friday, April 26.* — Governor Ford's Fast Day. Out of date in this age, it seems to me. Yesterday saw an article in the *Republic* charging Byron with having stolen his beautiful song in the first canto of "Childe Harold" from Wolfgang, an obscure German poet of 1797.

"Adieu, adieu, my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue,"

and so forth, is an exact translation of the pretended extract from the German. I suspected it was a hoax, and am now told at the *German Republican* office that no such thing could well be.

"Speaking of "whales," how queer the coincidence! I had just finished my very cool moralizing on my "*affaire de cœur*" (bad French) when on calling at the postoffice, my blood was sent leaping hotly through my veins by seeing her well known superscription on the back of a letter mailed April 15, Columbus. It proved to be simply a little tie of oak geranium and white violet, signifying, I am told, "faithfulness and friendship." The joyous play of the pulse which ensued showed but

too plainly how thin is the coating of philosophy which covers my attachment. [On the] 17th, wrote her "a thankee," with a rather saucy letter mailed under cover to Dr. J. on the 18th. Hardly expected a reply. Saw Miss Harriet yesterday. She had received a letter from —— and said I was remembered; probably since my writing — not "sartain."

It is time I was again at my studies. "Promissory Notes" in the forenoon, Uncle's case P. M., Burke and German any time.

*April 28.* — Last evening had a delightful meeting of the Literary Club. Several new members, viz. Dixon, Skinner, and Pierce. In the course of the conversation on American prose writers it was said that Prescott was nine years writing his "Ferdinand and Isabella." Longfellow saw it at the end of the first year, complete as far as the plan and scope of the work went, but crude and imperfect in style, arrangement, and detail. If published then it would have proved a failure and Mr. Prescott would probably have attempted no other work. But he was a man of wealth, could wait, and continued to write and rewrite it until at the end of nine years from its commencement it was published as we now see it— perfect and admirable.

*May 4, 1850.* — Burnet House opened last night with a grand soirée — a ten-dollar affair. Did not attend. Thought I could buy more gratification with my eagle in some other way. Herron, my office chum, left for Chillicothe by way of Columbus this morning to be gone a fortnight or so, visiting, sparking, and enjoying *his*-self. I spent last evening with that charming, sweet girl Miss L — [Lucy Webb]. Must keep a guard on my susceptibles or I shall be in beyond my depth.

Must map out my plan of study and exercise, diversion and business, for the coming summer as soon as the office is thoroughly purified from the accumulation of dust and filth of the winter.

My favorite lady acquaintances in the city viz, "the Sixth Street girls," Miss C —, Miss L —, and the Misses Jones, are gone or going, so I shall be left quite out of employment — "occupation gone" — in that "ilk" of duties.

*Sunday, May 5.*—With Miss Lib S— from Covington to the Wesleyan Female College, and with Miss Lucy thence to Christ Church. See Will Howard. Dine with both the ladies at Mrs. White's in Covington. Return with same P. M. and Mr. Cameron (a banker of Covington) and lady and Miss Mary Clemens to the Cathedral and so back to Covington. Evening with Miss Harriet C— to Christ Church. A great day among the women, all in all, for one in love and not "a lady's man."

*Monday, [May] 6.*—Supreme Court call over their docket. Trial of Jones for the murder of a police officer. Jesse Jones, though a desperate character, is a good-looking, intelligent young man. Nothing in his appearance or demeanor proclaims [the] ruffian or murderer.

P. M. According to promise, with Miss C— to see the Adoring Angel and Hope, two fine statues intended to ornament the Cathedral. Introduce Howard to her (Miss C—), not the marble, but the flesh and blood angel. After the departure of Miss C—, and Miss S—, I am without anything do draw my thoughts from the law. So, "wiggle waggle."

*Saturday, May 11.*—This week I have been in the court-house a good deal. In the Supreme Court two murder cases have been tried. Jesse Jones, for killing a policeman (Brasham), and James Summons, for poisoning a whole family—his own father's!—during the cholera season. Judge Walker conducted the prosecution. I could not but admire the manner in which his ability is adorned by his constant courtesy. In this respect I have nowhere seen his superior. This is a quality to be imitated and cultivated.

There is much discussion in the political circles as to Mr. Webster's recent movements on the slavery questions. I am one of those who admire his genius but have little confidence in his integrity. I regret that he has taken a course so contrary to that which he has hitherto pursued on this subject. I saw the following lines by Whittier in the *New Era* which can only refer to the godlike Daniel. [Here "Ichabod" is quoted.]

CINCINNATI, May 13, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—I send you by this mail a copy of Judge McLean's decision of your case. It does not go so far as I supposed from reading the note of the case in the newspapers. It only decides the case of tract 7, and evades a decision of the point which applies also to tract 9. He does not overrule the Ohio decision but *dodges* it. It is not to be disguised that this course is worse for you in your future litigation than if his decision had covered all the points. He may now decide the case of tract 9 when it comes before him in July in the same way that the state court did, and if he does, the state court will be far more likely to follow him in the cases which you will hereafter bring before them as to tract 7. There is nothing in the decision which applies to tract 9, and if that case is attended to, it may yet be won even before Judge McLean. It would be better, as I have said before, for you to have them all in "the same boat." It now becomes more important than ever to you that Myers' New Occupant Law, abominable as it is, should be sustained. I have written to Judge Myers at Toledo on the subject—as to where he got it—whether borrowed from another State, etc., and shall probably hear from him on the subject soon. Watson says it is unconstitutional beyond doubt. I have not yet satisfied myself, but fear it will be so held.

Watson was here a few days ago on *his return from a visit to Boswell*. I saw him by a mere accident. I think he was not anxious to see me. He says you are reported to have been a good deal excited when you learned the result, and talked about raising a little army and making resistance! etc., etc. He evidently considers the decision to be in their favor on *all* the points, covering both tracts, and not on one point only, applicable solely to tract 7. "Boswell," said he, "asked me the value of the property. I told him I couldn't tell. It would be in litigation for ten years, see-sawing between the state and federal courts, and no man in Ohio would dare to buy it." Judge Tilden thinks the decision wrong, but fears that Myers' law will not stand. However, I shall study that out very soon. The owners of lots in [tract] 9 ought to have their attorneys engaged to attend to it. Neither Buckland nor I are bound to do anything more.

Jesse Stem will be home in the course of this week. He will visit you if the weather is good very soon. If you want to talk over McLean's decision with anybody, Dr. Rawson is your man. He will see through the whole difficulty as well as Judge Lane or Stanbery.

No news. I will write you again in a week or two. Booby Johnson will be a good candidate. He is great on the stump and among the people. If the Locos in the Convention go the radical doctrines, Johnson will give Judge Wood a closer race than many now imagine. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Monday, May 20.* — Last Friday morning Colonel Noble came into my office and said there was a stranger on the pavement below who wished to see me. Going down, I was agreeably surprised to find Mother there. Called with her at various places, etc., etc. On Saturday 18th, went with Garrard over to the Queen City race-course to see the foot-race between a white man Jackson (the American deer) and four Indians — Canada, Coffee, Armstrong, etc. My sympathies were all with the redmen. Glory and success in such efforts seem appropriately and of right to belong to them. They are not white men's gifts. Canada was the favorite of the field at first. He ran light, leaping like a deer. He had beaten Jackson before, but he was taken with a cramp at the sixth mile and "let down." Coffee pushed the white man until the ninth mile when he gradually fell behind, losing the race by a minute. Time, ten miles, Jackson: 56 minutes and a few seconds. The training and dogged perseverance of the white man were more than a match for the greater natural gifts of the red. Jackson is a small man, five feet six inches high, weighing only one hundred seven pounds, but he is all bone and muscle. His lungs are large — a full chest, muscular neck and arms, and thin legs. I lost a dime on the race to Collins.

Sunday [yesterday], heard Dr. Murray's first discourse with

Mother. P. M. Heard Dr. Leland of South Carolina, the Moderator of the Old School Presbyterian Convention [Assembly].

[This] evening with mother to hear Ralph W. Emerson's first lecture. It was quaint and queer in expression, but suggestive and pithy; rather a series of disjointed thoughts on the same subject than a methodical, sustained chain of reasoning and discourse. His subject was "Natural Aristocracy," the aristocracy founded on the ability to do *something* useful or admirable better than anybody else. To speak well—the *magnetism* and *readiness* which is eloquence; to fight well, or *true* courage; to write well (here he named as those who would bring tears and smiles in all ages, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Burns, Scott, and *now perhaps*, Dickens); and, above all, the mark of gentleman confers the distinction which admits its wearer into the natural aristocracy, etc., etc.

Since or *while* writing the above, Judge Reed is hunting through my Milton for some quotations for his speech in defense of the poisoner Summons. *Mem.*:—That's the way it's done.

"Whoever is a genuine follower of truth, keeps his eye steady upon his guide, indifferent whither he is led, provided that she is the leader."—"Natural Society," Burke.

The evils of "party spirit," "artificial law," "the law's delay," "the law's uncertainty," the anxieties which cluster about power, the unsatisfying nature of pleasure, the unequal distribution of the good things of earth between the industrious poor and the idle rich, are topics all well handled in the capital burlesque or "*argumentum ad absurdum*" of Burke.

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CINCINNATI, May 22, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—Mother came down here Thursday evening last. She has remained at the Pearl Street House. Mr. Moody and wife, Mr. Pennington and Walker with their families from Tiffin are there also. So she has had company enough. She appears to enjoy her visit very much. We were over to Kentucky this morning calling on Mrs. White (Ann Williams formerly), to hear Mr. Emerson lecture last evening, and to divers meetings. The Presbyterian Assembly for the United States is in

session here, and meetings and ministers are plenty as blackberries. A good time for Mother to visit.

As I said in my former letter, Judge McLean's decision is less favorable than I had supposed, but there is good ground for hope yet. I believe he will decide tract 9 the same way. If he does, we are just where we thought this decision placed us. If, however, he makes a distinction, there is still a chance to contest the matter in the state court; for a careful examination of the Ohio decision will satisfy any one that its principle covers both cases, and that the court so intended it.

If, as Judge McLean says, the court of Ohio only decided the proceedings valid as to the property actually in dispute, as merely valid *in rem*, then Hawkins' decree could convey a good title to only one-fourth of B. B. & W.'s interest in tract 9—not to the whole of it, as our state court held. The decree is just as valid to convey a title to tract 7, or any other property of the defendant's, as it is to carry a good title to the extra *three-fourths* of tract 9, which Hawkins did not pretend to have a claim upon. This position is certainly sound, and unless our state court is willing to swallow its former decision, there is still a fair chance to keep up the conflict between the two jurisdictions.

As to the Occupant Law, I find nothing which goes to show that it is unconstitutional. I am sure it will stand. I only fear that Judge McLean, and after him the Supreme Court, will hold that you cannot take advantage of it because your litigation was begun before the law was passed, and I don't see how that can be done. I see no reason for it. What reason do Dr. Rawson and Mr. Otis give for thinking the law will not control future proceedings in the case? I can think of none.

Jesse Stem went home a few days ago. He heard me read from one of the Indiana Reports what, I have no doubt, is the law as to occupying claimants, and thinks from that as I do, that the law is constitutional. He will see you soon after his return if his health is good, as he means to ride about a good deal.

Remember me to Mr. Lincoln. I should like to see him here. I could show him some of the prettiest girls above ground. Is not that inducement enough to bring him here? Tell Pease that



one of the Hungarian refugees who was here could beat Dr. Schmidt and the best chess players here, and throw off a castle. It satisfied me that I never had seen any one who knew the alphabet of the game before

Good-bye,

RUD.

S. BIRCHARD.

*Thursday, May 23.*—Last night with Miss Emma Ruth to hear Emerson's lecture on "Eloquence." Mr. Emerson is certainly a very entertaining lecturer; whether very instructive or profound is another question. It strikes me that he shows himself a keen, close observer rather than a profound thinker. Logic and method, he has none; but his bead-string of suggestions, fancies, ideas, anecdotes, and illustrations, delivered in a subdued, earnest manner, is as effective in chaining the attention of his audience as the most systematic discourse could be. He has great faith in the notion that men are what they are born; great faith in the mysterious magnetism by which one man controls another or others. He said when you meet a man of the same tastes with yourself, but in greater strength, he will not only rule you, but make you love your ruler. He regards the fanatisms and occasional excitements of the day as the best teachers of eloquence to those who are moved by them. The great element of good speaking in a lawyer is statement, arrangement; if to this he can add an agreeable manner, can, like Dickens, touch the hidden cords which bind the emotions, he is perfect in his vocation of advocate. A few phrases contain the pith of the whole matter in most causes, and the correct and skilful handling of these will always command the verdict of the jury.

Burke is quite as remarkable for his use of epithets, often low and vulgar but always significant, as for his gorgeousness of diction. Witness the following:—"Your ministerial directors blustered like tragic tyrants here; and then went *mumping* with a sore leg in America, *canting* and *whining* and complaining of factions," etc.

*Friday, [May] 24.*—Called on Ralph Waldo Emerson at the Burnet House, in company with Collins and Spofford, as a com-

mittee to invite Mr. Emerson to meet the Literary Club on some evening convenient to himself for the purpose of a free confab on literary men and matters. Mr. Emerson is above the middle height, a tolerable figure, but rather awkward; dresses in the *plainly genteel style* — black surtout and pants, black satin vest and cravat, common shoes. His head is not large, forehead low and narrow, hair cut short — a brown color, eyes grayish blue, a rather large nose with deep lines from the nostrils on either side arching around the mouth, but not so as to give an unpleasant expression. Is agreeable in his manners and first address. Talks, as he speaks, freely, and in a somewhat quaint way.

He spoke of the clubs of London. Said he, "The clubs are London. One does not know London until he knows the clubs." He was introduced to the Athenæum as an honorary member. "Only thirteen strangers can be introduced at the same time — one from a nation. There are some twelve hundred members. And to a bachelor his club is his all. It introduces him to an agreeable society of the first men in London, to a good library and reading-room — the best selected library in London, to good eating at cost prices. Entrance fee one hundred dollars and thirty dollars per year. The bachelor's letters are sent to the club hall, a noble building. He meets his friends here, invites others to dine with him, gets the latest news, etc., etc. His club [is] his home.

"The Geological Club has a paper read before it once a fortnight which is followed by speeches, etc., from Buckland, Lyell, etc. The Reform Club is the finest club in London. Has the grandest building in which to meet.

"English gentlemen affect a slowness and hesitancy of speech. It is like the country — like a man just from his estate. To speak fluently is too like an attorney, which is thought low.

"Macaulay was not a successful debater. His best efforts were on the Reform Bill. He did not come into the debate until near its close. After he had spoken, all the speeches on the other side were in reply to him. Macaulay is the growth of the present state of society in England. He is a cockney. All the English are cockneys. He affects an elegance and youthfulness of style in his dress which is unfitting in a man who has

gray hairs. I have an old grudge against him because of his abuse of Bacon. He has abused all of England's noblest names. His 'History' is a libel on the English character. No man is found who escapes him. Sidney and Hampden are not spared. His 'History' has the merit of proceeding upon the principle that the history of a nation is not the history of its officers but its people—not an original notion with him, although Jeffrey very ungenerously gives him credit for it. Jeffrey knew that Carlyle had stated it long ago.

"I met Prince Albert in one of the clubs. Buckland was explaining to him some mechanism. He is a fine-looking man. I have said I never saw a good-looking German, but he is one."

Such are a few points he spoke of in a half-hour's chat. He has the common fault of his sect—the Transcendentalists—of thinking that the hearty, earnest, sincere benevolence in the world is centred in themselves; that all others are so bigoted as not to see the truth, or are too timid boldly to avow it; or, as Mr. Emerson said, "have too little *pluck* to avow it." He spoke of Henry Ward Beecher as one of the bold, *hopeful* reformers. Bushnell he wished well, because he thinks well and hopes well for mankind.

His lecture this evening was on "The Spirit of the Age." There are three, or have been, three sorts of civilization: 1. The Greek, or the age of the senses, when the senses were perfect. 2. The religious, Christian age, the ideal age—everything founded on religion. 3. This age, distinguished as an examining, analytical, arithmetical, critical age; an age which is turning the elements of nature into tools, which is looking to the individual man—each into his own nature for the something.

The King of Sicily when recommended to adopt a new uniform for his soldiers, said, "It matters not what uniforms they have, they will surely run away."

Chris Anderson says Agassiz has discovered and proved that Adam was not the father of the whole race but only of the Jews; that he is glad of it, for he never liked the idea of having a henpecked husband for his ancestor.

*Sunday, [May] 26.*—This evening our Literary Club met and received a visit from Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. He, after

being introduced to each member, sat down and began a free and easy conversation on literary men and things in England. Talked two and a half hours on all matters from letters to raising corn and pigs. A very pleasant man. A few items I give: —

"There are in London, it is estimated, seventy thousand persons who are considered 'good society'; and those who compose it find such a variety of persons, ideas, facts, important and trifling, always interesting in this great multitude, that the rest of the world is scarcely thought of. America is like Turkey or Hungary, interesting and talked of only when some particular circumstance makes it an object of notice. These people are, therefore, quite uninformed as to all the rest of the world — that is, their local peculiarities, politics, and geography which are usually known to travelled people. I spoke to Carlyle — thinking he would have none of this narrow cockneyism about him — of the future of the English race, and said that America was to be the seat of the English. With a continent, a quarter of the world at their command, to be peopled and improved by them, in America would be their history. Carlyle was restive, vexed, uneasy, couldn't think of it. They see so much wealth, power, energy, and talent; they see the whole world passing in and out of their gates, that they cannot realize or imagine the possibility that there is any *outside* nation or people who shall ever be their rivals.

"In America there have been no creative, constructive, imaginative men. They do not come much oftener than once in two hundred years, and perhaps it is not our time yet to have one. Wordsworth, Scott, and Shakespeare are creative men.

"Every author's writings are the transcript of his own life, emotions, etc., — it is autobiography thinly veiled. George Sand, the best living French novelist, has written nothing but her own confessions, veiled under the names and characters of her romances. The Mme. — is herself. Shakespeare had all emotions and passions — *portrayed* all in his dramas.

"It is said of D'Israeli that he is like all his tribe — a gatherer of rags, a vendor of old clothes. Sharp saying and quite true. He is a great fop.

"I never knew what people meant by 'Transcendental.' If it

means those who believe with Plato in man's immortality, they should be called Platonists. But that does not describe the class to whom the term is applied — Coleridge and others. They are men who believe in themselves, in their own convictions, and rely upon them; these are the true men. I have some hope of such; they hope for themselves, they believe there is something more than this narrow scene in which we are to act. Men who are self-trusting, self-relying, earnest, are called by the name Transcendentalists."

Mr. Emerson seemed quite puzzled, not to say vexed, when speaking of this subject. It was forced upon him by questions and suggestions.

"Macaulay is a man whose wares are all marketable. He is popular, simple, splendid in style. He has a prodigious memory, but to what end? What good does he do?"

[Mr.] Stevenson asked, "What good has Carlyle done?"

"Why, Carlyle [replied Emerson] has done the good which any man does who makes people think. He makes them *feel* their immortality; a man can't *think* without feeling that.

"Children ought to have their imaginations cultivated. It must be done while they are young. Some things must be impressed on the mind when it is susceptible and tender, or they never can be. If children want to hear a story, tell it to them if you can, or get somebody that can do it if you cannot. Give them the 'Arabian Nights,' attractive books; fill their minds with glorious thoughts. Let them early learn what they are, spiritual and immortal; and they must be when men such as they ought to be."

*Monday, [May] 27.* — This evening Mr. Emerson lectured on England. He gave England and Englishmen the high place in the world's history. She [England] has the best working climate, not too hot or cold; the best race of people — the mettle of the Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes, the Saxons, and Britons, a good cross; the Normans, an improvement, men of physical health and strength. There never was a duel at Oxford or Cambridge with their thousands of students. He thinks Alfred, the man of sense, learning, bravery, temper, skill, industry, laws, etc., the type of the race; or Cromwell. Bishop or Chancellor

Wykeham founded in Winchester the school and college for seventy persons each, which for seven centuries has existed, with its motto, "Manners make the man." But the fault of England, if she has one, is, her success is *material*. She has no mysticism, no faith, no soaring. The Americans have more versatility, adaptedness; they are the people of the future. England is "mortgaged" to the past. But what a fate is hers! Like the upas tree she has struck her roots, by her colonies, in India, Australia, and America, into the four quarters of the globe, establishing her laws, extending her language and her race wide as the waters and the earth.

"Macaulay wrote a letter to his constituents dated 'Windsor Castle.' He happened to be there once a half-hour and took that opportunity to write the letter, or rather to *date* it, for he carried it with him ready written. It has been thrown up to him ever since. It was such a *faux pas*. A man like Macaulay, too, with such a sense of the proper!" — *Emerson, in conversation.*

*Tuesday, [May] 27 [28.]* — Mr. Emerson's lecture this evening was on "Books." After speaking of the "uncounted multitudes of books" in the great libraries of Europe he gave these rules for readers:

1. Read no book not a year old.
2. No book but a (I think) *thin* one.
3. No book but those you like — as Shakespeare says, "affect."

"The better works are all translated and translatable, and I would as soon swim a river when I could cross it in a ferryboat or on a bridge, as blunder through a book in the original when I could read it in a good translation."

There are five books of Greece which ought to be read. 1. Homer, in the old translation. 2. Herodotus, with his good stories. 3. Æschylus, "Prometheus," etc. 4. Plato, "the book of books," and [5.] Plutarch — "Lives" and "Morals." Also the "Banquets" — Plato's, Xenophon's and Plutarch's (I think); an easy history, Goldsmith's or Gillies', of Greece.

The successors or followers of Plato six or seven hundred years afterwards. Gibbon, easy, flowing, glorious, but not profound, will bring you down to the fall of Constantinople. The middle ages by Hallam. Dante.

Read autobiography, lives of great men, letters, etc. Charles V and his contemporaries, Luther, Columbus, and so on down to the Elizabethan age.

Cultivate the imagination — read Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, *all but his apothegms*. Read good novels.

The book containing the religion of every people, Bible, Koran, and Confucius — all named in "a lump"! — to be read on bended knee with throbbing heart.

Montaigne, Rousseau's "Confessions," Rabelais, "The Cid," Sharon Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," Goethe, Wordsworth, De Quincey, etc., etc.

Let a club parcel out books to individuals who shall [each] read and report honestly his impressions, and then each one can judge of the fitness of the book to his own wants.

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CINCINNATI, May 29, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—Sebring handed me your letter containing fifty dollars this morning for which many thanks.

If I understand it rightly, the question as to applying the new Occupying Claimant Law to your case will be decided at the July term, and if it is decided against you, I suppose there is no doubt but you can appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Under the new law, no jury need be sent out if the parties can agree, and if they don't agree, the party who *loses his point in the disagreement as to values*, must pay the cost of the jury, which will be quite an item in this case.

As to warranties, you must pay the amount paid to you and *interest*. You are entitled to nothing for the use of the lot. It was not your lot but Boswell's (as the court has decided), and if any one is entitled to rent, it is Boswell, though the new Occupant Law cuts that off too, as far as Boswell is concerned.  
 . . . Herron put the question as to the validity of the new

law to Thurman and Judge Whitman at Chillicothe. The first was doubtful, but the judge said it was constitutional beyond a doubt. . . .

S. BIRCHARD.

[R. B. HAYES.]

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*May 31.*—Today Cousin Mary Birchard, Miss Knight, and [Miss] Walker, Vermont girls who have been teaching in Mississippi, reached here.

Tonight heard the second of Mr. Emerson's metaphysical lectures on the identity of "Intellect and Nature." He spoke of the analogy between mental processes, etc., and those of vegetables. How thoughts *grow and ripen*, how [they are] improved, enlarged, beautified, etc., by cultivation, manuring, etc. Also the analogy of animal growth, etc. Minds improved by crossing—the memory answering to the belly, digesting, etc. How the great world is an animal assimilating all things to itself—bellowing in its caves, breathing in its ocean, prespiring, etc. He soon wandered from his subject, and after speaking of the similarity between men and beasts, hardly returned to it.

"The whole history of man is a series of conspiracies to win from nature some advantage without paying for it." E. g.: If a man could master the stores in the minds of great men around him—the facts and figures of the historian and statistician, the science of the chemist, etc.—what a prodigious advantage could be gained! Magnetism attempted this—to let a man steal into the brain of the sleepy subject and rob him of his wealth; to make the plunderer rich, indeed, and not make the robbed the poorer."

Judge Walker mentioned in his speech in the Summons case as the most affecting incident in literary history the killing of Charles Lamb's mother by his sister. Its concealment from her and from the world; the breaking off of his engagement with a beautiful woman to devote his life to his sister, etc.

*Monday, June 3, 1850.*—Yesterday or day before Mr. Ormsbee told me a story of friend Pease's early life which I never heard before. Pease was an agent of Fessenden of Brattleboro



to obtain subscriptions for a Bible, or Bible Commentary, he was about to publish. Pease called on a Dr. Campbell of Putney, Vermont, to solicit a subscription. Dr. Campbell was an expert card-player, and finding Pease not averse to a game they were soon "a-shuffling." They finally began to bet. Pease put up Bibles against the doctor's "Mexicans"; before morning Dr. Campbell had "chiseled" Pease out of twelve Bibles at twelve dollars each. Pease with a poor face told the doctor to put his name down which was done with alacrity. Now Pease "had" him. The *collecting* agent of Fessenden knew nothing of the matter, would believe nothing of it, and the doctor was compelled to pay the hundred and forty-four dollars for Bibles he did not want. A just punishment for seducing a mere boy into gaming.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 6, 1850.

DEAR GUY:—Yours of the 10th, mailed the 18th, ult., I received this morning and shall begin a reply now as I hope to see this afternoon some gentlemen who can tell me something about the characters who are supposed to be connected with the bank at Galveston.

Of course you are the better judge as to the wisdom of dividing Texas into two or more States. What I wrote as to my wishes in view of your personal prospects was penned on the supposition that the division was a thing likely soon to occur, and one which would be agreeable to the people of your State. If you deem the measure bad, you will oppose it; but if beaten, I would still keep "my eye on the main chance."

I really can not tell, nor have I the slightest recollection of what I said to General Harrison on the subject indicated by you. That *something* was said is quite probable, for he was, or appeared to me to be, a great gossip and talked on all matters of personal history which could possibly come within the range of ordinary conversation. One thing I am quite sure of, I was not at all communicative or confidential in talking to him. My replies on such topics must have *meant as near nothing* as I could make them, for I, as well as our whole party (your sister,

Mrs. Joel Bryan will recollect this), had a most thorough dislike of the man. I must exempt a lively and, I thought, rather frivolous, lady from New York who separated, *I think*, from her company here and went from this city to New York with Harrison.

I think you ask too much for your claims in New Mexico. Don't haggle too much about price. Just now the North is good-humored and liberal and you should make the best bargain you can, but *make it now the first chance*. There is no telling but gold placers will be found there, and if so you will be swamped by an influx of Northern workers such as crowded slavery out of California. The cry of disunion is grown to be very senseless and harmless. The thing is shown to be impossible. The border States will not permit it. No man could live in political strife [life?] anywhere along the line who would uphold the Nashville Convention. It may be a good hobby further South *and off North* but where the division line is to be run, the feeling is in opposition to it.

Joe Lake's friends have not lost entire confidence in him even since the failure of the Wooster bank. He is a shrewd operator and was regarded as a man of integrity until within a few years. But he has had too many irons in the fire for safety. *That* is perhaps his greatest fault. What is his connection with the Galveston bank, of course I do not know, but he is thought to have a controlling interest in it. His son-in-law, Mr. Clem, has charge of the office at New Orleans, and has been considered a good man. S. M. Williams, another chief manager, you know all about. The charter of the bank at Galveston is regarded a great piece. The idea which has been circulated in Ohio about it is that real estate is the basis of circulation and *no redemption* required until the final winding up. Bills will have to be redeemed to give the thing credit, but it is said the law or charter does not require it. The upshot of it is, I would be careful about embarking my good name on such a craft with such a crew. In fair weather all will be well enough, but if trouble comes! —

Where is Henry now? You have not mentioned him in any

of your letters for a long time. Give my regards to all your family — not forgetting a kiss for little Mary.

As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

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*June 10.* — I am daily introduced to so many persons that I am quite unable to remember the names of all whom I would desire to recollect, although I rarely forget a face. . . .

A good one on Emerson and a lady of kindred intellectual habits is told as follows: They were witnessing one of Fanny Ellsler's dances. Miss — [Fuller] said to Emerson: "Waldo that, is poetry." To which Emerson replied: "Margaret, it is religion."

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CINCINNATI, June 10, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — Mary Birchard arrived here from the South a week ago last Thursday, and left yesterday for Columbus in company with Mr. Stem. I think I may safely undertake to relieve your mind from any great anxiety or trouble on her account. She appears decidedly well, — kind, amiable, grateful for civility, and ladylike. I must confess to an agreeable disappointment in regard to her good qualities. She came up the river in company with two other Yankee girls — Miss Knight of Dummerston, who is, I fear, dying of consumption, and another from Wardsboro, Miss Walker. The two others went on without stopping, and Mary remained with Mr. Ormsbee's family, with whom she seemed very welcome and very pleasantly situated. I did all I could, consistently, to make her stay as happy as possible. Fanny is determined to make her like Columbus and will, no doubt, succeed, as Mary *does* appreciate good treatment. She is going to Circleville to make a visit and expects, I should think, to remain in Ohio several weeks. Her father has written that he intends to come West this summer. If he should do so, Mary will go home with him. Stem and

his wife, with Charlotte Gardiner, are going to Green Spring to spend a good part of the summer.

Judge Johnson made his opening speech last week. He is a capital speaker to please the masses. He has none of Tom Corwin's fine strokes of wit and pathos, but he has a good-humored, honest, droll way of speaking that is hardly less effective with a common audience. If it was a year of excitement, he would be most formidable as a stumper.

I called on Mrs. Shoemaker this morning. She is boarding over at the Henrie House. I imagine Mr. Shoemaker will find enough to do in the vicinity of this city to fasten him here the rest of his days. He said he would like to run your line from Wellington to Toledo, if it is a thing you feel an interest in, but he is overwhelmed with business here. One likes to hear a pleasant thing from a man of sense, if it does smack of flattery; speaking of Boalt, he said, he lacked soul; that there was more heart in your finger nail than in Boalt's whole composition. . . .

From present appearances, there is no prospect of an adjournment of the Constitutional Convention until after the Circuit Court of the United States in July. If so, I will postpone going to Columbus until that time. Love to friends.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 12, 1850.

DEAR FANNY: — I do not think I shall visit you until the July term of the circuit court when I suppose Uncle will also be at Columbus to look after his immortal lawsuit. I wish to be with you sometime before Mary leaves for the East, and if anything occurs to send her home before that time I hope you will give me seasonable notice of it.

Mr. Jones came home yesterday leaving his family at New Haven. I was gratified to hear that Aunt Emily and Mrs. Fitch had called on Mrs. Jones. Not having received a reply to my letter, I was fearful that Yankee civility, as too often happens in the large towns of the East, was "nowhere." He and

George will return in about a fortnight to spend the remainder of the summer.

I more than half suspect that you manifest an interest in Mr. Emerson, more for the purpose of affording me an excuse to branch out on topics which have been uppermost in my circles the last few weeks, than because of any great attractiveness you discover in the subject. I can say, as I heard Mr. Emerson say of Carlyle, that I have gossiped so much about him lately that I am almost ashamed to open my lips about him. His qualifications and peculiarities as a lecturer or essayist on miscellaneous subjects are quite a different affair—stand quite differently in my estimation—from his opinions (not *opinions*, either, but) impressions or “inspirations” in regard to religious subjects. On general subjects such as “the gentleman,” “eloquence,” “England,” etc., he is a charming, but not, in an *equal* degree, an instructive lecturer. He strikes me, contrary to my preconceived notions of him, as a close, keen observer, rather than a profound thinker. There is no logic or method in his essays or lectures. A syllogism he despises. The force of a connected chain of reasoning, his mind seems incapable of appreciating. There is no such thing as one of his thoughts following from another. The natural result of this lack of logic is that one finds it next to impossible to grasp and hold fast what he says. When you leave the lecture-room, you remember that he said many witty, sensible, pretty, and some deep things, but you feel at a loss where to begin in attempting to recall them. The whole lecture seems but a bead-string of suggestions, fancies, ideas, anecdotes, and illustrations having no connection with each other except that they are upon the same subject. They are all either quaint, paradoxical, sensible, humorous, or have some other element which gives them interest if not positive value. They are expressed in a terse, singular style—Saxon—but not at all Carlylish, and delivered in a subdued earnest tone which is in perfect keeping with the style and thought.

Mr. Emerson is middle-aged, modest, but self-possessed, of a good-humored, honest strain, which gives one a favorable impression of his heart and character. He gesticulates scarcely at

all, and awkwardly. I never knew one who could hold more undivided attention of his audience. The matter of his lectures—the substance of them—is contained in a few leading ideas which pervade all his productions. The filling up, the seasoning, is, of course, new and different in different lectures, and his lectures are remarkable for being stuffed with thoughts; but still the great stratum which underlies and supports all he writes and says consists of a very few notions which are repeated and reappear over and over again a thousand times in his various writings. Reading any one book or even lecture will make you master of nearly all of them. They are such as the following: That men are born with a certain portion of magnetism or divinity in them, which determines their rank among their fellows. That a man should have faith in this divinity—faith in himself; that he in fact does have this faith in proportion to the amount of magnetism which belongs to him. That all uneasiness and striving is vanity. If a man strives after what is not in him he can never attain to it. If he appears to win it by effort, he is after all a *sham*. He may deceive the world but he doesn't deceive himself; for when in the presence of another who has the true magnetism *both* know and feel where the real power is. This is a sort of fatalism, but it is comfortable: it is satisfying to a man whatever is his condition. I remember one of his sentences expressing this notion: "When you meet a man with the same tastes with yourself but with greater magnetism he will not only rule you but make you love your ruler." If your tastes are not the same your strength does not work on the same level; you are not antagonists—you do not come in collision. Mr. Emerson says Macaulay is a cockney; that his memory is a prodigy like Jenny Lind's voice; but to what purpose is it? He is the greatest conversationalist in England except Charles Austin, an eminent advocate of London. Macaulay has no faith in high souls; high destiny. His "History" is a libel on English character. He touches no great name in history that he doesn't daub; for example, Penn, Sidney, Bacon, and others. D'Israeli is a fop. He has strung together in his novels things beautiful and true from the literatures of all languages. Like all his tribe he is a vendor of old clothes collected from a

thousand backs, soaped and washed and varnished to look like new.

He is a worshipper of Carlyle but says that in temper and manners, particularly to strangers, Carlyle is a bear. Mr. Emerson was a Unitarian clergyman. Now he has some misty notions on religion resembling the German philosophy. He delivered three lectures, "Instinct and Inspiration," "Nature," and —, of which no one could make out anything definite or valuable. I *guess* at the ideas in this wise: (If what I say seems foolish, don't suppose Emerson said the same, for he don't *say* at all — he *hints* or *intimates* or walks around about what he *would* say but *don't* say.) The common distinction between mind and matter, — there is nothing in it. Matter is *spirit with certain attributes superadded*, as color, weight, hardness, etc., etc. Spirit in the abstract, without these attributes, — there is no such thing. Matter in the abstract, not based on spirit, is an absurdity. Matter and spirit are identical, in a certain sense, therefore. Spirit is the subtle essence which pervades all things. There is no *personal* creative God; but spirit which is diffused through all, which is a part of man and beast, *is God*. The highest manifestation of spirit is man. Man differs from mere matter in this: His spirit is *self-conscious*. Therefore, man is *nearer* than any other object in nature to an impersonation of Deity. And it may be said with more truth of *man* than of anything else, that he is God; there is *more God* in him than in anything else. It is of the nature of spirit to be creative — to work itself out into material forms. This spirit is like an all-pervading *yeast* which foment incessantly, working out new and constantly improving forms of what is called matter. Men die but the spirit which was in their bodies takes to itself new attributes of a higher and more perfect nature, or mixes with the spirit of all things — with God, and goes on bubbling to all eternity a drop in the great caldron of spirit, which is at once God and the Universe.

Now, in all this account of Mr. Emerson's theology (!), I have not said a word or used an illustration that I ever heard him use, but if I could comprehend what he *would* have said if he had come down out of the clouds or up out of the mists, the notions

I have given you are *like* those he would have expressed. The German philosophers with Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, etc., are called by some "Pantheists" or "Transcendentalists." Mr. Emerson hates those terms. He says "Platonists" would be more accurate but yet not precisely so. He classes the writings of Plato, Mahomet, Confucius, the Bible, and the religious books of all nations in the same category — all valuable as exhibiting the stirrings of the human mind after a knowledge of Deity, or of themselves. He speaks of the feelings awakened by music, by the sight of a boundless landscape, the ocean, the skies, etc., etc., as the longing of the spirit in us to mingle with the great ocean of spirit of which every being has a part.

Mr. Emerson said one thing that would please Laura. Speaking of the duty of cultivating the imaginations of children: "Give them glorious stories to read. If they want you to tell them stories do it if you can; if you can't, get some one else to do it for you."

I have run on so that I have no room to speak of lesser items. I do not know Mr. Perkins but from all I hear I would advise Miss Helen to catch him if she can. He is of good family, has talent, scholarship, and wealth; and is probably in all other respects a more "eligible" match than is found twice in a lifetime. I want Miss Helen to *see* Mary. I once told her that Mary looked some like her. Don't you think she does?

Love to her and all.

Sincerely,

R.

Carlyle said America had twenty millions of bores. Here is a specimen of my nationality.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, June 27, 1850.

DEAR FANNY:—I intend, or expect, nothing more from the scrawl I shall give you this morning than that it will answer me for a bait to draw a reply from you. Three or four days ago, during that very hot weather, there were a few deaths by cholera — perhaps fifteen or twenty in the three days, Saturday,



Sunday, and Monday,—but as there have been no new cases since that time there is no excitement or alarm about it.

I am very glad to hear that you are so delighted with Cousin Mary and that she seems to enjoy herself at Columbus. I hope she will not go to Circleville until after my visit to you which will probably be about the 10th of next month. I can not tell certainly but suppose I can stay with you as long as I desire to do so.

The Jenny Lind hat is not paid for and I suppose its owners regard it as lost property. Of course you can return it if you choose.

Your views of certain matters, indeed all matters hinted at in your letter, quite correspond with my own. I should think there would be no difficulty in preliminaries which is, of course, all you would desire to have a finger in. . . . Love to all.

Sincerely, your brother,

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. W. A. PLATT,

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*July 4, 1850.*—Spent with the Literary Club and a few invited guests at Latonia Springs over in Kentucky. An oration by Spofford, poem by Guilford, speeches, toasts, songs, ninepins, and fun generally by the whole club. A glorious day—Dodd, Lieutenant Collins, John McDowell, Baker, Garrard, Pierce, Cross, Guilford, Spofford, Wilson, Blackwell.

After a hot pleasantly spent day and a fight for our "bus," got home safely, 8 P. M.

*Friday, [July] 5.*—Cars to Columbus. Find friends all abed, but too hot for sleeping. Cousin Mary and the rest got up and chatted until midnight.

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COLUMBUS, July 9, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—I left Cincinnati Friday afternoon. The cholera is slowly increasing there—some sixty or eighty deaths a day. The courts have all wound up business and very little is doing, so that I shall probably not return for some time.

The Circuit Court will sit here as usual next Monday. Mr. Stanbery says that your case can be continued; if so, I would prefer to do it. I do not know the practice of the court but Mr. Stanbery does, and I, therefore, suppose your case can be continued; so you need not come unless you desire it. But please send me the opinion of Judge McLean which I sent you, and also tell me what to do about the tract 9 suits. Shall I defend them? I would as soon do it as not, even though not paid for it.

The convention have made a stampede of it. Mr. Orton can give you the particulars.

Mary Birchard goes to Circleville tomorrow for a visit of two weeks. Alvin Austin will go with his family East in about three weeks, and Mary will *probably* go with him home. All our folks here like her very much. All will be glad to see you and expect you, but be sure to send me that opinion and write if you don't come.

Sincerely, your nephew,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, June [July] 11, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . Mary Birchard left for Circleville this morning; will be back in a week or two, and then goes *straight* home. She is quite a charming little body, and has made great friends of all from Mr. Platt down to little Fanny.

Cholera is disappearing in Cincinnati and there is none here now. Old Zack's death is felt as a really great calamity. Heron writes me that it caused the greatest gloom in Cincinnati among all parties. I would come out and write up your letters for you, if I thought 'twould pay expenses. Love to all.

Yours — R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Thursday, [July] 18.* — This morning my sister gave birth to a daughter. I last evening played backgammon with her. I thought Fanny never looked so handsome as then. No portrait could flatter her as she then appeared.

I am gradually and systematically discontinuing my attentions to the lady I alluded to April 12 [17]. I am satisfied, perfectly satisfied, that she is not the person I thought she was when I first became interested in her. Either she has greatly changed, as she says, or her natural temper is developing with years and intercourse with society. Her sense of religious obligation has almost disappeared. In short, she is no longer my charmer. But with her many good qualities which I shall never be blind to, her *friendship* is to be prized and, if possible, preserved. Can I let her perceive that I am not a lover nor an ardent admirer without offending? I'll try it.

*July 27.* — Have seen Miss —— several times, and had one good old-times talk with her since I last wrote. I am free, quite free — and happy, most happy in my freedom. She treated me as of old, and exhibited some curiosity to know my sentiments towards her. In a laughing way I told her the precise truth, rallied her not a little on her coquetry, told her I should never have dreamed of loving such a flirt as she now is, that when I was charmed by her she was a modest, sincere, pious young girl, differing *toto calo* from the present. It all went off with a laugh, and now I am again at my ease with any lady; can converse with my ancient glibness. Good, good. When I am ~~in~~ again, t'will be with another sort of person, I trow.

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COLUMBUS, August 1, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — I had intended to go north before now, but the cholera has been so much worse here for the last week, and the family being unable to leave on account of Fanny's confinement, I thought it best to remain with them. I went up to Delaware and staid over one day. . . . Judge Johnson made a capital speech the day I was at Delaware. Some think he will be elected. Galloway will, I think, be the Whig candidate for Congress here. Dennison is not seeking it.

Mr. Platt and Fanny's nurse are both a little unwell. I shall stay here until all are well. There is no cholera in this neighborhood. You remember this is the first ward, and can judge

of the health of this part of town by the reports of the Board of Health. Ten died yesterday in town; four in Franklinton; there have been eleven deaths here today. I speak of cholera deaths, for some others have died of fevers, etc. All who are ever in the habit of leaving town have gone, but there is not much panic. If the cholera abates soon, and the family are well, I shall go to Fremont; if not, I shall return to Cincinnati without visiting you. If I come at all, 'twill be the last of next week.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

FREMONT, August 22, 1850.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . I am well and busy with both business and pleasure. I shall be kept here necessarily a week longer. Shall probably get home to Cincinnati the last of next week.

I am glad to find that you are all mistaken in supposing that Uncle was much affected by the loss of his suit at Washington. He does not feel [it] at all, this I am fully satisfied of. I today placed in the way of final settlement a difficulty with one of his tenants which I am sure troubled him ten times as much as the loss of his great suit. I before thought that possibly you were right but I now know you are not. . . . Love to all.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, September 7, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— I reached home safely Monday evening. A great many of my friends and acquaintances are still away from the city and very little is doing as yet. The courts begin again in October, and lawyers and others will nearly all be at home by that time. John Little's wedding is the week before the session of the court, and I shall go up at that time. I saw Cousin Austin at Xenia. He will insist upon your stopping there either going or returning from Columbus.

I omitted to tell you to bring along your tax deed or cer-

tificate for tract 7. It may be of use. I think you will have a lien on the tract for all taxes. I am quite sure of it if you bought it since March, 1831. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, September 15, 1850.

DEAR FANNY:—I don't see that the eleven years of married life, or the birth of a fifth "responsibility" has done anything to dull the interest of your letters. You are one of the very lucky ones. We often see people who retain youthful looks and sometimes those who keep their "memory green," but it is rare indeed for one to be young in appearance and reality both, after being the parent of such a flock as yours. May you be equally happy long, long after years have written their wrinkles on your brow.

I was, as you would suppose, pleased and amused with Willie's letter. It was even more droll than Lollie's first. Boys haven't the knack of composing near as early as girls. They really ache with their efforts to think ideas into words and fasten them on-to paper.

Since my return I have been busy attending to little scraps of business and renewing my acquaintance with various friends. I spent one evening with Anne White. She is more lovable the more one sees her and knows her. There is a good prospect, I think, that Mr. White will settle down on the old Williams farm "up the run," leave off preaching, and enjoy himself the rest of his days. I hope he will for his family's sake. He is a queer compound of weaknesses and good qualities, but is upon the whole a man to be liked.

I have had some additions to my docket and have hopes of more ere long. *That* sort of friends are not so easily gained as the other, but as those I have constantly tell me, I suppose more will "come by and by."

I have called on but one young lady as yet, and shall not get very deeply into that business this fall. We are to have, among the folks that one knows, some twenty weddings in the next month or two. I have no desire to get into that round and shall

so demean myself as to get reputably out of it if possible. We are to have no lectures, no courts, no anything until sometime in October.

By the new contract between Barnum and Jenny Lind it is feared that the West is to be cheated out of their concerts, and some talk very vigorously of the inducements which Western spirit should hold out to the little pleasant Dutchy-looking girl to favor us with her warbling.

I see by the papers that Dr. Jones is expected to come down here this winter. I wonder if he means to move his family also. Dr. Hoge is expected shortly too, so I suppose we shall not be without Columbus people visiting friends here the coming winter. Glad to see them always. It is like home.

I shall go up to Columbus in the afternoon train next Saturday, the 21st, if nothing occurs to prevent, so as to be in time to go up to Delaware with Dr. Little on the occasion of his wedding. Mr. Stem thinks his wife will be ready to come back with me when I return. Enclosed are notes to Willie and Lollie.

Love to all.

Sincerely,

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Wednesday, September 18, 1850.* — Yesterday called with W. C. McD— on Miss Hand, of Hillsboro, at City Hotel. Met there Dr. Dawson of the Covington Hospital. Last evening visited with J. H. McD— at Judge McL—'s at Clifton. Reached there at 6 P. M.; knocked at three doors; first turned out to be dining-room, second, library, third, *the* one. Received no reply; heard Mrs. McL— talking to a workman in the yard; entered and all right. . . . Spent a pleasant evening after tea and returned to city half-past eleven.

I have just commenced reading Shakespeare again—my favorite plays at least—beginning with that beautiful vision, "The Tempest." It has less of proverbial, sententious, *quotable* wisdom than some other plays, but is after its kind most "exquisite fine fancy." Prospero, telling Miranda of his escape from the cruel fate to which he was destined by his usurping brother,

says he was put in a "rotten carcass of a boat, . . . the very rats instinctively had quit it." And here too is the oft-quoted sentence: "Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows." But, perhaps, the truest bit of beauty and nature is Ferdinand's love-making address to Miranda.

*Friday, September 20.* — Just finished "Merry Wives of Windsor." Great in many points, it is like the last deficient in pithy sentences which effect a lodgment in the brain to be quoted on occasion, and point a passage in speech or letter. In describing slander he is said to have "a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-colored beard." Cain and Judas in old pictures were represented with yellow beards.

*October 4, 1850.* — Another birthday's ensuing. How fast the years are chasing one another. Today at the great State Fair. This forenoon at the law. Tonight tired, stupid, sleepy. Some good purposes I have in mind resolved: To improve in mind, manners, character, and to find if possible a sweetheart. How crotchety one grows on that subject as years bring wisdom and experience and at the same time temper passion's heat. Some I wot of whom a year since I *almost* loved and *quite* admired, and now the same would not suit at all. So we go.

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CINCINNATI, October 6, 1850.

DEAR FANNY: — I don't know what to talk about this morning. I could tell some snake stories that would amuse Laura or Willie about the monstrous specimens of animal and vegetable productions which were exhibited at the fair, or the machines, the music, the flowers, and the crowds of people; but for your amusement I think they may be dispatched in a single sentence.

The Episcopal Convention brings to town a great many sleek, well-fed people whose appearance reminds one of the cattle and horses exhibited at the fair, looking as if to feed and primp were the most important duties and occupations of life. One of the most extraordinary changes I ever knew to be wrought in anybody has been "experienced," as the Methodists say, by our Member of Congress from Sandusky County, Amos E. Wood.

William will recollect him as a farmer-like, uncultivated specimen of Black Swamp life who thought himself supremely blessed as the Representative in the Legislature of a few of the north-western counties a winter or two ago. He lost his wife about a year since, went to Washington last winter as an "M. C." and made his first appearance in this city last Thursday. We had hardly shaken hands before he "opened" up the subject which seemed to burden his conscience most, to wit, the flirtations he had carried on with three or four of our city belles whom he had met in Washington, and which he intended to continue here; and to explain that neither large oxen, fat hogs, or imported sheep have been the attraction which brought him to the city, but a showy niece of Judge McLean's, a daughter of Nibob Johnson's, or some other young beauty whose smiles had beguiled the tedium of his widowerhood. And true enough, in an incredibly brief space, he was to be seen parading Fourth Street, driving fast horses towards the fair and dancing at the Burnet with delicate damsels just "out," and apparently tickling them with his delicate flattery in a way to excite the envy of young bachelors "tremendously." I couldn't but think of the contrast. Two years ago he kept a tavern in the Swamp on the banks of *Carrion* River, justly so called.

Just at this point a friend came and took me to church to hear Bishop Hopkins. Well, he preached only a middling sort of sermon. I went home to dine with Jones. His father has just returned from New Haven and says that two weeks ago today Mrs. Fitch died very suddenly. Truly the Trowbridges have been an afflicted family.

This afternoon I have heard Dr. Stowe of Brooklyn. He is another chuckleheaded, strong, but uninteresting preacher. So I've not made much out of the grand convention after all. I shall keep trying until I hear somebody. . . . Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.



CINCINNATI, October 10, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— I reached here in time for the fair and other great doings connected with it. In the more farming part of the exhibition, as cattle, horses, etc., etc., I think people were generally disappointed; but fruits, flowers, and mechanical fabrics were as superior as anyone could expect. Since the excitement of the fair, the election has kept the city in an uproar. It was shamefully managed on the part of the Whigs and the result is an overwhelming defeat. However, it was expected that Wood was to be Governor. For once, it seems as if Mr. Ewing was a-going to be in luck. I can hardly believe that the Whigs have carried the Legislature, but it really looks like it now.

I have spent nearly the whole time since my return in the investigation of your tax title. I am a good deal encouraged about it. I have found the law under which Boswell obtained his patent. It is the same that you and Bartlett supposed it was. I feel quite confident, therefore, that your title is good, if there are no substantial defects in the auditor's proceedings. I think it is likely, however, that it will not avail you in the *present* suit. It will probably be held to be an *equitable* not a *legal* title, inasmuch as the *legal* title to the tract was in the Government at the time it was forfeited to the State of Ohio. It is *possible* that the court may do better and say that, as the *legal* title was in Boswell at the *time of the sale* to you, it was conveyed to you by the sale; but I think it will be otherwise as intimated above. The important matter now is, to see if the preliminary proceedings are regular. Let me hear from you as to that.

I hope you have carried your railroad vote. I enclose a few of the important points in a *tax title*.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 16, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— I write in some haste. Bartlett has written me that he and Ewing will be at Columbus November 1, and insist upon a disposition of the case. You will see Judge Lane

and inform him of it in time to be on hand. I have been figuring away at your tax title and the abstract you sent me. From 1820 up to the time you bought, there were two or three laws passed every year affecting more or less such matters as taxing, duties of auditors, collectors, etc., etc., so that there is many a chance for a slip. But still I have a good deal of *hope* and some *confidence* that your tax title will save you yet. I find nothing *very bad* in the abstract. I send you on a slip of paper a couple of things I want looked into, and the result made known to me as soon as convenient.

I am sorry your railroad vote is lost. It may not, however, be so bad as it looks now. I will write soon again.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Tuesday, October 24.*—By letter today from Fanny learn the sudden death of Sarah Wasson, a second or third cousin. She was not so near to me nor our acquaintance so intimate, as that this sad news sent such a pang through me as otherwise the death of so fine, so joyous, and so healthful a young lady would have done. Yet so many recollections of childhood are connected with her, she appears so often in every scene of early days which memory recalls, that her death fills me with peculiar emotions—leads to many a train of sad reflection. She was the first-born of one who was of our family when I was born and through the days of infancy and early childhood. I remember her mother's wedding as one of the first I ever saw—perhaps the first. Sarah I saw the morning of her birth, tasted wine given me by her father after looking at her as she lay wrapt in flannel on the hearth rug (the first wine I remember to have tasted), the first new-born babe I ever saw. I thought as they told me she was found in the woods in a log, that there was something of joke in it from their smiling, but yet I wondered if it were true or not! I nursed and played with her and have seen her at every stage of life until she was a bright, happy, blooming woman with hosts of beaux and admirers. A few weeks ago

at Delaware I called on her one evening and found a beau who seemed confused at being seen with her; for roguery, I gave her a smacking buss, knowing she would relish the joke if not the kiss. And now she is gone from earth to be seen no more forever.

How strange a scene is this in which we are such shifting figures, pictures, shadows. The mystery of our existence—I have no faith in any attempted explanation of it. It is all a dark, unfathomed profound.

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CINCINNATI, October 30, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—All your letters have been received, I suppose, but as my telegraphic dispatch must have failed to reach you, judging by the letter Platt got from you yesterday morning, I am not sure that my letter even has been received. There seems to have been a sort of fatality about it. Every communication likely to disturb the nerves of your timid friends, as well as your own, was duly received, while everything soothing and quieting in its tendency, seems to have lost its way. You had a right to be a good deal vexed with those who were so fearful of losing their improvements “by the carelessness of your lawyers.” After all the expense and trouble you have been at in defending the suit, and considering that two, at least, of your attorneys have never had the reputation of being fools, it strikes me as very silly for grown-up men to go about the streets whining on any information so notoriously uncertain as a telegraphic dispatch, especially when coming from the other side.

If you received my letter written from Columbus, you know that the case comes up next May in the same manner substantially, and on precisely the same question that everybody who knew anything at all about the matter supposed it would come up last July; viz.: on the question of the Occupant Law. What has been done by the manœuvring of the last term is merely a further delay of the case, and that is all that anybody had any reason to expect. The tax title is altogether an afterthought, which none of your tenants were ever told to rely upon. We looked it up on the principle that a drowning man catches [at] a straw.

We were satisfied that the United States Court would not regard it a moment — that there was not the slightest *legal* claim for a new trial, and yet, Stanbery *acting under instructions*, coolly told the court that we had a *perfectly good* tax title, and insisted upon a new trial so pertinaciously to the last, and *appeared* so astonished when it was decided against him, that the court did not force him into the argument of the question of the Occupant Law, and in this way only was the delay obtained which we now have. If there is anybody complains after hearing how it is, tell them to hire their own lawyers and see if they can do any better. Let them try Bartlett, if he is such a great gun. I'll insure their getting his services *even now* for one hundred dollars and expenses, notwithstanding he is *so nearly* in possession of tract 7, *improvements and all*.

I have been thinking over your tax documents, and if we have *now got them all*, I do not feel much confidence in it. If it can be sustained anywhere, it will be in the state court out of regard for long possession, had in good faith, etc., and there is some hope of that.

Well, after all the fuss, as it is now over, I hope you will not let yourself be vexed by it any more. "Study philosophy and live low" was the advice of a wise one to a rejected lover. I guess you had better practice on it. You will see Jesse Stem soon, I suppose. My regards to him. Write to me soon. I am anxious to hear that the alarm among your tract 7 tenants is over. I returned here last evening.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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October 31. — Since writing last I have had one of the most delightful little visits to my friends at home that I ever made. Thursday morning, a week ago, Judge Lane called, telling me I must go up to Columbus to look after Uncle's land suit in the Circuit Court. I was off by railroad immediately after dinner and reached home that evening. A good chat with Fanny who was awake and uneasy about me. Mother gone to Delaware

to carry comfort if possible to Mrs. Wasson in her affliction. Spent three or four days figuring about the suit, calling on old friends, etc., etc. Dr. Little returned from his wedding tour with his sweet wife, happy and hopeful. Only to think that I have been too busy to put down a word about his wedding! Thus it is, things which occupy my thoughts the most find smallest space in this my "book." Well, a few days before the 24th [of] September, I went up to Columbus and Delaware. At Delaware on Tuesday evening Dr. Little and Cary Williams "assisted" by Lib Starling and Linton Pettibone and Miss Lucy Webb and self were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by Rev. William C. French, in the Episcopal church. At the party in the evening were my sister and her "goodman" and all the old acquaintances of boyhood. Fanny and myself "promenaded" among them with peculiar feelings. Another peculiar feeling was awakened too by the bright eyes and merry smiles of that lovely girl whose image is now so often in my thoughts. But whither am I straying? I sat down to write of the glorious anniversary meeting of the Literary Club, of which "more anon."

*November 3, 1850.*—Last Tuesday left Columbus at 2:15 P. M. to be at home in time for the anniversary meeting of the Literary Club. At about 9 P. M. reached the city and found at Grundy's building, northwest corner Fifth and Walnut [Streets], the club assembling. Order of exercises: 1. A song by James K. Wilson and the McDowells. 2. A poem smoothly written, of the Pollock's "Course of Time" class, but too long, by William Ferguson. This was interrupted in a most ludicrous way by the announcement by Herron of 3. "Oysters." Some thirty sat down to a good supper, liquors, etc., etc. 4. Cloth removed, W. C. McDowell, being chairman, announced the toasts—one at a time—some member responding to each:—First toast, by Blackwell in capital poem—spoken. Second, a history of the club well told by I. C. Collins. Third, Zachos made a good speech on teachers; White ditto; Sam Thompson, on lawyers; Hoadly, ditto; Sam Keys told a good story to show his opinion of literary clubs, viz., "the picture of Daniel in the lion's den"; retort, witty, by Garrard, viz., "We admire your honesty but

damn your politeness." "Thomas Carlyle," by Spofford, giving the witty saying of said Thomas, "that from eighteen to twenty-five young men should be balmed"; "Emerson," beautifully and spiritually spoken to by Warriner; "Jefferson," by Pierce; "Shakespeare," by Force, finely done; "Shadow of the State House," an impromptu toast for self; a witty speech by Cross; a good one on "Truth" by Sheldon; a short one by Herron — suffering with toothache.

*November 4.* — I am now almost ready to attack winter work, winter reading, and winter amusements. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday evenings, I can devote to friends, lectures, or studies, as seems fitting at the time; Wednesdays, I think better be devoted to my Old Fellows brethren; Thursdays, to "Sons of Temperance" ditto; Fridays are as Tuesdays, etc., and Saturdays, the best of all, to the Club. In the last I mean to speak every opportunity, and on each occasion "put the best leg foremost." I am not a good speaker for such a body. I must have the stimulus of an audience or of a *cause*, an *object*, or I am a tame talker. This I shall try to mend for the sake of the exercise. I must not forget, too, "to show my hand" oftener in the "Division Room" and the "Lodge."

Days I must visit court, visit friends, and add to the list of my acquaintances. My course of law reading, I have not marked out for the winter; of that hereafter.

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CINCINNATI, November 7, 1850.

DEAR FANNY: — I suppose you need an excuse for writing to me, and that you may no longer find yourself without one I will write again although you are still on my list among those who "owe me one."

I reached home in company, as I anticipated, with Lieutenant Collins in time to attend a very gay meeting of our Literary Club held in honor of its first anniversary. The good things that were read, spoken, sung, toasted, and eaten, were quite "too numerous to mention in one advertisement," making no allusion to "things" good or evil which were smoked and drunk. Suffice

it, that the ceremonies beginning at nine o'clock P. M. did not "taper off until" after two A. M., nor till all were satisfied that we had had "one of the times we read of." Since then nothing has occurred to disturb the usually tranquil current of my affairs and thought.

I have got me a sign, newer, larger, showier and more richly gilt than any other on the front of the Law Building, albeit its face was adorned before with more numerous and gaudy shingles than any other in the city. Whether the staring gold capitals on a field of lemon will draw more flies into my web than are wont to stray in thither, Time, that daring navigator in the unexplored seas of the future, can alone discover; but as I have earned enough since my return to pay for this bit of extravagance, I think I shall be able to await the result with true philosophical coolness. I am not naturally a quack — am not, either constitutionally or by education, "A bag of wind"; yet I have a proper appreciation of the advantages and superiority of this character over mere unpretending merit. And so, for thrift's sake, I mean deliberately and decidedly "to cut" in future all my old ideas on this head. I don't think modesty "pays." It is a good quality in a family, it is a domestic virtue, it makes a home happy after you have got a home, but it is not potent in getting homes. It is not a money-maker, neither is it lucky in gaining a reputation. I am of the impression that gaseous bodies do better. Don't be alarmed after all this talk lest you shall hear that I am blown up in an explosion, or gone off in a vapor. No, I mean to begin with creeping and ascend gradually to the enviable height of a decided "blow."

I was the other day at a little dinner party of half a dozen young men at Dr. Richards'. One son invited a couple of his Kenyon friends, to wit, myself and another, and the other a couple of his Yale college friends. The conversation fell upon the *democracy* which prevails at colleges, where scholarship and service is more valued than family, etc., etc. Mrs. Richards was shocked (most excellent lady though she seems) to hear that the bosom crony of one of her guests was a son of a landlord, viz., of Colonel Noble! Great "fixin's," this family pride! Isn't it a pity that Eve was the mother of landlords as well as doctors?

I called on the Bonds t'other night. They had on an inordinate quantity of bad taste, and talked "a power" on their Eastern trip and other subjects without either "grace or unction."

I saw Pot Hoge last night. She seems happy enough and her father was interesting, bordering on funny. They are cooped up in a wee house whose *parlor* is at once hall, study, and sitting-room, a state of things not at all to the taste of young men who make calls, still less, if they wish to "take off their things and stay awhile."—Love to all.—Good-bye.

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, November 8, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—I would not write to you again before hearing from you, but I have a "suggestion, or perhaps a motion to make. I am not clear in my own mind which I shall do" (Sampson Mason), which I hope will induce you to make me a visit. Glenn, you know, is building a plank road into the city from the west. It crosses Mill Creek bottoms, about a half mile above the present lowest bridge. Near the middle of the bottom, and not over a hundred rods from a thickly built part of the city, is a piece of land of about ten acres, which never overflows but has never been laid out into town lots, because there was no getting to it except by crossing the bridge away below it and going up on the west side of the creek. Glenn's road now brings, or will bring, it in direct connection with the principal streets of the city. It belongs to a house-joiner, three old maids, and some minor heirs. They were offered three thousand dollars per acre for it a year ago and refused it. They will now sell five acres for twenty thousand dollars—four thousand dollars in hand and the balance in ten years with interest. Glenn is timid about real-estate operations, but is inclined to go halves with anybody else. I suspect it is a great speculation. The five acres can be cut into about eighty town lots of twenty-six feet front. This at ten dollars a foot would pay expenses; but no lots half as favorably situated as these will be when the plank road is finished, are ever sold for less than thirty dollars or forty dollars. That these five acres can be cut up and sold for fifty thousand



dollars within three years — one-fourth in hand and the balance in installments payable in two, three, and five years, I fully believe. I know how easy it is to figure up profits on paper, but I've no doubt if you were here, you would think the speculation worth looking up. A bargain like this can be made probably: That the purchasers may go on and get a partition of the property so that the owners can give a clear title to the five acres owned by the brother and old maids, and *then* if the purchasers wish to take the land on the terms mentioned, they can do it, or, if not, back out on paying the expenses, say thirty dollars, of the partition. By that time it can be known definitely whether the purchase will pay or not. This is altogether the best speculation that I have heard of since I came here. The moment it is generally known that a good bridge and road are to be built over the bottom, this property will double in value and price; it can't be otherwise. Lots over two miles *further* off have been sold this summer for twenty dollars per foot. It is within less than half a mile of the Hamilton & Dayton Railroad depot, and the first ground this side of it that is above the floods, now rents at a valuation of fifty dollars per foot. I think a voyage down here wouldn't hurt you, even if nothing comes of it, and *perhaps* it will *pay*.

Judge Justice sent me a dollar to buy him a book on *dreams, witchcraft*, etc., which is not now in town. There will be a new supply in a week or two, when I will send it along. Please tell him.

I wrote to Abner Root, Land Officer at Defiance, and to Joseph H. Larwill of Wooster for information and documents about tract 7. I told them it was for you and they replied very promptly and fully, so you may thank them when you see them, or treasure it up in their favor.

I shall be out of funds one of these days unless clients come in a little faster, so if you are not coming down — but *do* come if it is not risking your health — I would like you to send me a trifle when it is convenient. I am thinking some better of your tax title to tract 7 than I did. Mr. Coles says tract 7 is not on the sale list of 1827. I think it *must* be there. The reason he gives

for its not being there is not a good one. The list is a very long one, and he may have overlooked it. If it is there, the greatest defect I now see in the tax title is removed, and I repeat, it *must* be there, although it has been twice overlooked. Write. Love to all.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

November 10. — Since writing the above I have looked over the whole ground of our proposed speculation again, and am still pleased with it. I send you a hasty plot of the ground. The ten acres is the square in the horseshoe bend of Mill Creek. By looking at the map of the city in the newspaper I sent to you a few days ago, you can see precisely how it is. It is six hundred yards by the way of Gest street across Mill Creek to the east line of the ten-acre lot *from Freeman Street* which is one of the *greatest* streets in the city. All the sanguine people predict that in ten years Freeman will be the main street. You need not put yourself out to come down, for if a *conditional bargain* can be made, such as I mentioned, Glenn and myself have determined to make it, and think of the next step any time in the next six months. — H.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Saturday, November 16.* — The first snow of the season. Heard from John G. C. of the marriage of his brother J. A. to a lady of my acquaintance [in the] East whom I formerly "affected" somewhat. Regret to hear that she is so out of health that he has been delayed in bringing her West. Success to him for her sake and his own, health and happiness to both! But still it was fortunate that my "affair" went no farther than it did. Singular, that the sweet smile which beams so lovingly in features now familiar to dreams and "reveries," was in contrast or comparison with this lady's charms in my thoughts over three years ago, when the one was a "bonnie" schoolgirl of sixteen and the other a blooming woman of twenty-two or upwards. *Now as then* the preference for the former is sufficiently decided, only *more so*.

*Tuesday, November 19.* — Opened up at a temperance meeting in Rev. [James] Prestley's church (Associate Reformed Presbyterian) between Race and Elm [Streets]. Have no idea how the speech *took*. There were present not to exceed six of my acquaintances; only one crony, McDowell. The only indication of success: I overheard a young lady, as I was coming out of church, say, "I wish I could get the young man who lectured first for a beau." The remarks were extempore, being the first speech of the kind I ever made to a mixed audience. It is not very difficult; requires more preparation of the particular discourse, so as to fasten the heads of it in my mind, or a better knowledge of the subject *without any* previous preparation for the particular speech. In time, I fancy, I can make a decent temperance speech.

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CINCINNATI, November 20, 1850.

DEAR FANNY: — I suppose it is time I should write again if I want a Sabbath day's *journal* from you. A letter from you is always regarded as one of the necessities of life, — luxury, and sometimes rarity, though it is. I feel this more just now as Uncle is too busy to write. I have not received one of his laconic epistles since I first returned from Columbus three weeks ago. He is, I learn "collaterally," going into the private banking business with Mr. Otis. They have been building a brick banking house with its vaults and mysteries and expect to go to financiering extensively soon. Otis is a close, successful money dealer and with Uncle's credit and influence the firm is no doubt a very good one. Good luck to them. Something of the kind was much needed at Fremont and will be more necessary now that they have undoubtedly secured *at least one* railroad, to be commenced in a few weeks, with a good prospect of one or two more after [a] while.

I called to see Mrs. Ormsbee evening before last. She says it is common rumor that Charlotte [Birchard] is to be married to the Mr. DeWitt who went home with Mary. Mr. Ormsbee says, on the other side, that the Fayetteville gossip is not good authority, and that if Charlotte is not a desperate flirt, the Rev.

Mr. Plympton, Presbyterian clergyman in Fayetteville, is the happy (?) man. The last named gentleman he describes as a young man of talent, "human beauty, and moral perfectibility"; also a great favorite with his congregation generally and with Uncle Austin in particular.

Little "Sard" is bright, good-looking, and gloriously spoiled, rules the whole household with despotic sway. Charles is suffering from a combination of the vapors, idleness, and ill health. It is doubtful which of these elements predominates. Charity would say the last. Truth probably would insinuate the first. Uncle Austin really takes as much interest in the store as ever, and is probably a silent partner. He is in good spirits and is gradually exchanging politics for religion as the topic of thought, study, and conversation.

Mike Sullivan has been here dancing attendance on Miss Eliza Carson of Chillicothe. She is represented as witty, intelligent, and aspiring. Which of these qualities would determine her to smile favorably on Mr. Sullivan's claims, I cannot say. She is withal fine-looking and the selection of her for his lady-love is very creditable to Mr. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan reports a feud between the house of Deshler and "the castle," as Mr. Deshler was in the habit of familiarly styling the "premises" on Broad Street. I hope for "the castle's" sake that the report is true. How is it? The "*empressment*" that was lacking in Miss H — 's greeting to you must have been wasted on me, for at both our meetings I fancied her more cordial than usual.

I have just stopped writing long enough to read Mr. Clay's speech to the Legislature of Kentucky, at Frankfort. I find it in the morning paper. You will see it soon. It is worth reading even for a mother looking after her flock.

In pursuance of my recently adopted system of blowing my own trumpet, I last night made a temperance speech in one of the Presbyterian Churches on Sixth Street. By stoutly denying my identity with the "Hayes" named in the bills, I succeeded in getting off my speech with only one of my cronies in the audience and not over half a dozen of my acquaintances. I got along quite decently "considering." The only remark indicating how it *took*, (except the matter-of-course congratulations of

my acquaintances) was a remark I heard a young lady make to her companions on the way home: "Well, I wish I could get that young man who spoke first for my beau!" It was too dark to distinguish features or I might have offered her "that pleasure."

I see Miss Hoge and have a good laugh with her occasionally. She must be blue enough at times with nobody but well-behaved old folks to listen to. They are about changing their abode to the Walnut Street House. Just think of Dr. Hoge shifting about from "pillar to post" in a town like this, as if he were a strolling bachelor! A pregnant proof of the falsity of the saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

I am told that Mrs. Webb is coming here to keep house in a week or two, so I shall see somebody soon.

I wrote to Uncle William a long letter, and, upon mature deliberation enclosed to him your letter to me and also Lollie's containing an account of the Bell Ringers. I am not sure that the last named young lady will be pleased with such a freedom with her correspondence and perhaps you better not mention it to her. Your letter seemed to me a very proper one for such a purpose. Your naming Miss H — was the only thing that made me hesitate. But it meant nothing and can be easily explained if questions are asked.

Write. — Love to all.

Affectionately, your brother,

R. B. HAYES.

Tell Laura I was much pleased with her account of the Bell Ringers and will reply to her letter soon.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Thursday, [November] 21.* — Wake with a sore throat — old complaint. Have many fears that it will be my ruin if not my death. Linton W. Pettibone and self went to all the principal hotels and most of the boarding-houses in search of the husband of his sister Estelle — J. J. Richardson. The full name of — is "L. W. W." [Lucy Ware Webb.]

*Friday, [November] 22.* — Nothing on hands this afternoon. Received a case to examine and argue from friend T —. Shall seek such opportunities as often as possible. Learn legal principles, their application, and the most forcible method of stating them; besides the advantage of notoriety which it will afford me. I am now to work my way almost unaided. *Push, labor, shove*, — these words of great power in a city like this. Two years must find me with a *living* and *increasing* business, or I quit the city and probably the profession.

I am a sincere but not extreme or violent friend of the temperance cause. I mean to prepare myself to speak on the subject by accumulating and arranging in my memory as many interesting facts, arguments, and statistics as I can; also by jotting down my own ideas on the subject as they occur to me. The learning to speak as well as the notoriety (not to speak of the good I *may* do) are objects worthy of the pains.

Reading “Twelfth Night or What You Will.” I find much beauty, much wit. Gossip in all times: “As you know, what great ones do, the less will prattle of.” . . . A capital love story, good plot, good characters and beauty all over.

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CINCINNATI, November 25, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE: — Yours of the 22nd with the enclosed came safely to hand yesterday. I was not sorry to have confirmed, what I had previously learned by rumor, that you and Otis are about starting a private bank. If you are to spend your time in Fremont, the occupation will, no doubt, be a pleasant one; and, as Glenn said, “with your popularity and Otis figuring,” it must succeed. With the amount of deposits you can command and the prospect of greatly increasing business at Fremont, the enterprise must be a capital one.

Judge Reznor reports from Columbus that the railroad projects have finally settled down precisely as I suppose you would wish. This is attributed in part to the fact that *Judge Lane is interested with you at Fremont!* I am afraid that our “horse-shoe” (so called from the shape of the land) speculation will not succeed. The fellow who manages for his sisters has taken the

hint, and is changing his terms very materially. Glenn thinks there is still hope of his settling down on a fair proposition, but I am pretty well satisfied that he thinks he might as well cut it up into lots himself. Had Glenn been as quick on the trigger as you would have been, we should, perhaps, have got it. He is timid in real-estate matters. For example, Gregory offered him a chance to go into a "spec" with him, which I, with no other means than I have, would have embraced at once; Glenn was afraid of it, and now it has turned out in Gregory's hands ahead of anything we read of in California. In six weeks from the time of purchase, he has sold one-twentieth of the land for fifty per cent more than he gave for the whole of it. But this is one chance in a million. I mean to tell Gregory that when he hears of good offers requiring not more than I can probably borrow of some of my friends, to let me know.

I am glad you are coming down; don't give up if you can help it. I had some business in Paris, Kentucky, and wrote to the gent who was so frightened by your "Cold Huckleberry Pudding" that night at Brazoria. I alluded to our chance meeting there. He replied very politely, inviting me to come to see him, and attending to my business without any fee. So much for being polite to *crazy* men.

I had a long talk with the "human mind" on the street the other day. He was quite tickled at meeting me. Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Sunday, December 1.*—Unshaved and unshirted, spent the day in reading "David Copperfield." Read the last half of the book; *very* fine—very. Dickens "is the fellow yet." Traddles says, "the society of the girls is very delightful but not professional." But the lesson of the book is in David's philosophizing on his marriage to Dora, his "child wife." In the words of the doctor's Annie (Mrs. Strong): "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose." She was thankful for being saved from "the first mistaken impulse of my undisciplined heart."

A hateful female would be a cross between Miss Murdstone and Miss Rosa Dartle.

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CINCINNATI, December 5, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:—Glenn will tell you about our purchase, or bargain, for the Mill Creek tract. I expected to raise the means at Columbus, so you need not be troubled on my account. It is considered a capital hit, and if the cholera will only let us alone next summer, we shall doubtless do well with it.

You send some Plank Road certificates to be struck off. This leads me to suggest that possibly, if you want to borrow money in New York at five per cent for your banking, it can be done by pledging Plank Road stock to good advantage.

. . . There is an excellent chance to get a "spec" in real estate that would take about three thousand five hundred dollars, so if you come down soon, please put your hand in the safe and take out about that amount, as I am sure I can satisfy you of a way to invest it better than private banking, though I have no doubt *that* is good. How cozy you will be in your little counting-room; it is quite "a green spot to think about," as Lizzie Baldwin would say. Love to friends.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*December 9.*—Yesterday afternoon, Sunday, went up to Columbia with Mr. Gossin and Mr. Tuttle and made a temperance speech in the church. Not hard to face an audience now, but I ought to have something good to say. Must be prepared for such sudden calls. Should think with a good collection of ideas, facts, etc., I could make a tolerable speech. The audience seemed attentive and pleased; will try to improve.

*Saturday, December 14.*—Just returned from the National Theatre where I saw Miss Cushman in "Meg Merrilies." Can anything be more grand, more perfect, more awful? Can't write about it, but most glorious it is, indeed.



CINCINNATI, December 17, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— Glenn and Orton have told you all about me and I only write to tell you that I start to Columbus tomorrow to remain there and at other places two weeks—until the day after New Year's. Ormsbee has some little matters that will pay expenses to Circleville. I have another matter at Portsmouth and must go to Delaware probably to get my money, so I shall make quite a round of it going and coming. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.— Tell Mrs. Valette "Copperfield" is the best book Dickens has written. I would send it if I supposed it was not in Fremont.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 22, 1850.

DEAR UNCLE:— You will be surprised to see that I have returned from Columbus so much sooner than I expected when I left. Yesterday I received a dispatch from Judge Reznor desiring me to come down immediately. I accordingly took the first train of cars and reached here last night. I shall start for western Virginia tomorrow morning in company with one of the parties in an enterprise of this sort: A large body of land has been contracted for; a small proportion of it is common farming land worth from five to fifteen dollars per acre; the balance is regarded by its former owners as waste and wholly worthless. They sell the whole tract for what would be about a fair price for the tillable land, so that the average rate per acre is only *sixteen cents*. The waste land has been examined and is found to be valuable for coal and iron. I am to go up and see to titles, etc., etc., and to have the privilege of going in as *one-fourth* partner. The amount of money required is very small; still, I care nothing about it at present, but I wish you would, if you can, come down here about the 5th of January. I shall be home in ten days again, and if you are coming down at all this winter, you can, perhaps, come as well at that time as any other. . . . Write and tell me whether you will come, and *do* come.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

## CHAPTER X

### WIDENING INTERESTS — CINCINNATI, 1851

*JANUARY 8, 1851.* — Just returned from a New Year's visit home — a happy one indeed. Many reflections crowd on my mind, but the prominent scene is that of last night. After a merry party at ———, remained with ——— until 3:30 A. M. (!!) talking over and finally disposing of a long dream of mingled happiness and pain. Glad I am that *it is as it is*. Yet what a singular feeling of sadness, not grief or regret, steals over me as I think of it. It is as if an era of my life — a period of youth with its feelings, aye, and what is more with its *capacity* to feel — is gone forever from me; as if an important portion of life were wasted. And what a scene was *that one* of last night! The more I think of it the sadder I feel. I asked her to return my letters with as light a heart as I ever made the simplest request. I cared nothing, absolutely nothing, for her feelings towards me. I had come to consider her as unfitted by temper and disposition for my bosom companion. No lingering desire to gather again the broken threads that once bound us to each other was hidden in the recesses of my heart. We talked over our whole past intercourse. Everything was called up, errors and misconstructions corrected, apologies, confessions, and repentances exchanged, until all was clear again. I was told with the emphasis of both hands clasped warmly over mine, and a tearful eye and husky voice, again and again, that no other man was or could be so esteemed — so *liked* as I still was. It only was no longer love. I heard it with a smile, not of triumph, but of sympathy and happiness that "the affair" could end so happily.

I wished it so to end, had long wished it; and yet now, after a day has passed, I am sad. I would not change it if I could. No, no. Another bright vision that has long floated before my waking and slumbering fancies, is beautiful before me — sweeter

far than the harmony of verse; and yet the *dead passion* is to me like a lost loved one. How she conjured me to beware of wrecking my nobler nature on the rock of mercenary aims and pursuits; not to throw away a good heart on an inferior woman! Well, well, I shall ever think better of you for that night's explanations. God bless you, God bless you!

"Fare thee well, thou first and fairest,  
Fare thee well thou best and dearest,  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!"

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CINCINNATI, January 14, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—Since my trips to Columbus and Virginia I have been a good deal employed. . . . Judge Reznor, a Mr. Heaton of the City Bank, and myself closed a contract for a portion of the coal lands which I visited soon after I wrote to you. It will *probably* prove a good little operation. There is, however, so much uncertainty about it that I would not have had anything to do with it, but for the belief that my connection with the other parties in the matter would prove of more benefit to me in my profession, and in other ways, than the amount which I can possibly lose if it turns out badly. Platt took the same view of it that I did, only he seemed to consider the "spec" itself as a better thing than I did. The money required to be paid soon, in addition to what I took up to Virginia, is advanced for me by the other parties, with the understanding that I am to do the business (except expenses), and to pay my share when I can do so, say a part in the spring and part in the fall. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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January 26.—Money and reputation have occupied my thoughts the past three weeks, chiefly the former. The latter, I care little about, except the good name which follows every good life. Fame, I care *nothing* for—positively nothing. Health

certainly, brains possibly, is lacking to gain it. The woman I think of often enough, the one with "the eye that reaches back to the spirit," whoever she may be, is required to complete all my visionary pictures of quiet bliss hereafter. Money is needed to enjoy the essentials. So gold and love for the future! What a *firm*! But yet I am *prudent*.

I read my lecture Wednesday, [the] 22d, to a full lodge. It took and I was satisfied, perfectly. Friday, [the] 24th, found a pair of charming sisters at Notre Dame. Queer, was it not?

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COLUMBUS, January 29, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—You will be pained to hear the sad intelligence which brought me here this morning. We have just returned from burying little Willie. He died Monday evening after five or six days' illness with croup. He was regarded as in a very critical situation two or three days before he died. You knew him well enough to know what an affliction this is to William and Fanny. Still, they bear it as good parents ought. They feel that they did all in their power to preserve his health and make him happy. He was so good, so thoughtful, so considerate, so kind for one of his years, that no treatment was required towards him which would, now that he is gone, be remembered with pain. Both say that all their recollections of him are pleasant: A few days before he was taken sick, Fowler gave them a chart of his head. The character was a beautiful one, but he almost predicted what has occurred, as a consequence of a too perfect development of brain at the expense of the bodily powers. A more beautiful face and head than his were, even as a corpse, could hardly be met with in a lifetime. His gentleness and consideration for others in his sickness are delightful to dwell upon. But he is gone; this cold, blustering 29th of January, Wednesday, buried in Green Lawn Cemetery on a spot, near which last spring and summer he played many a day when his father was engaged as one of the directors decorating the grounds. He would have been seven years old March 3—too old and too mature ever to be forgotten by any of us.

All the rest of the family are well. I shall stay about a week;

partly to comfort them, if possible, and partly on business for the City Bank. Write. Love to Mrs. Valette.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*Columbus, January 30, 1851.* — Tuesday, the 28th of January, on returning to my office after dinner, Herron handed me a letter with the remark, "It is a lady's handwriting but not your sister's." I took it and on opening it found the following: [A letter from Miss Helen Gregory, a niece of Mr. Platt, announcing the death of little Willie Platt.]

I read it as I might have read a paragraph in a newspaper — no shock, no tears, no emotion. I thought of it a few moments in silence, told it to Herron, remarked that I would probably go to Columbus, inquired the time and found it was a few minutes too late to go by the afternoon cars. Stem and Quimby came in. I told them I should probably go to Columbus by the night train, and the cause of it. Called on several friends, made some slight arrangements, still not realizing the calamity at all. I met Mr. Kelley of Columbus on the street, who spoke of Willie's dangerous sickness. I told him I had heard of the death. Now for the first time I found that tears were starting and hastened on. During the afternoon and evening made a few needful preparations for leaving home; spent the evening very pleasantly at the Broadway Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, and with Herron at the office. Sat up until one A. M. and left in the railroad cars for Columbus. During the ride thought often of Willie, of the feelings of his parents, their great loss, etc., but it was purely intellectual. No *emotion* was stirred whatever. I felt that I *ought* to feel, was ashamed to think that I did not feel more. But in the morning, Wednesday, [the] 29th, as we approached the depot ground at Columbus and I saw the place where every morning Willie and his father before breakfast skated and played, the tears started and I almost sobbed aloud. Approaching the house that bitter cold morning, it looked so sad and desolate. No Willie to greet me! I met Helen Gregory at the door, and without a word turned into the parlor. Found a large fire blazing and everywhere preparations for the funeral.

In a moment William came in and as our eyes met, we were both overwhelmed. I never felt so drowned in grief in my life. I went into the family room and saw my sister sitting in her low rocking-chair in her accustomed corner, nursing little Emily as usual — as I had seen her so often — but looking forward so intently, so sorrowfully, as she raised her eyes and saw me. She rose and bursting into tears and grief threw herself into my arms exclaiming, "Oh, my Willie, oh my Willie, my Willie," many times. They were glad and grateful that I had come, had almost telegraphed me to come, — so afraid I would not. We then talked of Willie, his sickness and death, his goodness, his beauty, his books, toys, hat, etc. We *all* went together into the cold east chamber where he was laid out in his coffin. Fanny [Junior] did not know what it meant. She prattled sweetly in her musical little tones, and could not comprehend it. We all looked down on him — Mother, William, Fanny, Laura, little Fanny, and myself. Fanny said, "Let us never forget how he looks." How beautiful a sight that was! His pure, white, marble-like brow, his lovely face, his curling locks combed neatly back, a tie of white ribbon under his chin with the collar turned over, his hands crossed together clasping a bunch of flowers. To be sure, those lovely, liquid, violet-colored eyes were hid, closed in death, but the slight sinking of his cheeks brought out more strongly the manly features, and made him look years older than he was. Nothing in statuary or painting could excel it — and he was dead, gone, lost! Oh God, what pangs would shoot through me as I thought of him and looked at him!

We continued to talk of him. His father told what a happiness Willie had been to him; how all recollections of him were pleasant, only pleasant — *none* otherwise. What a thoughtful, noble boy he was, how all loved him. Fanny spoke in a singular tone of *agreeable* sadness of the effect of the affliction on her mind — on William's; how their hearts were brought more near together than ever before. William would so like to know where his little spirit was gone! How such a modest little fellow would feel alone among strangers!

The funeral at 2 P. M. Mr. Preston the clergyman. Many familiar faces filled the rooms. A cold ride to Green Lawn —

lifted down into the grave by Irwin, Champion, etc., etc. The stone placed over the coffin, and we return in the carriage as before, viz., William, Fanny, Willie Gilbert, Laura, and self. William said to Laura, "That is the last you will ever see of brother Willie." And so we left him that cold winter's evening, in grounds now snow-covered and bleak, where he had played so often among the leaves and flowers of summer and spring! That evening we still talked of only him. I read De Quincey's account of his "first affliction" of childhood. The evening was a pleasant one, though so mournful. William and Fanny both so felt it. William said: "None but a parent can realize such happiness as we have had with Willie. He has been such a treasure to us, and now that he is gone, he is a treasure to think of." Fanny spoke of him as combining the choicest parts of the two most dear to her, husband and brother; that as we were stays to her now, she had begun to think of him as the stay of her later period in life. "But alas! he is gone, the beauty, the treasure, the sunbeam, and the hope of our house!"

Willie was born March 3, 1844, died January 27, 1851. When he was born I was at Harvard Law School and must have seen him first as a babe in the summer of 1844, when at home in vacation. My recollections of his infancy are few. He was a large-headed, long-featured boy, with exceedingly fine eyes, large, hazel. Some thought he resembled me and we often called him "Uncle Ruddy." He soon grew to be very noble-looking and was admired by everybody. His first daguerreotype shows him well. He was remarkable in figures. "Stubborn as a Hayes," if wronged and roused, but other times gentle, kind, cheerful. He was too open and honest for any deceit or guile. He could keep nothing in the way of secrecy, *would tell where* he intended to hide when playing bo-peep! Merry as fun itself. Persevering, cheerfully so, beyond any boy I ever knew. A velocipede was bought him. At first he could not stir it at all, but day after day he worked until no one could be more expert. He was fond of witty and queer things said or done. I once helped him at table and said, "Now walk into it." How loudly he laughed and repeated, "Uncle Ruddy says, 'now walk into it.'"

A short time ago when up home to spend New Year's, I at-

tempted to imitate the brogue and queerness of Davie in "Guy Mannering," which I had seen represented on the stage; and repeated to him "Capt'n Brunn of the *Fusinileers* don't know, etc." The boy was delighted with it; he could not hear it too often. He could play a little backgammon, chequers, well for one of his age, and was learning to skate, on Lorenzo's skates, when he died. The scenes of his last sickness were very touching. He was taken with a cold and hoarseness Sunday, the 19th, was kept from school during the week, and tenderly watched and cared for by his parents. He was weaker, seemed milder than usual, but equally merry; was a happiness to the whole house. Friday [he] grew worse. Saturday he heard a letter from me read, in which I expressed a desire to have him write to me. He got his mother to write for him. She wrote as he dictated.

During his whole sickness he was considerate and generous. His father gave him an orange. He had it divided with all present, sent some to absent friends, and desired all present *to eat it with him when he did*. Dr. Case, when first called, found the case was desperate; requested counsel, Dr. Smith. Remedies were tried in vain. Willie was not told of his danger. Monday evening, about 6 P. M., a paroxysm of choking came on. Dr. Smith took him in his arms, held him a moment to his breast, and after a momentary struggle handed him to his mother, in whose arms he breathed lightly three or four times and his "spirit returned to God who gave it"! After Willie was laid in his coffin, Laura asked if she might place in his coffin two little spoons belonging to a set of dishes which Willie was fond of. It was done by Laura and they were buried with him.

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COLUMBUS, February 3, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . We are all quite well here now, and William and Fanny are as composed and cheerful, almost, as usual. We succeeded in finding a beautiful daguerreotype of Willie at one of the artists' rooms which was taken at the same time with the one I gave to you. We have had several beautiful



copies taken from it for lockets and breastpins for Willie's friends. . . .

I shall stay here some time. Judge Reznor & Co. have several bills before the Legislature which require constant watching to keep them alive. The judge has been here some time, and on my promise to stay a week longer, he has gone home. One of the bills, for a dry dock company, if passed, will do great things, it is thought, for our Mill Creek property. If Otis knows any Loco members who would be more *friendly* by his writing, I wish he would send me a letter of introduction, saying that he will be obliged to them for any kindness and service done to me.

My business is increasing considerably, but my expenses are also somewhat larger than last winter. Herron will leave me soon to go into partnership with one of the best offices. I shall, for a time, retain the office *alone* which will increase my expenses also. Not in any need at present, but shall want some money soon after my return to Cincinnati. I do hope you will come down shortly.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, February 12, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 7th, enclosing letters of introduction to several members I received this morning, for which accept my thanks.

An effort is making to repeal the New Occupant Law. It might have slipped through silently, but having an eye open for my own matters, I chanced to see the *little* bill and called the attention of several to it. It will *certainly fail*.

The compromise at one thousand three hundred dollars is probably the best thing that can be done, though I am not sure but we could take from them all the improved lots by the help of the *Occupant Law* and our *tax lien*. However, lawsuits are so uncertain that I should vote for the compromise.

I am succeeding very well so far with my *legging*, but it is a very mean business for a man that has been well brought up

to engage in. It is the only way to get a bill from Cincinnati through, so it must be done.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

L. B. OTIS.

*Fremont, Ohio.*

COLUMBUS, February 17, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE: — Your favor of the 9th was sent to Cleveland by mistake and reached me here today. I am likely to remain here some time longer. I have written to my Cincinnati friends to get a discharge, but they insist that I shall stay until all our matters are decided one way or the other. Two of the three charters we are trying to get are now safe; the third, in which I am most interested, is still in doubt, but I guess it will go. . . .

Spink is here trying to get some railroad charter from Perrysburg to Sandusky by way of Fremont. He says the road from Toledo to Fremont will not be built; that the letting of contracts was only a *bluff game* to match the Sandusky project of a road through Ottawa County. I think the town of Fremont is to be a *town* and *not* a potato patch, as Watson used to say, but I fear Judge J — is right in saying, it is too late for the old settlers.

. . . .  
The Legislature, Town Council, etc., etc., are going to Cleveland to spend the 22nd, if the railroad is finished, as they now expect, by Thursday evening; then good-bye to the Mad River road as a route for *through travel*; it will still be an important freight road, and be well supported *by way travel*, and I hope you may get it by the way of Fremont, as Spink says you will. I am writing in a hurry. The Legislature is busy electing Associate Judges for all the counties by the "People's Line," Whigs for Whig counties, Locos for Loco counties, etc. I will write you when I go home. Good-bye.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — The road to Cleveland is *through*; the first handcar crossed the gap this morning. — (17th, P. M.)

The attempt to repeal the Occupying Claimant Law is killed.

The committee reported against it unanimously Saturday. If you have any interest in the matter left, you may thank me for this result. I am pretty sure it would have silently *stolen* through the House, if I had not called attention to it.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, March 17, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . General Hinton has written from the lower Mississippi to his family that he is *dead! à la Culver!* or in other words, he says that before the letter reaches Delaware "the dark waters of the Mississippi will be rolling over him." His death will discharge his bail from liability for his not appearing at the trial. I think his own assertion ought to be taken as proof of a fact which so nearly concerns him.

[John B.] Gough, the famous temperance lecturer, has been turning the heads of the most hidebound old sinners in town. Deshler, Wm. Sullivant, *Platt*, and men of that stamp are converts. There is a little currant wine in the house and as the whole family have signed the pledge not to drink nor to give it away, there is trouble as to disposing of it. Platt would throw it in the street but Mother thinks it a pity to lose it! Suppose you come down and remove this bone of contention!

Guy Bryan will be here to spend a few weeks next month or in May. We must be ready to do the hospitable and friendly in our best manner.

The Whigs generally feel in great spirits at having elected a senator and all the other officers. The Locos feel chapfallen, especially poor Payne. He is cursed by his party because he wouldn't resign, and let his friends play the same game which the Whigs played so successfully, viz., keep offering candidates to the Free-Soilers until the bait took. The new Constitution will not be opposed by the Whigs generally although they hate the gerrymander.

Tell John R. not to give it up so. He is good for a long life, I am sure. Regards to him and his.

The Free Bank bill is pretty sure to become a law; so if you want state stocks, look out for them. They will be in demand

shortly. The bill which I have had most at heart, which *was* to have made my fortune (!) and on account of which I am staying here, more than for anything else, is pretty likely to be a failure. Sorry for it, but can't help it. Your old friend, Farrer, has kept it alive so far; but for him, it would have died a month ago. I fear now that it is past praying for. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*March 29, 1851.* — Returned the 26th from Columbus. Settled up the next day the coal contracts with Todd. Yesterday called with Mrs. Lester on Miss W — [Webb]. Evening with McDowell at C J. Wright's, a lively evening. Am now alone in my office — Herron having entered the office of King & Anderson as a partner. I have now no projects either for good or glory immediately before me; my money-making schemes will look out for themselves for a while, and I am at leisure for study and improvement. I fear I am wasting, not my substance, but what is even worse, my mental endowments. Let me prick up a little of my ancient mettle and again at it. I see many of my early friends and acquaintances of no greater promise than mine / evidently outstripping me in the race of life. Yet I feel that I am not inferior to them. The gift of continuance, aye, and health, I fear are lacking.

I find that with me low spirits and feeble health come and go together. The last two or three months I have had frequent attacks of the blues. They generally are upon me or within me when I am somewhat out of order in bowels, throat, or head. My prospects here are in some points of view not dark, and in others not so bright as I would desire. I have made friends and with them acquired some position — some reputation — and yet I have next to no practice at all. It is only by practice that I shall ever become a lawyer. To do it by mere study is plainly not in me or my capacity.

CINCINNATI, March 29, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . I received a good long letter from Jesse Stem a few days ago. He has been wintering near San Antonio, and has enjoyed tolerable health. He will return to take his family down if he finds a suitable place to plant them early in the summer. Mat Stem's wife is quite unwell. Ellen Gardiner and Cleme Stem are both there now. Cleme is in pretty good health and goes to school.

I hardly know what to say about your suit at Columbus. There is no preparation required of any kind. My own impression is that perhaps it would be as well to let the thing go, and commence on them in the State court. I do not see how Boswell can be kept out of possession more than one term longer, without going to an expense greater than is worth while. If you were here I could talk it up with you more in half an hour than can be done in writing forty letters.

The weather is now beautiful. Jenny Lind will be here in ten days or two weeks. Fanny and William are coming down ✓ then. Guy Bryan will probably be here also. So do come.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*March 31, 1851.* — Heard Spalding, as Judge of the Supreme Court, deliver an opinion in a chancery cause. He is a clear-headed, able judge. With temperance and integrity he would hardly be equalled as a judge by any man in the State. Hitchcock sat with him. They are trying for the third time James Summons for the poisoning of his own family in the summer of 1849!

I have read today the accounts of the famous Crystal Palace built for the World's Fair in Hyde Park. What colossal dimensions for a structure of glass and iron — one thousand, eight hundred feet long by four hundred broad, twenty-four, forty-four, sixty-four, and one hundred feet high, covering eighteen acres!

. . . Commenced reading today the law of insurance — Kent first.

*April 4, 1851.* — Another attack of cholera morbus. On the lake shore, colds and sore throat were my enemies, now it is disease of the bowels that disturbs my peace. I feel pretty well today, *considering*. A prospect of a little business in addition — the notary business of the City Bank.

Yesterday heard the closing arguments of Judge Walker in the poisoning case, so often tried, of James Summons. Judge Walker is not fluent, voice and manner not good, but he is impressive and strong. The only beauties in his jury addresses are his quotations from Shakespeare and Milton, which he recites with a good deal of effect. He quoted:

"Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all."

Also a few lines from Milton — "Mask of Comus," I think — showing the effect by means of habit of a sensual or pure course of life; also Hamlet's, "What a piece of work is man," etc. A strong man.

Judge Spalding is a very able man. His charge was on the side of mercy but able. Moral insanity, he gave no quarter. He spoke of drunkenness, his own besetting sin, as a vice that would make a man choose to roll into hell rather than deny himself the bowl.

D'Israeli ("Amenities of Literature") says *Saxon* is a short crooked sword, and that it gave a generic name to all the tribes which poured into Britain about 450-600 A. D. If this is the correct etymology of the name, it is not bad as a symbol of the manner in which the race was destined to extend its power.

*April 9, 1851.* — Monday morning, the 7th, saw General Scott for the first time. Great crowds of people thronged the streets leading to the landing. The general came down the river on the Pittsburgh packet. The uncertainty in the time of his arrival prevented there being anything like a formal reception. The old general stepped out in the fore-part of the boat, dressed in full military costume with yellow plumes in his chapeau, etc.;

was cheered and bowed gracefully. As he descended from the deck and made his way to the carriage, great numbers crowded towards him and seized his hand and one Irishman *embraced him*.

Monday evening there was a class graduated by the Law School at College Hall. General Scott was present. The orator of the evening, B. Storer, alluded to General Scott, which "brought the house down." The general then made a neat little speech, saying that he could not venture to call himself a lawyer, that he only practiced six months, but he had felt the benefit of his law studies in every week of his life; and addressing the class, he said: "You will find yourselves benefited by your studies here whatever may be your subsequent careers. I wish you all success in your profession. May your career in it be far larger and more brilliant than mine was! Accept an old soldier's prayer for your success."

He is a noble-looking man for a soldier — six feet four inches high, well proportioned, a clear, keen gray eye (or hazel), dignified and commanding in person, his hair a little thinned on the top of his head and slightly grizzled with age. *He'll do for President.*

*Wednesday, April 17.* — Monday evening, heard Jenny Lind. She is a charming girl, her voice aside. For simplicity, modesty, apparent sincerity, and goodness, I have not seen her equal on the stage. Abby Hutchinson is the nearest approach to her. Her singing is doubtless without fault, her voice certainly is excellent, but I was not moved — thrilled — by her singing. Once, in singing "Sweet Home," she touched my feelings, only that once. I have *felt* more a thousand times when listening to good music. Her bird song, the imitation of the warble, was wonderful and beautiful. Altogether I am not surprised that she should be *a* favorite, perhaps *the* favorite of the musical world; but to draw such houses at such exorbitant prices is without adequate reason.

Uncle Birchard [has] been here since Wednesday evening, [the] 9th. Left today. A good visit.

*April 23.*—I was requested yesterday to deliver an address before the Fulton Lodge of I. O. O. F. in two weeks from tomorrow. If time were allowed me to prepare one, I think I could perhaps reap some laurels. As it is, I must patch up some sort of a thing, stuffed with other men's ideas, weakly cemented by a few of my own. I hate to be "a thief of renown and pilferer of fame." But I mean to attempt the address, and must, "will ye nill ye," *cram* for it. The lodge was instituted August 19, 1849, (No. 112) with fifteen members; now has one hundred.

*May 9, 1851.*—*Got up* my address, and yesterday in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen at the McKeen Chapel *got it off*. Good. I must now to work again righty lustily before the dog-days interfere. My voice was much better than I anticipated. It held out unbroken for a good hour of pretty loud talk—open windows, locomotives, steam saw-mill, and all to the contrary.

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CINCINNATI, May 13, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—Your letter enclosing forty dollars was duly received.

Guy Bryan is now at Baltimore buying negroes to stock a sugar plantation. He went direct from New Orleans to New York by sea. He will probably not return by way of Ohio as he must go with his negroes, *unless* he succeeds in shipping them through to Galveston on a vessel. . . .

I wrote the enclosed article for Shoemaker to put in the *Gazette* in reply to Cooke, but the railroad friends of Shoemaker say he must not continue the controversy; but he says if you will have it put into one of the Fremont or Norwalk or Toledo papers, he will have it copied into the *Gazette*. If it is worth publishing, see to it and send us copies of the paper containing it. I have erased and interlined to suit your latitude, but a decent compositor can set it up without rewriting.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.



*May 15, 1851.*—I yesterday heard of the suicide of an old friend, a friend of boyhood, of college days, and of later times—Linton W. Pettibone, of Delaware. I remember him as far back as memory goes as a bright boy; a favorite of kind and wealthy parents, almost envied by me—he was so furnished with books and toys such as I prized, “Three-fingered Jack,” “The Forty Thieves,” etc. He was exceedingly bright as a boy. At college, he being from the same town, we were more intimate than otherwise we should have been. He was “fresh” when I was senior. I knew him for a keen one, and old associations made us friends. But he had been South “vagabonding” and had become rough in his manners, profane and obscene, but not guilty of any excesses. Still to me he was a good fellow and we kept together. After leaving college I saw little of him for two, three, or perhaps four years. When I saw him again he had improved in every way—manners, intelligence, and character. I at once became strongly attached to him and we have been the last five years firm friends. If I was in Delaware his office and room were my headquarters; his clean collars, gloves, and vests were at my service. If he came to my home, Fremont or Cincinnati, the same was true. He was witty, sensible, intelligent, and practical; fitted alike for a good companion and a successful [lawyer]. That he was somewhat of a libertine, I knew; but I regarded it as a vice which time and marriage would correct. He told me last summer that he was engaged to Miss Annie Wetmore, a young lady living near Cleveland, and seemed to be quite happy in the prospect of wedded life.

Sometime during the winter he was here looking for his sister. We visited all the hotels and boarding-houses in the city in vain. He went with me to the theatre, and I was afterwards told, visited an assignation house here and met this Miss Cowdell who is now associated with the cause of his death. Three or four weeks ago I heard that he was seen in Dayton with her, passing her off for his wife. Yesterday I heard from Jud Rhodes that he killed himself on Saturday by shooting himself with a rifle through the temples. Sure work. He died instantly. Horrible, horrible! It was the fear of being discarded by Miss Wetmore, who was sure, he said, to hear of his amour

with Miss Cowdell. And so has gone to his long home one of my earliest, most valued, and most promising friends. A young lawyer of good prospects, of wealth, position, health, etc., cut off in the bloom of life! Too bad, too bad!

And so I end here a volume of nothings, jotted down in the past two years or nearly two years, by recording the tragical end of one of my boyhood's playmates — one of the most promising up to the hour of his death, one of the best, one of the most loved; gone to the "[country from whose] bourne no traveler returns" — "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled." He studied religious books; reflected upon it [religion], as I think, with a desire to reach the truth, and, I think, concluded there was nothing in it; that the future was at the best an unknown — perhaps, a blank.

*Cincinnati, May 17, 1851.* — Paid forty-five cents for this blank book to begin another volume of odds and ends this sultry Saturday afternoon.

Whether my new book shall be better than its predecessors, sooner filled, more regularly posted, and all that, time will show. My purposes now are good. To speak more of things in general, of persons, thoughts, books, and events, great and small, and have my journal less a mere logbook of my own movements, I now intend. One good result I find in such jottings: It teaches me how aimless are many of my efforts, and how weakly the firmest resolves are pushed towards their results. To make fewer plans, and carry out better those which are formed, I must hereafter see to. There, what a sentence, — beginning and ending with a "to" and slovenly in all its parts! I write either on stilts *à la* Micawber or slipshod like a schoolboy. Must try to mend that, too.

*May 18.* — Last night heard Agassiz lecture on the egg — the type of all animal and vegetable matter. Until fifteen years ago, it was not known that flesh, bone, etc., were formed in the same way with vegetables by cellular formations. He traced the whole process from the formation of the egg to the hatching of the chicken. It was most interesting. . . .

*May 20.* — Have just heard a great deal of interesting talk from Judge Read. He came in about dark to borrow the 18th Ohio Reports, to see the decision in regard to Sunday-made contracts. I asked him how the case of his client, *committed* by the mayor after an examination on Sunday, was decided. He sat down and talked an hour, first giving his ideas and views of the law governing the question. Then branching off into a discussion of science, generalization, the superficiality of attainments in our day, the devotion to mere physical progress in this country, etc., [he] finally spoke of our boy judges — smart boys, but you might as well try to stretch the arm of a child to the length of that of a man as to make them comprehend a man's ideas of law. Key, he ridiculed beautifully; he [Key] reminded him of an old engine, hissing and groaning as if in agony with the effort to think. It was idle to make a good argument before him. "It needs a fool to convince a fool," [he said]. "If you would persuade an ignorant man, approach him through one below yourself and not greatly above him. I would want six degrees between myself and Key. I wouldn't hope to reach the sixth. I would put the thought into the head of the first, he into the head of the second, and so on down to Key, who should be the polypus. I would like to have Agassiz lecture on him. He would place him with the clam or, perhaps, the jelly-fish!"

He said when he was judge, Cropsy was prosecutor — "an exhausted receiver, who sucked the intellectuality out of a man, yes, the physical life even. He was on a dead level: no ebb or flow of thought or feeling. One associate of mine, a feeble man, died of him; one fell away in flesh (he was a fat man) ninety pounds in six months. Once he spoke eleven hours in a murder case. I went home exhausted, told my wife not to speak to me, but to play me such tunes as she knew I loved. I lay down, was just reviving when who should come out but Cropsy to inquire after my health. I told him not to speak to me. My wife, not to treat him rudely, opened conversation. I rose and took him by the throat, told him it was a case of self-defense, and put him out of the house. I told my wife I did not wish to wound

her feelings, but the man was killing me. A young lawyer not ambitious should quit the profession."

Professor Agassiz said tonight that this is the year of the seventeen-year locusts. In 1834 they were out, laid their eggs, which hatched into grubs, which buried themselves under the ground in roots of trees, have lain there as *larvae* ever since, and will now come out as locusts for a few weeks to pass again through the same state.

I must cultivate Judge Read's acquaintance. With all [his] faults he has genius, intellect, and admiration for what is high and pure. Strange man; so beastly in some propensities, so godlike in some of his qualities. Speaking of Key, he said he had learned one thing, that the greatest demon on earth was the demon of sexual intercourse which pursues a man like a shadow — his deadliest enemy. He said the difference between the intellectual man and the mere mechanic was not in the nature of his pursuit, but in the manner of following it. The man of science pursues his course knowing and appreciating the reasons and principles of it; the mechanic goes in the regular routine because it is so writ in the book. The man of intellect acts for the delight he feels in the pursuit he is engaged in, the reward in money is incidental; the man who skulks behind a grocery bar acts for the gold alone. *That* is his *result* and he succeeds, while too often the intellectual man is in debt for his books, his rent, etc. *His own case.*

*May 21.* — Brother Alexander, Eagle Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 100, just called and introduced me to C. L. Gano, Sharonville, Hamilton County, who wishes me to address the "Rose of Sharon" Lodge. Promised to do so three weeks from tonight, Wednesday, and to write him on my return from Virginia. Another blow-out, flourish of trumpets, etc. 'Twill do as an advertisement.

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CINCINNATI, May 22, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE: — Your letters and papers were duly received. I shall hand one of them to Shoemaker for the *Gazette*, but as someone at Fremont or elsewhere has already replied to Cooke's

article, I shall not be surprised if they decline publishing anything more on the subject. If they do publish, I will send you a paper or two. . . .

I have written Bartlett but received no reply as yet. I said very little; alluded to the probability of a protracted litigation, my hope that the thing could be adjusted, that I would probably be at Fremont, etc., etc., and requested to hear from him.

All well at Columbus. You have of course heard the accounts of Lint Pettibone's suicide. Pity — great pity.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*Friday, May 23.* — A change in the weather from warm to chilly. Don't like it at all. I am for warm weather, a warm climate. I detest cold. It stops one's flow of spirits, dams up the pores, thickens the blood and the juices, and [is] in short a stupefier of all the functions, physical, emotional, and mental. Last night walked a mile beyond the ferry in Covington to visit a pretty cousin of L. W. W. [Lucy W. Webb]. Of course I had good company. I like these Kentucky and Southern girls when they are not too haughty and idle — aristocrats, *amusees*, or flirts, wasps, or butterflies. They are warmer of heart, more cordial in their manners, apt to be pretty, quick, and graceful. I *guess* I am a good deal in love with —. I have suspected it for some time. It grows on me. Her low sweet voice is very winning, her soft rich eye not often equalled; a heart as true as steel, I know.

Miss Clarinda Wright is right. A good heart is a higher quality, a richer possession, than great intellect, especially in a woman. The highest emotion [is] love for our Maker, or for his highest attributes exhibited in his creatures. Well, on that principle L[ucy] is certainly behind no one I have yet seen. Intellect, she has, too, a quick sprightly one, rather than a reflective, profound one. She sees at a glance what others study upon, but will not, perhaps, study out what she is unable to see at a flash. She is a genuine woman, right from instinct and impulse rather than judgment and reflection. It is no use doubt-

ing or rolling it over in my thoughts. By George! I am in love with her! So we go. Another bachelor's revery! Let it work out its own results.

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CINCINNATI, May 24, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have received a letter from Bartlett today. He says he has full powers to sell or settle Boswell's claim. Is anxious to do so. That there is a project to sell out the claim, a part down and the balance contingent on the result of the suit; that he don't like the scheme; prefers to settle with us; that we must settle "*soon*" if we expect to deal with *him*; that the town is injured by the controversy, etc., etc., and he wishes to see it ended. In reply to this, I say to him, *by this mail*, that I prefer settling with him to anybody else, that I anticipate difficulty by reason of *your* pride in the matter, that *I* view it merely as a dollar and cent affair to be decided by pecuniary interest, that the fight is likely to ruin the property for all sides for a long while, that a part *now* is better than the whole *hereafter*, and that I will come out and talk the matter up with him about the middle or 20th of June. I say to him that I have written you that there is a probability of a settlement and that I am coming up to see to it.

I go up to the coal region Tuesday. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 8, 1851.

DEAR FANNY:—Back again you see, safe, healthy, and sunburnt. A trip to the "mountain scenery" in May and June is quite another affair from a journey in the winter. The sail up "the beautiful river"—oh, it is glorious, most glorious. I didn't know I was capable of enjoying so keenly nature's beauties. The coal region, too, decked out in its summer gear, was delightful. I attended a Virginia county court, witnessed many new kinks of practice, and made the acquaintance of several old-fashioned Virginia lawyers. I returned Wednesday after an absence of a little more than a week.

I shall go to Fremont next week — a week from tomorrow, I think — and shall stop at Columbus either coming or going. . . .

I read the third volume of De Quincey's "Essays" while gone to Virginia. There are some fine things in it. The "Vision of Sudden Death" is thrilling, but ought not to be dwelt upon. The effect is not, I think, wholesome. But the "Stage Coach" or "Mail Coach" is capital, "Joan of Arc," so-so, and a "Roman Dinner," amusing and good. . . .

Write instanter. — Love to all.

Your brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*Monday, June 9, 1851.* — Returned from Virginia last Wednesday. Had a delightful trip up the glorious Ohio, the "beautiful" river, indeed, at this season of the year. Attended a Virginia circuit court, Judge McComas on the bench. Heard a hog-stealing case tried by John Laidley, of Guyandotte, for the State and Moore and Leander Spurlock for the prisoner. Rode over the hills; heard queer preaching, queer talk. The Moores, fine men, all of them. Old man Moore "a character" to listen to and learn from. Heard the subject of "onjust money" discussed. This is when a judgment before a justice is collected of the defendant, and thereupon the defendant turns round and sues the plaintiff for "onjust money" — many magistrates claiming that it is good ground of action.

Since my return home I have been getting up the by-laws for the Washington Life Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio. How will it succeed? Can't tell.

*Tuesday, June 10.* — A lovely day. Exercised an hour in the gymnasium before dinner; ate rather too much and feel stupid and sleepy in consequence. Have been reading Webster's speech in reply to Calhoun, delivered in 1833, on the question of the nature of our Constitution, the right of a State to "secede," "nullify," etc. It is a calm convincing argument, the very perfection of senatorial or judicial reasoning. Nothing can be added to its completeness and strength. It deserves to be read often. I

never saw it before. Why is it not published with Webster's other speeches? I must read Calhoun's speech. Have heard the latter called his ablest speech and superior to Webster's best, by a Southerner, Tom Harrison, of Houston; but it cannot equal Webster's. So clear, plain, sensible, logical. Calhoun must be sophistical; can't be *sound* in reply to such a speech. But hold! Must not strike until both sides are heard. I will find Calhoun's, and then —

*Saturday, June 14, 1851.* — "Happy as a king," "a lark," "a clam," or any other the happiest being animate or inanimate in this lower world; and that too in spite of a disturbing, or, at least, vexing [disorder] yesterday and last night. (Cholera times — for we hear of frequent deaths by that dread disease.) Why, then, this elation, elevation, hilarity of spirits, or rather quiet joyousness and self-satisfaction? Do I know more now, have I heard something *new and unexpected*, gratifying to my vanity, feelings, or what not? Not exactly *that* either, for I *felt* it in my bones, or head, or heart, or wherever else such happy foreshadowings abide, that *it was*, as I know now *it is*. "*It*," "*it*," what "*it*"? That little foolish pronoun means nothing. Yes, yes, "*it*" means a great deal sometimes; "*it*" brings happiness, or "*it*" makes miserable often. Well, well, out with "*it*," and not talk on about "*it*," keeping back the fact concealed in "*it*," as a boy saves his sugarplum gazing at and enjoying it in prospect before he permits himself to ascend [to] the climax of fruition by an ecstatic bite and gulp!

Last night, Friday evening, — *Friday* no longer an ill-starred day in my calendar, (give me Fridays, *such Fridays*, or such Friday evenings for aye, and I'll not change them for the luckiest Thursday or Sunday, lucky days proverbially, that one lives through in an age!) — last evening [I say,] I went out on Sixth Street, passing up from Fourth on the west side of Race, when, just as I passed the corner of Race and Longworth, I saw a magnificent horse plunging and leaping like mad, with a buggy at his heels, along the sidewalk towards the corner I was passing. — Let every one look and jump for his life! At the moment I saw a lady, respectably dressed, apparently a married



lady, nearly at my side, in equal danger with myself. Involuntarily I threw my arms around her and hurried her back into the friendly protection of the receding doorway of the engine-house at the corner. She was alarmed, but accepted most graciously my apology and thanked me for my gallantry. Why do I speak of this? As a good omen, or what? The act was quite as unpremeditated as another [act] which is the occasion of all this gossip, and was almost as successful.

[I] went on my way rejoicing, an inch taller for this feat — *of arms*, shall I say? — and *naturally* turned into the gate south side of Sixth, next house east of Dr. Prestley's church — a blessed vicinity forever more in my memory — and soon was chatting gaily with my — since a goodly time — “received *ideal*” of a cheerful, truthful, trusting, loving, and lovable girl, who might have been the original in many points of Hawthorne's Phoebe — the sunbeam in the “House of the Seven Gables”; or of the fairy in Ik Marvel's reverie over the anthracite, with the “deep eye reaching back to the spirit; not the trading eye, weighing your purse; nor the worldly eye, weighing your position; nor the beastly eye, weighing your appearance; but the *heart's eye*, weighing your soul! An eye full of deep, tender, earnest feeling. An eye which looked on once, you long to look on again; an eye which will haunt your dreams; an eye which will give a color, in spite of you, to all your reveries. An eye which lies before you in your future, like a star in the mariner's heavens, by which unconsciously you take all your observations.”\*

I listened carelessly, with a free and easy feeling, to her talk “soft and low” — tones and voice just matching that otherwise matchless eye; not matchless for its brilliancy, or magnetizing power, or beauty even, but for its tenderness and goodness. We finally spoke of Delaware, and then of the Agards, an humble family of no special interest to me, except as joined in my memory with dear recollections of childhood. I proposed to call and see them. We stepped a few doors west into their domicile; had a queer cordial welcome from the two old maids and Theron.

\* The quotation was evidently written from memory. While substantially correct it is not textually accurate.

Oh, how fallen from the "big boy" as I remember him years ago! After our return *she*, with the fine voice and eye, compared the two spinsters to Dora's aunts in "Copperfield." We spoke of different topics. I was sleepy from bad rest the night before, told her so, but talked on.

On a sudden the impulse seized me — unthought of, un[pre]-meditated, involuntary, and (I was sitting in a rush-bottom rocking-chair in front of her, she on a short sofa) I grasped her hand hastily in my own and with a smile, but earnestly and in quick accents said, "I love you." She did not comprehend it; *really*, no sham; and I repeated [it] more deliberately. She was not startled — no fluttering; but a puzzled expression of pleasure and surprise stole over her fine features. She grew more lovely every breath, returned the pressure of my hand. I *knew* it was as I wished, but I waited, perhaps repeated [my declaration] again, until she said, "I must confess, I like you very well." A queer, soft, lovely tone, it stole to the very heart, and I, without loosing her hand took a seat by her side, and — — —, and the faith was plighted for life!

A quiet, smiling, satisfied silence, broken by an occasional loving word followed. She said, "I don't know but I am dreaming. I thought I was too light and trifling for you." I spoke of friends. She said in reply to [my question], "What would your mother think of her daughter's foolish act?" — "What would your sister think of it?" And so, and so. — [Her] brother Joseph came in, and after a short while I went home to dream of it all again and again.

*June 17.* — Day of the election for or against the new Constitution. Felt favorable to the new Constitution but cared very little about it. Should have voted for it but for the license or rather anti-license clause. My temperance principles made me feel a strong interest for the anti-license clause. I had no great confidence in it; indeed, doubted its expediency, but took that side as the side of my party. Accordingly I traded my vote at the polls, voting against the Constitution, though inclined to favor it, to get the vote of my friend against license though [he was] inclined for it.

P. M. By railroad to Columbus. Remained until the 23rd. Railroad to Shelby and Sandusky; next day to Fremont. There settled with Bartlett Uncle's interminable lawsuit. Good. [On the] 3rd of July returned, by way of Tiffin, and celebrated the Fourth pleasantly at Latonia with the Literary Club. Evening of Fourth with L. W. W. [Lucy W. Webb, his affianced].

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COLUMBUS, June 22, 1851.

DEAREST LUCY: — I know it is very wicked to spend this holy Sabbath morning writing sweet nonsense to my lady-love, instead of piously preparing to go to church with mother, as a dutiful son ought to do, but then I'm hardly responsible. This love is, indeed, an awful thing; as Byron said, "it interferes with all a man's projects for good and glory." Besides, I am only fulfilling my scriptural destiny in "forsaking father and mother" — and all that — and — and — I can't quote any farther. But the pith of it is — leaving your mother to go alone to church, and stealing off up into a quiet chamber to spoil good paper with wretched scribbling to puzzle the eye of the dearest girl of all the world. Well, you'll forgive the sin I hope. I *know* you will if you have thought a tithe as much about me — but you haven't — as I have about you, the five or six days past, — and with a pardon beaming from your — I was a-going to say *deep*, and then *sweet*, but no one adjective *can* describe it — eye, I shall feel a heathenish indifference as to any other forgiveness. For "at this present," that eye has become to me, and I trust will ever continue, "like a star in the mariner's heaven" — an eye which is to give color, shape, and character to all my future hopes, fancies, and "reveries." . . .

To think that I am beginning to realize that revery [before the glowing anthracite]! To think that *that* lovely vision is an actual, living, breathing being, and is loved by me, and loves in return, and will one day be my bride — my abiding, forgiving, trustful, loving wife — to make my happy home blessed indeed with her cheerful smile and silver voice and warm true heart!

I don't know, Lucy dearest, what you think of it, but — if I *could* quote Tom Moore I would —

“ . . . if there be an Elysium of bliss  
It is this, — it is this ! ” \*

I thought when I began this letter I would talk only about facts, persons, and such little bits of gossip as I have picked up about our common friends and acquaintances here and at Delaware, but behold I only talk of love, and tell you what I suppose I shall tell you a million of times hereafter, how fast you are becoming the “be-all and end-all” of my hopes, thoughts, affections, nay, existence. I was never of a melancholy turn of thought or feeling. I should always have been selected, I think, as one of the constitutionally happy. But really I begin to suspect that I have never known much about living. Long before I thought the time had come to tell you of the warm feeling that was nestling snugly in my heart, I had tried to form an opinion of your sentiments towards me, and, to speak truly, I always had a presentiment that Fate or Fortune, or Heaven had linked our destinies together. Yet notwithstanding this feeling, the being told so, the hearing it from your own lips, the learning it from your own warmly clasped hand and granted kiss, has made a happy fellow of me ever since. I can say with a character in one of Milton's smaller poems, —

“Such a home-felt delight  
Such a sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never felt till now.” †

I feel that you will not only be the making of my happiness, but also of my fortunes or success in life. The truth is I never

† The quotation is from “Comus” and should read:

“And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this ! ”

\* The quotation is from “Comus” and should read:

“But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
I never felt till now.”

did half try to be anything, or to do anything. There was no motive — no “call,” as you Methodists would say. I could be respected, after a fashion, for the mere possession of certain powers and acquirements without exercising them, and so I have lived, not an *idle*, but a *useless* sort of life. Hereafter I hope all that will be quite changed. Your position and happiness are to depend on me, and no higher motive could now be named to stimulate me to effort. Not that I am a-going all of a sudden to become an ambitious schemer, struggling for a name, or an avaricious dog, toiling for wealth. No, no. In the future as in the past, happiness by quiet humble paths shall be the prize. Only now I believe I shall have purpose and steadiness to keep ever *doing*, looking to your happiness and approval as my best reward. You will think me very egotistical to talk so much of self and selfish motives, aims, and resolves; but, Lucy, I *think* of these things and *feel* this way, and hereafter *with you* I mean to *think aloud* and I wish you to do the same with me. If we are to spend our lives *with* and *for* each other, the more intimately and thoroughly we understand each other the better each will be able to please the other.

I can not be vain enough to think that love will blind you to my deficiencies and faults; but doubtless there are many which I might remove or remedy if I could but fully know your thoughts and tastes in regard to them. Some faults and imperfections we all have which cannot be got rid of; and with such, sensible people will always cheerfully bear in those they love; but I cannot help feeling surprise every day that friends and lovers are not more true to their duties in aiding each other in cultivating the graces of character and life which depend more on education and habit than on the natural constitution. Within certain limits the formation of character and manners, tastes and disposition, is within our own control. If we do but try — try heartily and cheerfully — we *can* be, for all the purposes of every-day happiness, precisely what *we would wish to be*. But I have sermonized too long even for a Sunday. If you don't like such preaching, you must adopt my theory, and endeavor to break me of the habit. In future I am your pupil, and if you do not form me to such character, tastes, and disposi-

tion, as will be congenial to your own, and make your life happy with me, remember you must share in the responsibility.

Fanny noticed the ring on my finger and asked me where I got it. I told her, when she replied, smiling archly, "I thought it meant something." This is the only intimation I have given as to *what is what*. Mrs. Dr. Little inquired particularly after you, but I gave her no *new* light. Mrs. Solis too wanted to have her eyes opened but I talked about Miss K— and hardly said "Lucy" once. Nevertheless she rather suspects "rats," I guess.

My old flame, Miss K—, was very inquisitive about that ring. She was sure it was not worn without an object, I stoutly denied all. Finally she said, "Give it to me." I said, "No, I will exchange," and took a ring from her finger which I knew her "adored" had given her. She has bantered me a good deal, and finally said I must bring you to see her when she came to Cincinnati again. I promised to do so, if you would consent to walk with me, "and *then*," she says, "I can tell." . . .

Linton Pettibone's mother said she felt his death as "a judgment" upon her, and suffered dreadfully in consequence. Miss Wetmore died without hearing of Linton's suicide.

I hear that the two Agard girls—your neighbors—passed themselves off in Indiana as *deaf and dumb* to excite sympathy and get employment as seamstresses and scriveners. I don't wonder they came to Cincinnati where they could use their *tongues*.

I shall go on north tomorrow without stopping at Delaware as I intended. If you are to be in Springfield, you will write me at Fremont, where I shall remain until the first of July.

. . . . .  
There now, haven't I written you a long letter? If you are as much puzzled with my pothooks and quail-tracks as some of my friends have been you will have to wait till I return before you know what I have written. You better try, however, to *spell* it out. You must learn to read it sometime you know, and for your *consolation*, I would remark that I *can* write a great deal *worse* and *not half try either!*

So, Lucy, good-bye for a week or ten days longer. I think

of you constantly, and the more I think of you the deeper I am in love with you. . . .

Believe me faithfully yours,

RUTHERFORD.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

CINCINNATI, July 6, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:— I am again at home. . . . I went with Glenn over to our tract yesterday. The plank road is finished to the creek from each direction which brings us right in town. The bridge will be down shortly, and Glenn has so arranged it as to make it ten feet lower than the former one and in other respects better for our purposes. The whole affair gives an entire new appearance to our property.

A letter from Guy tells me that Mrs. Perry, Eliza, and Stephen are in Philadelphia and that he will come out to return with them by the way of Ohio, in August or September *probably*.

. . . .

Truly,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

July 9.— Today asked if I would deliver a literary address before one of the societies of Farmers' College. Would have a great audience. Success would be a *victory*; failure, *ruin*. Must think of it. If I do write, can I embody some of my recent views on the comparative merit of the mechanical and what are termed the "learned professions." The superiority of material results over any other— not, of course, money-making results, *those* I despise. Allude to the Fair at London. See the last number of the *Albion* both for Bulwer's speech and the other speech alluding to the same. The great literary lights, what have they done for the substantial elevation of men? Not writers, or talkers on benevolence, but the doers, the James H. Perkinses, who are valuable. The making of books, a trade; literature, a trade; law, theology, medicine. Look at the engineer, the manufacturer, the farmer. Read the *Lorgnette* on "Literary Lions," etc.

*July 16.*—P. M. Hot, hotter, hottest, and growing more so. But there is a fine air stirring. My blood circulates healthfully. I exercised an hour before dinner at the gymnasium, and feel well, perfectly well. Am reading Ik Marvel's "Fresh Gleanings,"—a pleasant book, dreamy and spirituelle, mixed with the spice of close, homely observation; a good hash, served up with the relish of pure, undefiled old English. . . .

*July 18.*—Requested to deliver an address before the alumni of Kenyon College two weeks from Wednesday. Should like to do it if time and the weather would permit, but I can't get up anything creditable and interesting when mind and body are both debilitated by the excessive heat of these dog-days. If I could start a vein or a flow, or even had a subject, I would attempt it, but as it is I fear I must say them "nay."

It has been remarked, and the remark often repeated, that there is no more affecting sight than a man seeking work, begging for something to do. How would something of that sort do for an opening to an address on the respective or relative dignity of different pursuits?

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CINCINNATI, July 19, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—The young Mr. Wilder, who called on me when you were here for a subscription to the Mill Creek bridge, will probably sell to Glenn and myself five acres on his bottom adjoining ours on the same terms upon which we bought the other piece except that *four or five thousand* dollars must be paid down instead of *three thousand*. There are especial reasons operating with Wilder, who you know is a blockhead, which impels him to make this offer, and which I need not mention. The bargain is about as good a one as the former, and I would like to share it if the thing can be done. It will not come to a head under a couple of months if it does at all. What can be done towards getting the money? . . .

I am invited to address one of the societies at Gambier the first Wednesday in August. The time is too short to get up anything creditable these sultry days and I shall decline, intimating



that another time on longer notice I would be pleased to comply with the request. I may go to Gambier if money comes in fast enough, and take Mother over from Delaware. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*July 23.* — City dull ; clients scarce ; bugs, mosquitoes, and vermin of all sorts plenty. Shall read in the forenoon the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth." P. M. Examine questions. Why this order? Simply, in the morning I can command my attention, but in the afternoon the stimulus of debate, a point to be determined, is necessary to command my faculties these dog-days. Commenced the "Statesmen," by John Forster, this morning.

Is there anything in which the people of this age and country differ more from those of other lands and former times than in this — their ability to preserve order and protect rights without the aid of government? External, physical, forcible government is, viewed by the light of former ages, a marvel. We are realizing the paradox, "that country is governed best which is governed least." I no longer fear lynch law. Let the people be intelligent and good, and I am not sure but their impulsive, instinctive verdicts and sentences and executions, unchecked by the rules and technicalities of law, are more likely to be according to substantial justice than the decisions of courts and juries.

*Thursday Morning, July 24.* — Have had a long talk with a new acquaintance, one whom I have long admired in our club, Dr. Warriner. He is what is usually thought or called a visionary man ; a Swedenborgian, a believer in clairvoyance, etc., but a clear-minded, candid man, of a fine disposition, refined, cultivated, and sensible. He says a German, by the aid of clairvoyants, has discovered a subtle fluid, more subtle than electricity, which pervades all things ; is evolved from human beings, and is the medium by [which] are communicated the sympathy, etc., which is preceived between persons. Dr. Reichenbach (also a Mr. Gregory, of Edinboro,) writes and confirms the discovery.

He proves immortality by the reports of clairvoyants from the spirit world.

I am fallen into the habit of using some profane words. It's useless, vulgar, inexcusable, and perhaps is wicked. I must stop it.

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CINCINNATI, July 26, 1851.

DEAR MOTHER:— You did not let me know in your last when Fanny would start on the journey East. I expected her to leave before this time. With the increased facilities for travelling, they can hardly fail to enjoy the trip notwithstanding the number of little folks, if they will only keep cool, be philosophical, and not allow any small matters to fret them. They must expect to lose a part of their "plunder" at every stopping place. This is vastly vexatious, but with nurse girls and children it is to be expected as much as the regular charges for travelling. I was amused the other evening listening to the complaints of an excellent old lady who had been to Kentucky caves with her family. A few handkerchiefs, gloves, and a parasol left behind, lost, or cabbaged, had entirely poisoned the pleasures of a trip which had been anticipated for months and cost its two or three hundred dollars.

Jesse Stem returned from Texas yesterday. His health is not very much improved. He will return with his family in the fall, not permanently to reside but to see how they will be suited with the country, society, and climate. He is not yet satisfied that it is best for him and them to remove there. He saw a good deal of frontier life, Comanches, etc.; among other discoveries he found a tribe of undoubted *cannibals* living on the upper waters of the Brazos—the river which flows by Guy Bryan's home. Only four or five weeks ago he was in their country. It seems strange to hear of such things, accustomed as we are to regard them as very distant in place and far back in time.

I heard from Uncle a few days ago. He is well pleased with the settlement of his suit, thinks he has got more than he thought he was getting at the time of the settlement. . . .

I do not expect to go to Gambier but may do so. . . .  
 Lucy goes to Chillicothe by the way of Hillsboro. Write often.  
 Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*Monday, July 28.* — Yesterday was the hottest day of the season. Today the eclipse, but too cloudy to be observed. It rains but is still warm, warmer, hot.

Saturday evening, at the informal meeting [of the Club], Force read a fine paper, witty, sensible, good. Force is a man.

P. M. — My "dearly beloved" left the city this afternoon on a visit to friends in the country. I do and shall feel quite lonely without her. Pouring out one's thought and feelings into the same kindly listening ear daily for a month, is enough to endear the listener even without the aid of sex, beauty, and sweetness to strengthen the tie. But when it is the apple of one's eye, the guiding star, the beaming, lustrous face, the parting from it is somewhat to make one sad. Not that I ordinarily have any very strong or unusual feeling at what is termed the "parting scene." I *never* do, if unsympathizing eyes behold it. I am as cold in appearance and reality as they — not the eyes, but their owners. But in a lonely parting I believe I feel as others do, perhaps not so acutely. After it is over and the loved one gone, then I feel the desolation, the heart-sinking, which belongs to such events, sensibly and strong[ly] as any.

My loving, of course, grows with intercourse; but, what is better for the permanency of the attachment, my good opinion, my *liking*, gains with every day's acquaintance. I want to get nearer to her *mind*. This was a difficulty I experienced before I had fully fallen in love. It is much less now but still there is something of it. Her heart, her principle, her impulses are all good, — good *almost*, perhaps humanly speaking, *quite*, to perfection. Her mind too is a good one, better than I once thought, cultivated sufficiently by the study of school but not yet *finished* by the better training of voluntary reading, conversation, and writing. Intercourse with the world will do this, joined to some

little encouragements from friends. She is now at that point of intelligence and cultivation that a life spent with unintellectual and uncultivated people would perhaps keep her at their level, while the stimulus of higher association would raise her as high as is desirable for any one. What kind of a schoolmaster would I make? "Physician heal *thyself*" is a good old maxim, and quite applicable to a sinner who neglects his own cultivation as I do mine. Still to point such a charming pupil to the right path, though too lazy or too weak to walk in it myself, is certainly no unpleasant task, *possibly* not a useless one. In *such* company the search after intelligence and cultivation is

"Like a journey in the path to heaven." \*

*July 28 [29].*—A cool rain. Change in the weather very pleasant. Got "a shocking cold" (court-ing down in Tennessee). Find a cold in summer more difficult to throw off than one taken in the winter. Last night called on Mrs. George W. Jones. Spent a pleasant evening with her and little Johnny. Called also on Miss Clarinda Wright; ran over a great variety of topics. Spent the forenoon looking back into the items connected with Lucy in my diary, and thinking about her, and the great question of "free will and fate." There is a difficulty about the matter considered speculatively, in the abstract. Motives control the will, but the motives we have no control of, etc. And yet we all do know that the will is free to act as it will. How is this?

*July 30.*—Fine weather—the air cooled by the late rains.

*Mem.:*—Not to forget a good one on Dan and I. K. Seaman. In August, 1846, John Plymer who lives in Virginia, five miles south of Burlington, Ohio, lost two negroes. Plymer and John Bromley of Wayne County, Virginia, pursued them into Ohio. At Lower Sandusky they fell in with Dan Seaman. He told them he had two negro boys he would sell to them, give them a regular bill of sale and deliver them at Mr. Plymer's residence in Virginia, in four days' time for four hundred dollars. That he had a good close carriage, fast horses, etc. Could do it be-

\* The quotation is from Milton's "Comus" and should read:

"It were a journey like the path to heaven."

cause he had done it; that his brother, I. K., at Woodville, had the boys. Went out to Woodville and I. K. showed the boys to Plymer and Bromley.—Boys not taken as Plymer was conscientious about taking free negroes!

*Thursday, July 31.*—Clear, cool, and bracing summer weather. . . . Read the rest of "Sir John Elliot's Life." Died in the Tower, 1632, a victim to arbitrary power, — Charles I and corrupt judges. Nothing very remarkable in his character, career, or fate. A learned, eloquent, constant man who stood up to his duties and the responsibilities of his position with unflinching courage. His style of writing and speaking, like that of other eminent authors and orators of his time, was too general and diffuse, with too little point and rhetoric, to please modern taste. He was fond of classical quotations, somewhat pedantic. In short, a good, brave man who bore well his part as the Parliamentary leader of the liberal party.

Having read enough during afternoons on the metaphysical dispute as to the will and "motives," I am a-going to sip a little from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," enough to learn at least the manner of the thing, to test its qualities. One ought to read these "of-course" books which everybody reads or claims to have read, as "Don Quixote," which is good, "Gil Blas" which ain't good, etc.

*August 1, 1851.*—Another delightful day. Heard Matson make a good little speech at the Chippewa Club in favor of General Scott for President in 1852.

CINCINNATI, August 4, 1851.

MY DEAR LUCY:—I feel very lonesome without you. Such glorious moonlit evenings as we are now having only serve to aggravate the feeling by constantly reminding me of the happiness your absence deprives me of. But I suppose I must philosophize, as Mother always does in such circumstance: "It is probably all for the best." I shall be the better able to appreciate your society by being for a time "all alone by myself."

I am passing time, saving your absence, pretty much as usual.

I read a little, work a little, gossip a little, and sleep a good deal. Only think that God's "reasonable creatures" devote full one-third of their precious existence to the divine institution of sleep!

The last three nights I have been sitting up with a friend who is sick with a dysentery — not exactly *my* friend either, but a very clever man, whose claim on me is based upon the fact that he is a friend to divers of my uncles and aunts, and came from the same old rookery of a village in Vermont which used to shelter my father and mother "in days of auld lang syne," a sort of friendship that I have fallen heir to — a part of my patrimony, not an estate that would rate high "on 'Change," yet still it is one that I mustn't neglect. And, Lucy, what think ye leads me to chat of this? Why simply to tell you of, and thank you for, the assistance you were so good as to lend me in whiling away the long and tedious watches of the night — those interminable hours spent in a dimly lighted chamber fanning away mosquitoes, administering cool drinks, and moistening with a sponge the sick man's brow, were not so cheerless and gloomy by half, or (to be arithmetically accurate in my fractions) five-eighths, as they would have been, if I had not in imagination had you present, not precisely to hold a tête-à-tête with, but to "see in my mind's eye" and to give direction and a subject to all the shifting currents of my fancies. I have spent several of the small hours of the night meditating about you, and about your many and manifold perfections, the happiness already enjoyed, and the still greater happiness which Providence has in store for us, all by reason of a few accidental circumstances which commenced and have thus far continued our acquaintance without any agency or contrivance of our own. Thinking in this way led of course to a review in my own mind of all I could recollect of you from the time I saw you in Delaware until now; and this review led me to turn over the leaves of a very worthless volume or two of which I am the author — not yet published nor intended for publication — and I there found what I shall here set down, not because it is anything very fine, but hoping merely that it will interest you as much as anything else which I am likely to write in the nerveless and lazy humor which this warm afternoon

brings on me. I will give you each extract *verbatim et punctuatum et literatim et spellatim*, and add such notes by way of commentary as are suggested by the text.

The first mention I find of you in my diary is Vol. I, p. 109: — "July 8, 1847. — Visited Delaware with Mother and Laura. Attended a Sons of Temperance celebration; saw Miss L. Webb and left for home next morning." Nothing very much like love in *that*. Still it wouldn't have been written if I hadn't heard a good deal about you from Mrs. Lamb, Hatty Solis, etc. I remember I thought you a bright, sunny-hearted *little* girl, not quite old enough to fall in love with, and so I *didn't*. After this I saw you no more for over three years. I occasionally heard of you and thought I would manage to see you sometime. I knew you were in Cincinnati when I made up my mind to come here and made particular inquiries as to your whereabouts. Heard it conjectured that you were engaged and all that, but made up my mind to see you. . . . But this is probably growing tedious to you so I drop the subject merely quoting:

\* \* \* \* \* "for several virtues  
Have I liked several women; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!"\*

You of course will not feel too much flattered by these stolen scraps of compliments, for though I most potently believe them true; yet you, as a sensible girl (which you are), will think them only the extravagance of a happy lover too much intoxicated with his fortunes to be good authority on points of character.

I have noticed a number of heresies as to matters of love which I propose to discuss with you. I think between us we can get at the true orthodox doctrines on this subject. Emerson says: "The accepted lover has *lost* the wildest charm of his maiden in her acceptance of him. She was heaven whilst he pursued her as a star: she cannot be heaven if she stoops to such a one

\* Shakespeare, "The Tempest," III: i.

as he." This it seems to me is rank heresy. Instead of *losing*, the "accepted" lover gains the wildest charm. Before, the star was distant, cold, its heaven unappreciated and not understood; — distance lends no enchantment but coldness rather. Mr. Emerson don't know anything. Talk about stars in heaven when your sweetheart is leaning on your arm and her hand clasped lovingly in yours! — A man in love sees no stars at all comparable to his maiden's eyes. He knows no heaven more blissful than the *certainty* of her affection. Old Mr. Gregory, in his wisdom, lectures his daughters, and tells them never to show as much feeling as they have towards their lovers — no, nor even towards their husbands when married. Pshaw! I should fear that the feeling didn't exist if not shown. It is the people who warm towards one in manner and words who are usually ardent in reality.

R.

MISS LUCY L. WEBB.

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*August 8.* — Brougham in his speech on the present state of the law (1828) speaks of cases of long standing as "chronic cases."

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CINCINNATI, August 10, 1851.

DEAREST LUCY: — This is a Sunday morning, as fine a one as the sun ever shone upon, and but for a determination I have been rolling over in my mind for a week past to write to you this morning (in case a letter from you did not induce me to do so sooner), I would now be whirling out to the Duck Creek camp-meeting, no very holy occupation in my case at least, where the whole city has gone, or is going, to spend the — as the Puritans call it — Sabbath.

I have always thought in regard to my friendly correspondents that whenever it becomes necessary to fill up the first page of a letter with excuses for not writing sooner, or blaming and accusing of neglect the friend you are writing to, it was time the correspondence should cease. *I take it for granted* that a friend has a good enough reason for any apparent neglect in this re-



spect, and, of course, I shall not be more exacting with the one I love best of all the world than I am with an ordinary friend. Yet I have seen so much difficulty—the current of true love so often disturbed by misunderstandings arising out of real or fancied neglect in correspondence—that I think we ought to know exactly each other's wishes and feelings on this subject. I will give you mine:—When we are separated, I want to hear from you just as often as you can, without great inconvenience, write to me, and though I am very fond of *long, very long*, letters, I shall be satisfied even if they are as brief as that shortest verse in the Bible, "Jesus wept." And especially whenever you change your place of tarrying, or plans of travel,—and *women do* change their minds occasionally,—you must "give me a note of it," so I may always know where you probably are and what you are doing. There is pleasure even in *that*. I can visit you in imagination (a very unsatisfactory sort of visit, I grant you,) and sympathize with you, but when you are off "skylarking" about, I know not where, it puzzles me. I do not know how to get up a reverie about you. I can't give it "a local habitation." In case of such a change of place you mustn't be punctilious and not write because I happen to *owe* you a reply to your last, but be generous and double the debt. Now, this is all reasonable, is it not? I'll promise to deal this way by you.

And now excuse a word as to present matters. I *did* expect most confidently to hear from you while you were at Columbus. I couldn't tell where to write to you. You might be in Delaware, still at Columbus, or at Chillicothe. I should certainly have written you a week ago if I had not been sure of hearing from you first. But I make no complaints. I know your aversion to putting pen on paper, one which you will, I feel sure, overcome one of these days, and what is better, I feel sure that your *heart* is in the right place whatever your *fingers* may be doing. . . .

A friend from Fremont has been down here "spying out" a faithless damsel who after an engagement of a twelvemonth dropped him for a gay beau of the city. He brought down a cord of letters, presents of jewelry, books, and "kickshaws" to exchange for those he had given her, in case he failed to awaken

once more the first love. Being his only acquaintance, I was, of course, his confidant, had the perusal of the correspondence. It was a very warm one I assure you. I don't wonder it burnt out speedily. I got one good idea. On the morning of his birthday, the 22d, she, instead of beating him twenty-two blows, gave him as many sweet kisses. I shall be entitled to somewhat more! and if I were with you on the 28th (or is it the 18th?) I would see to it that you received your nineteen (as they say of the cat-o'-nine-tails on shipboard) "*well laid on.*"

Well, my friend *failed*—exchanged trinkets, and went home "a sadder and a wiser man." And she is a pious (seemingly), sensible girl. Oh, you women! you do raise Ned sometimes with a man's hopes and calculations, if all that's said of ye is half true. But then I say to myself: "Thank heaven, my beloved is all truth and heart—as reliable as she is lovable. Neither doubt nor fear, suspicion nor jealousy can enter my thoughts when my meditations are of her."

I had a long chat with your mother the other evening and told her what I had been saying to her daughter. She told me she hardly believed you when you mentioned it first, that she thought she had you very secure for a great while yet, could not think of losing you, would keep you four (!) or five (!) years yet. I told her I was in no situation to hasten matters, that no doubt it could all be arranged very satisfactorily when the time came. A very excellent mother that is of yours, and she thinks her daughter a very precious bit of humanity, in which opinion I, somehow or other, happen most heartily to concur.

I heard from Fanny a week ago. She had reached Buffalo very safely and happily with all her little flock. Her "rooted sorrow" still tinges with its melancholy hue her happiest moments. I have yet to receive a letter of any length in which she does not allude to her sore affliction. She says in the last: "I think of the present and the absent—of mother and you and *Willie*—our own dear *Willie*—with mingled emotions." I hope she is now enjoying the delightful air and scenery of that loveliest of towns—Burlington, Vermont.

One lazy afternoon early last week I thought I would write you, albeit you seemed to forget me, and wrote you the long,

slovenly letter enclosed herewith. I doubt your ability "*to do them into English*," as our Greek professor called *translating*, but you are at leisure, I suppose, and can afford to tax your eyes on my scrawls now better than any other time.

One thing, Lucy, dear, don't be *perverse* but make my heart glad by sending me (a good long one I'd prefer) a reply about the quickest. I know you would do it if you knew how I have felt at your not writing before. Tell me anything — everything, how you feel. Let me see your heart. God knows I love you as my life, and shall ever.

Yours,

RUTHERFORD.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

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*August 12.* — Sunday, the 10th, mailed a pair of letters to L—; shall look for an answer by Thursday or Friday.

Today saw Mr. Gano, my Odd Fellow friend, of Sharon. Am invited to the dinner, etc., of "Rose of Sharon Lodge" on the 3rd of September.

Today received a letter from Mother and another from Fanny. Fanny is in raptures with Jenny Lind whom she heard at Buffalo. Have seen no more enthusiastic description of the angel than Fanny's. The death of Willie, or rather *Willie lost*, is still in her thoughts.

*August 13.* — Finished Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" yesterday. An amusing book, it seems to me not a great one. Sterne's fame rests upon it. "Tom Jones," "Gil Blas," "Don Quixote," etc., are none of them books which I like. "Don Quixote" is by far the best. The rest are bawdy, show great knowledge of human nature in its lower developments, but [are] not great, pure, high, eloquent, or holy. One thinks less hopefully of man and woman after reading them. I am now attacking the "Sentimental Journey," another of the same ilk.

*August 14, 1851.* — Spent the afternoon with a recent graduate of Kenyon, L. S. Lodell, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Attended a convention of the Free Democracy. Heard speeches from

Sam Lewis, S. P. Chase, etc. Lewis is an "uncut diamond"; with a rough exterior and style of address, there is a great deal of real strength. Chase speaks without much power, very pure, forcible English, but unimpassioned and spiritless. His language is not unlike Webster's. He appeared embarrassed and awkward, *lisp*ed slightly. Not by any means so good a speaker as I expected to find him.

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CINCINNATI, August 16, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—Enclosed I send you a letter from Laura [Platt] to Mother. It is very like a logbook, no reflections, no raptures, simply *facts*. Not a single exclamation point even at Niagara, but while her mother and father were up in the observatory looking at the falls she was looking at "some birds" and a beast with "two heads"! Let Mother, if she will, send me back the letter. You know I have Grandmother Hayes' habit of saving all such curiosities. . . .

I want to go to the State Fair in Kentucky at Lexington. You may go along if you will furnish funds. It will be delightful. See old Hal [Henry Clay] and all the other famous Kentuckians, their horses, cattle, and hemp; also father Beatty, and your *friend*, Mr. Boswell. The crazy man we saw in Brazora, "Cold Huckleberry Pudding," will show us the hospitality of a corn-cracker at his home.

Sincerely,

S. BIRCHARD.

R. B. HAYES.

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August 16.—Finished Sterne today. Witty, clever, slipshod, loose. His "Sentimental Journey" is too bawdy for our times. I feel that I have read too much light reading, too little that is useful, instructive, solid, of late. I must gird up my mental habits, become more energetic by tough reading. Let my lightest for a time be biographies and miscellanies, such as Channing or the Statesmen of Cromwell's time.

Not heard from L— yet, the "perverse" little angel! Do not know where she is even. Her mother is equally in the dark. I must school her a trifle in this thing of letter writing. She

thinks it a horrible task, little less than martyrdom, while I do not doubt that if the imagination was right, she would write as easily as most women. I did feel vexed about it, but am clear of that feeling now.

I have commenced the "Life, etc., of Wm. E. Channing." A beautiful life it is. I must prepare as fine a summary [as possible] of his virtues and fine qualities to point his noble eulogy of my candidate for the Presidency, in case I shall be called to speak for him from the stump, — General Scott.

*August 18.* — Rain last evening, cool and cloudy today. Saturday evening debated the question "Whether Christ Revealed Any New Truth." Stated by the negative that various nations had just notions of a God; that the Pharisees believed in the immortality of the soul, future rewards, etc., resurrection, and final judgment; that most of the system of government, laws, etc., of Moses were taken from Egypt; that the Essenes asserted and practiced all those fine moral precepts which Christ proclaimed — proved by Josephus, etc.

If there was a time when Channing first became a Christian, it was when he went out into the meadow north of Judge Dana's and felt as if he passed through a new spiritual birth. His thoughts turned to the female sex, that they ruled the world, and if they were right all would be fitly arranged. "I sat down," says he, "and wrote to this lady" (then but fifteen years of age), laying his hand upon his wife's arm, "but I never got courage to send the letter, and have it yet"! A young and true lover.

"In my view, religion is but another name for happiness, and I am most cheerful when I am most religious." "Happiness is another name for love," etc.

What a pure, good man, so spiritual and spotless, Dr. Channing was. If I am ever to be a religious being, it must be with a faith not unlike his. The gloomy theology of the orthodox — the Calvinists — I do not, I cannot believe. Many of the notions — nay, most of the notions — which orthodox people have of the divinity of the Bible, I disbelieve. I am so nearly infidel in all my views, that, too, in *spite* of my wishes, that none but the most liberal doctrines can command my assent. Dr. Channing describes the effect which some of the terror-striking dogmas pro-

nounced [by] a positive Calvinist had upon his feelings. "This can't be true," thought he. "If it were, all cheerfulness would be ended." But his religious uncle said, "sound doctrine, all sound"; went home, took off his coat, and began to read a newspaper and talk politics. He [Channing] then thought, this [doctrine] is *practically* disbelieved; and here began those reflections which ultimately led him to that catholic liberality of religious belief which in his after life he preached.

No word from L—yet. Don't even know where——— is. Oh, the perverseness of these "young wimmin"!

*August 19.*—Cold, wet, dark. Bones aching, spirits breaking. Slept tolerably well; dreamed John W. Andrews and myself were defending the Michigan gang of conspirators at Delaware. I made a long, loud, impassioned, and it seemed to me, able speech (opening the defense before the testimony was brought forward) deprecating prejudice, passion, etc., closing by expressing my confidence that we should show the innocence of the accused, that we had no fears of the result, and capping my last sentence [with]

"The minds we sway by and the hearts we bear  
Shall never sink with doubt nor shake with fear."

Thought Andrews complimented me on the speech. Listened to his speech attentively, thought it good, but that with practice I could equal it.

*August 20.*—Just returned from Newport, where I attended the wedding of Miss Keturah ("Coo") Tibbotts, daughter of Colonel John W., to a Mr. Hodge, of Maysville. The first Kentucky gathering I have seen. Gay, free, noisy, drinky. All sorts of people, dressed in all sorts of ways. Tall men numerous. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Rice, Presbyterian. Miss Cary Ellis one of the bridesmaids, Miss McRae another. After the "let no man put asunder," the kissing, and congratulating were over, cake and wine were brought in. Then refreshments for the democracy, *alias, males*, in the garden; a long table with cold ham, bread, cake, watermelons, cantaloups, wines, and brandy. In the rooms below, for the gentry, the usual fixin's of such oc-

casions. Ceremony performed at 10:30 or 11 A. M., and home by 1 P. M., friend McDowell's frisky mare to the contrary notwithstanding.

Now a few words of piety, purity, and spirituality from Channing by way of sauce to all this worldliness.

By the by ——— has written her friends but not me; will give *her fits* when seen. See if I don't.

*August 21.* — Letter number one from L—— received this morning and answered at once. What a spirit-rouser such an event is — your first letter from your sweetheart, your only sweetheart, the one who is to make smooth the rough passages of life. A good one, too, for all her modesty and trembling.

I shall probably be called upon to give a lecture soon to our lodge. I will try to throw together a few good notions on the true character, or the best character, in everyday life — acting in ordinary circumstances under the influence of common motives. I may entitle it "The True Odd Fellow." My ideal of one, etc. Gather and quote from Channing for purity and goodness; [from] Ik Marvel for manners, etc., and [from] Shakespeare and Burns and Milton for embellishment.

CINCINNATI, August 21, 1851.

DEAREST:—. . . . I was made happy — very — by getting your letter; mailed *yesterday* (only think of *that*), about twenty minutes ago. And you talk about not writing letters, being a pupil, and all that. But I will not speak the truth for fear you may begin to think your letters, as well as yourself, of too great "importance," and so fancy that one of yours is worth several of mine. I don't deny but your one gives me more pleasure than a good many others I have had; still I must insist upon "turn about" as fair play. I will hereafter, as now, reply to yours as soon after I receive them as possible. May you imitate my example! Don't wait to write long ones, if the interruptions are likely to postpone them. I am not in the habit of scolding any of my correspondents (least of all, shall I you) about the way they perform their share; but if I did get out of

humor it would be more likely to be for the *infrequency* rather than the brevity of their letters.

I call to see your mother often. She is getting quite out of patience with your long silence. Judging by all I hear, you are of "*some* importance" in that quarter. You have quite finished the conquest (if it were as yet unfinished) of your friends, the Warrens, by writing them. . . .

Fanny is enjoying her trip vastly; was at Burlington, Vermont, when last heard from. She attended one of Jenny Lind's concerts at Buffalo and was bewitched with her as much so as any one could possibly be. I do regret that you did not hear her. It is rumored that she is to make another tour through this country with a large opera troupe of her own selection. If true, your chance is good yet.

I yesterday attended the wedding of Miss Coo Tibbotts and a fine-looking, *near-sighted, somewhat deaf*, young lawyer from Maysville — Mr. Hodge. It was a morning wedding, the rooms darkened by shutting out heaven's light and illuminated by the aid of cotton and the essence of whale's blubber. This is after the New York fashionable soirées called in French, I believe "*matinées*." The effect was agreeable, the party a great one, gay, lively, talky, uproarious, all-togethery, and I fear with many, drunken. But a very fine gathering, all in all.

I want very much to see the best part of Kentucky, her productions and people, and would like if possible to go to the State Fair at Lexington next month; shall go if "the sign" is right. My friend John McDowell wants to go, having an old (or young) flame in that quarter; but this is all uncertain as yet.

To drive dull care away, I have filled up my leisure hours reading (when not thinking of you) Sterne's works, the "*Life, etc., of Tristram Shandy*" and the "*Sentimental Journey*." This Mr. Sterne was a clergyman, witty and a shrewd observer of the worst parts of human nature. Such funny, dirty, worthless trash as delighted the good old times in which he wrote, would now not be tolerated in decent society, except as picturing to one the manners of the olden time. And yet, in the classic age of English literature, a clergyman could write these books without serious damage to his reputation. When I see the immeasur-



able changes which a century or two have produced, it gives me heart to throw my little efforts in favor of the good projects of the age, however slow their apparent progress. Nothing great is accomplished in a day, but gradually the strong hours conquer all obstacles.

I have read another book — not yet finished — calculated to fill one with hope, "The Life and Works of Dr. Channing." The doctor may be in error as to some doctrinal points, but the great features of his system are founded on the rock of truth. If ever I am made a Christian, it will be under the influence of views like his. He says the test of Christianity is the state of the heart and affections, not the state of a man's intellectual belief. If a man feels the humility becoming one prone to sinfulness, looks above for assistance, repents of what he does that is wrong, aspires to purity of intention and correctness of conduct in all the relations of life, such a man is a *Christian* for he adopts the spirit of Christ's teaching and imitates His example; this too in spite of his faith, whether it be Calvinistic, Unitarian, Universalist, or Papist. That I can comprehend. The half of the orthodox creeds, I don't understand and can't fully believe.

When you feel lonely hereafter on a gloomy country summer Sunday, I would prescribe writing to your humble servant as a sovereign remedy. Just take up a pen, no matter how wretched a one, dip it into the ink, never mind its color or "consistency" (that's a word they use in speaking of glue), and *write right* on. Write the blues or your sorrows, your hopes or your fears, facts or fancies, fold up the sheet or sheets and mail them to me. They will find a willing reader, they will go to a sympathizing heart, one whose every pulsation will, if that be possible, be in harmony with your own. If there be one person in the world to whom I would unbosom my thoughts, my feelings, even my weaknesses and failings, that person is yourself. Nay more, I believe *now* I could open to you any part of my own nature which I dare to look upon myself. For sooner or later it must all be known to you; and the more that is known of a true heart the better will a true heart love it. This proves the fallacy of Emerson's notion that the charm of the maiden is gone when her *consent* is known. For until that consent is known the lovers are

both in some sense playing a game of deceit. Each wishes to conceal from the other supposed defects of whatever sort. But after the word is spoken and the spirit of genuine trustfulness awakened, *then* the discovery of trifling spots which do not reach the soul's purity is no longer to be dreaded. It only endears the loved one the more. There is a positive happiness in having something to overlook, to forgive, to set off against one's own shortcomings. To be linked to a perfect being in every sense would not be an equal and therefore not a happy union.

I can speak of your *perfections* and not exaggerate. Such, so great, and so many are the substantial and sterling qualities you own, that whatever defects there may be are dwarfed by them, like spots on the sun lost in the surrounding brightness. I do not fear the growth of your self-esteem or I might, as you advise me, be guarded in the expression of my sentiments and feelings; but if you have any failing it is the *lack of a rational self-confidence in small matters*. In important things I do not doubt that your fine sense of duty will always overcome easily any of those modest misgivings which sometimes annoy you; but these trifles with which conscience, duty, and good sense have very little to do, such as writing letters for example, you will, I am led to suppose, sometimes neglect from a sensitive shrinking you feel lest they should not be as well done as you think they ought to be done, or, as you suspect, may perhaps be anticipated. Now, it don't need me to tell you that so far as the probability of your succeeding goes, this apprehension is all moonshine; but the *feeling* which you have is a substantial reality, and *it* can only be conquered by what Miss Tox calls (in "Dombey and Son") "an effort," that is to say, by doing the thing you dread to do until the feeling leaves you.

Take the example, letter-writing. Write away, hit or miss. If the sentence or the page or the letter suits you, very well. If you find it has mistakes, don't burn or blot; send it as it is "with all its *imperfections* on its head." If you have correspondents whose eyes are keen and greedy to fall upon blemishes, like beasts of prey upon their victims, why, drop the correspondence *in toto*, or let your letters be "like angels' visits"; but if you have a friend who cares not a straw *what* is written, or *how* it is

written, so that *Lucy* writes it, why, practice on her or *him* until habits of composing are formed which prevent inaccuracies, or, better still, a self-confidence which in your case would be a cure-all. And if there is no such *friend* male or female, who possesses eyes so catholic and so charitable, you have, *Lucy*, the address of a lover whose affection is a mantle broad enough to cover and conceal whatever there may be which persons less deeply interested might feel inclined to criticize and expose. Of course, I do not tell you all this because I discover in your letter any ground for the dread you seem to have of ill-natured or even good-natured criticism; for, indeed, I think you write with a great deal of ease so far as expression goes, and this is *the* merit of letter-writing; and if the manual exercise of writing is irksome, why, the best thing I can say is write carelessly. Don't think of the looks, or whether it can be read. It is of importance to write without effort. No fears of your writing what I can't read, and that is a higher compliment than you can pay me.

Well, *Lucy*, Mother Lamb did perhaps do us a great service. I am glad you couldn't call her "old," but I rather guess that Heaven had the matter in hand also. I felt quite as melancholy as you could after you left, not that I had your gloomy forebodings. I always in such cases look forward to happy meetings. I have given you a task of "translating" — would give you more if I had time before the mail closes. Write, write. My heart is with you, "For where the [your] treasure is, there will the [your] heart be also."

Yours ever,

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

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*August 26.* — Yesterday sent five pieces of music to L—, as a sort of birthday present, the only thing I could send by mail conveniently. Nineteen the 28th. God bless you!

. . . . Sunday, received a call from my old college classmate, Lorin Andrews. He stood first among us as a student, ambitious, enthusiastic, hopeful, with great industry, a capacity to acquire easily. He yet never seemed to have unusual powers

of mind, and now I feel sure has not. His hobby now is common schools. He is traversing the State, lecturing, organizing teachers' associations, and aiding in various ways the work.

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CINCINNATI, August 27, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:—The State Fair in Kentucky is on the 9th of September at Lexington. There will also be a great fair almost equal to the State Fair at Paris, Bourbon County, the week following. So eminent an agriculturist, both practically and scientifically, as you are will of course be treated with distinguished consideration on such an occasion! Ahem! As for the company, that will of itself secure you a welcome reception in all the polite circles of the élite of Kentucky aristocracy! Ahem, again!

On the 8th we are to have a grand turnout, etc., etc., of firemen from all quarters. A spree that is repeated only once in four years, so, of course, it will be a grand one.

Have you seen the article in the *Tribune* on Presidential nominations? If not, get it at once. It is in the *Daily Tribune* of the 23d and will be in the weekly of the 30th. The letters of distinguished political wire-workers are more interesting than anything of the kind that has appeared, not excepting Ben Butler's and John Van Buren's correspondence published a few years ago. This exposure will kill the chances of Sam Houston if his competitors choose to use it. He is laid out cold as a wedge. Read it. You will laugh. My congratulations to Otis. [I] suppose of course he will be elected. How happens it that Horace E. Clarke beats Homer? It sounds queer, very. . . .

As to this fair business, don't come unless you feel like it. I think you will enjoy it. I have no doubt we can arrange it so as to get quarters undisturbed by the crowd. I have had divers propositions on the subject. . . .

Can't you get a few sensible Democrats like Coles, Pease (not very sensible on politics,) Glick, etc., to scratch off from the Loco ticket such hard cases as John Corwin, another Judge Read in morals, habits, etc., etc., and such a bigot as Tom Bartley? I think they will both be beaten by Storer and Andrews since the Free Soilers have nominated them. Thurman on the

Loco ticket is a good man and a good lawyer. I will vote for him in preference to either Converse or Way.

Love to Mother and the kin.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Saturday, August 30.*—Not a word from L—. Really peeved [?] again. Wish [she] were here; getting lonesome again these fine evenings.

Have spent the last two days in thinking about politics, attending ward and county meetings. Have learned but little. Tried my powers as a talker in a little speech in the County Temperance Convention. The question was on organizing a temperance party. I earnestly opposed it. Found it an easy thing to speak in such bodies. The thing is energy, brevity, and sound positions, clearness in argument, and control of temper. A very little joking may do, enough to show one's good nature and give an impression of cleverness (in the American sense) is well; but any more fun-making than this does not succeed in such businesslike bodies. The question was decided against my views, the political temperance men having packed the convention "to order." It will, I think, prove a very disastrous step. The Loco meeting was boisterous but respectable after all. The Cuban meeting was large but cold, composed of unsympathizing spectators, not people excited and indignant.

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CINCINNATI, September 9, 1851.

DEAR LU:—This is the day of the great parade of the firemen, and yet so self-denying and devoted is my affection for you, that I willingly give up the ecstatic bliss of "running with the machine," to reply to your long looked-for letter of the 5th, received yesterday. I hope you will duly appreciate the sacrifice (?) I am making and evince your gratitude by your works.

Your letter came just in time to turn away the pent-up wrath which had been gathering for a fortnight. You have no notion how naughty I was beginning to feel towards you. A few days

more and I should, perhaps, have been wicked enough to have written you a stream of scorching and withering talk that would have been quite harrowing to my feelings to write, and to yours to read; but now the blood-red wrathful sun has gone down, the stars have risen and the night is holy! Excuse me if I read you my lectures too often, but I must give you "line upon line" until the end I am bent upon attaining is reached. If your courage oozes out (not upon your paper) before your letters get their growth send me the dwarfs. I prefer an unfinished half page in three days to four sides filled and crossed after a delay of two or three weeks. As a matter of habit, I think it would be better for you to make up your mind when you take your pen that you will write only a very short letter and finish and mail it at once. You will soon find your epistles growing, in spite of you.

I have always thought letter-writing one of the most important branches of a young lady's education. Next to the cheerful manners and presence which can shed, as it were magnetically, happiness around the home circle, I know of no power more valuable than that by which we are made for a moment to feel the real presence of loved ones absent. The sunbeam quality (and to have an idea of the high estimate I place upon this enlivening, inspiring, happifying influence, you ought to read Mrs. Hemans' beautiful little poem "The Sunbeam"), as I have told you many a time, and shall probably repeat a thousand times more, you possess beyond any woman I ever knew. A real angel it makes of you. If your other charms were a thousand-fold less than they are, this evidence, which can't be counterfeited, of a good true heart within would fill me with an eager longing to fold you to my bosom as my cherished ideal of whatever I could most enjoy or hope for in a companion for life. This magnetism no man or woman can write or print upon a cold page. Yet we can by frequent practice — *careless, easy* practice — *almost* acquire this power. You can, to as good a degree as any one, I feel sure. I can see *you* all through your letter, even down to the modest good-bye, where you ask me to "think as kindly of you as David did of Dora." Think kindly of you?

Aye! until all good angels leave me I shall think more kindly of you than any David ever did of any Dora. But the comparison is not to you a just one. You are as far above Dora in all that makes a woman as I am below the original David (Dickens) in whatever makes an author. So, dearest, don't fancy yourself a Dora. If you must compare yourself with others, let it be with Agnes, or Carry\*, or Phoebe even; though I would not exchange my Lucy for either one of them, or for the charms of all united in one. Don't think me too extravagant. I never thought you a "Miss Perfection," but take you for all in all you are such an one as I love to think of, talk of, to write to, to talk to, to be near, to live with; and so as I can talk about you to almost nobody else, here I am pouring myself into your ears, and wishing that you may love me as well as I do you, and wondering if you ever will. A truce to this sort of talk, if I don't run into it again. And now a little gossip. . . .

I went to two Daguerrean *galleries* intending to have my features done onto plate, but could think of no way of sending it, or you would have had another birthday gift. I accordingly mailed you some music, forgetting at the moment (such is my ignorance of such things) that piano music may not be adapted to a guitar.

I "assisted" Mr. Doughty to get into the well of matrimony with Miss Fingland last week, Wednesday. I was *partnered* with Miss Mitchell, and got up quite an agreeable acquaintance with her. She is a very considerable woman, very. I spent the afternoon and morning very pleasantly with her, saw many of you Methodist brethern and *sistren* at the wedding. Miss Noble and a cousin from Brookville were there. The cousin (a Miss T— something) was teased incessantly about Mr. Herron — with what grounds I do not know. . . .

Mrs. Warren is not the only one who will be exceedingly glad to see Miss Lucy Webb. I do not wish to take you from the country, where I am pleased to hear you are getting almost *fat*. I wish you might. Yet these moonlight nights seem wasted, lost, and lonesome without you.

\* A charming character in "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Will Telfair is just in to get me to go see the parade. So, a loving good-bye. Write soon. *Do*, Lucy dearest.

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

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*September 10, 1851.* — The Firemen's parade with its scarlet, gilding, paint, banners, arches, music, procession, balls, dinners, cannon, rockets, "noise and confusion," passed off pleasantly enough yesterday.

*September 11.* — Attended the wedding party of Miss Augusta Lewis and Mr. Lindsay (or Lindsley), at Newport, last evening. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist church. Went over with the relations by invitation of Miss Lewis. Spent the evening pleasantly and returned about 10:30 P. M. Good party season. By the way is the phrase "in good season" correct? Tod's W. and S. ["Words and Synonyms"] says season means "a fit time." You are here "in good time" is like it; perhaps not strictly correct but common.

Today finished the Works, or Life, rather, of William Ellery Channing. The Life [of] one of the noblest, purest men who ever lived. His Life here shows less of his private, personal, domestic character and feeling that it ought. Do not great men neglect —

*September 12.* — Hottest weather of the season. Roasting weather since the first of the month. Can't "do any good." Must read "Yeast," by the author [Charles Kingsley] of "Alton Locke."

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CINCINNATI, September 19, 1851.

DEAREST: — I have just heard of the return to Columbus of Mother and the rest of the family, and am now meditating inflicting my presence upon them tomorrow, Saturday, afternoon, with the intention of continuing the punishment through the whole or greater part of next week. I therefore write you that you may not be in ignorance of my whereabouts, and make *that*



an excuse, in addition to the thousand and one others you are in the habit of making, for not *remembering* to write me. I sometimes begin to think you forgetful, negligent, naughty, and unloving, and con over the bitter things I must say to you. But then it occurs to me that we all have faults to be overlooked and forgiven, and you having so few others it would be hard, indeed, if we mortals who are bristling all over with faults, should be incessantly picking at this little one. There, is that not a Christian spirit? Give me credit quick or I may turn and unsay it all in a "jiffy," as Mother says.

I went to Dayton yesterday and back, celebrating the completion of the railroad which makes Dayton a suburb of Cincinnati. Only two hours and a half to Dayton! Shades of departed coaches, "buses," and canal-boats, hide forever your diminished heads! The "iron-horse" has taken away your occupation, to keep it until aerial ships take away his!

John W. [Herron] has returned; brings a large dish of gossip as to *our matters* from all points of the compass; says you stood a cross-examination very creditably but still believes it true. . . . John W. was (or affects it) entirely unsuspecting of the matter; says we never did act like it, not a particle, but now remembers how you and I took a walk the evening before you left, and how I knew of your going in some very mysterious way, etc., etc. So he now is inclined to think it true, and I am inclined to think he is in the same interesting predicament. Who his Dulcinea may be I do not know, some Indiana lady, I fancy. . . .

Did I tell you of being at Miss Lewis' wedding in Newport and how pleasant it was, and how I proposed to Miss Tinor and was *almost* accepted, and think I would have been if I had urged the question a few minutes, and how Mr. Ferguson is sparking Miss Noble, a bosom friend of Miss Tinor, and how Miss Noble asks Mr. Ferguson if I am not a quiz, and all that? Because if I have not told you about it, I should have done so, if you had not neglected your duty in answering my last letter. A sin of omission which I shall be apt to treasure up against you, unless you write me—*directed to Columbus*—so I can get it by *Wednesday or Thursday* of next week. Until which time vengeance is

suspended; *after that* you will please remember I am only,  
As ever yours,

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

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October 13, 1851. — A whole month since I have written a word. Well, [September] 24th, etc., visited friends at Columbus. Met uncle and other friends at the State Fair, a glorious "institution" — a glorious exhibition of cattle, pretty girls, and "things." Fanny and family all well and happy, save only the "rooted sorrow" of the lost Willie.

On the 4th of October, my birthday, I was with Herron at Larz Anderson's, nursing him through an attack of dysentery. In the evening, Saturday, the birthday of the twin boys of Mr. Anderson was celebrated by a small party of little and old folks below, which I attended, not remembering that it was also my birthday till the day after!

My dearly beloved returned last week, looking more beautifully than ever. Good health, that master blessing, seems now to be hers. Good.

During the past fortnight have made six stump speeches and one Odd Fellow address. These were my first attempts at political speaking — a very easy kind of talking. The first half or three-quarters, with my speaking faculties, should be spent in calm, dispassionate, sensible talk. I then seem to have established a sort of relationship or sympathy with my audience, and also to have acquired a warmth which enables me to branch out into humorous and impassioned speaking with tolerable success. I think I have made very favorable impressions. I spoke first twenty minutes, next about forty-five, next an hour, and so on until I reached an hour and three-quarters.

I now mean to bend all my energies to the law for the coming [winter], acquiring, mastering, etc.; [to] study harder than before in years. I now know that with a *well-furnished* mind I can make an impression as a speaker. To work, then, to work!

October 14. — Another election day almost gone. I slept badly last night; as a consequence, have had the dumps today. Feel

in low spirits, less hopeful of good results than is reasonable, expect defeat in the election. No difference to me. I must work on, on and on, as a lawyer; prepare myself for the duties of life — a family, marriage, and all that ar. No place like a home of your own; no other persons like “wedded wife and child.” For that good I am now striving. Let me do it stoutly, manfully.

*October 15.* — Election all wrong. Democrats take all and would have taken more if there had been more to take. But it will be all the same ten years hence — no great importance anyhow. “Sour grapes.” Now for law, love, and learning; money and business, too, if possible. Let me begin a regular habit of doing all things as of yore — only better.

*October 17, 1851.* — And now under this beautiful October sun, mild, calm, heavenly, let me resolve to do what I ought to do for the six months coming. *In law*, read by course some standard text-book referring to authorities within my reach, especially to the Ohio cases. Examine to the bottom every point of practice or point of law in my own business which occurs to me.

In general literature, read Burke, Shakespeare, and the standard authors constantly, and always have on hand some book of worth not before perused. Avoid occasional reading of a light character. Read always as if I were to repeat it the day afterwards.

Exercise daily at the gymnasium. *Prepare* to speak at the Club always, and to speak well. Prepare an address or lecture for the I. O. O. F. during the winter. Make no new female acquaintances; avoid soirées; call on old friends occasionally. Write good letters to absent friends, and attend church once each Sunday.

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CINCINNATI, October 18, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE: — Stephen and Eliza Perry and their cousin Miss Brown, of Delaware, left for home today. They made no stop at Columbus and only a short one here. Eliza looks quite natural, not much paler or thinner than when we saw her. Both had a great deal to say about you. They wish you to come again

this winter to Texas. Mr. Perry will be especially pleased to see you. . . . Guy goes to the Legislature again without opposition.

I see a long letter in the papers from Vice-President Dallas, directed to Guy, on "Southern Rights," etc.

Altogether the visit was a very pleasant one, but too short. They will go from Louisville with Rev. Mr. McCulloch, the heroic clergyman of San Antonio. He is now at the head of a fine school in Galveston. He has married a young wife and is taking her home to Texas. . . .

Good-bye. Write. In haste.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

[October] 21. — Douglas Jerrold, in "A Man Made of Money," says: "Dogmatism is *puppyism* come to its full growth."

Gregory's "Letters on Animal Magnetism" begun. Mean to read it carefully, with a disposition to judge impartially of the facts, etc., contained in the book with a view to the formation of settled notions upon the whole subject, so far as may now be done. Heard Murdoch in Evelyn in Bulwer's "Money" last evening. A noble play. He is a fair actor, does not strike me as a star of the first magnitude.

November 1, 1851. — Reading Gregory's "Animal Magnetism." Last evening thought of a topic for lecture to the Odd Fellows: The indisposition to form new opinions, learn new facts, credit new discoveries and inventions, of old people. In short, the importance of preserving both mind and heart young. *Mem.*:—Dickens', "Lord keep my memory green."

November 7. — One of the most remarkable instances of spontaneous clairvoyant prevision is that related of M. Cazotte who predicted the terrors of the French Revolution four or five years previous, specifying the manner in which numbers of persons present at a dinner party would die in that awful time. They were scoffing at religion and rejoicing in the approach of the "reign of reason." He then astonished them by a picture of the "reign of terror." I do not feel satisfied that the prediction

preceded the event, although there is much evidence, only not proof, that it did.

I have finished Dr. Gregory's book on "Animal Magnetism." The doctor is, perhaps, too credulous to be a safe guide in such investigations, but the effect upon my own mind of the facts and speculations contained in his apparently fair, truthful work is to a belief in the leading claims of magnetism, clairvoyance, etc. I have hitherto disbelieved [in] clairvoyance, not doubting the unnatural sleep, called magnetic. I now am inclined to think there is much more in it. I am prepared to believe Reichenbach's doctrine of the subtle fluid, *odyle*, or any other theory which will consist with what I esteem the wonderful facts of animal magnetism.

*November 9.* — Commenced reading Pope's "Iliad." Noble, elevated, and sublime beyond any rhyme I ever read; only not superior to "Paradise Lost."

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CINCINNATI, November 11, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE:— Just received yours of the 8th. Called on Gilmore & Brotherton; was told that last week gold was very scarce, as banks were preparing for quarterly statement; that it was difficult to get it *even at one per cent*; that at this time gold is worth somewhat less than one per cent; they would sell today at  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent, and will sell you gold at any time at the *market rates*. I called in upon McDowell and asked him what he would give me a thousand dollars in gold for; he replied one thousand and eight dollars. So I suppose you will gain nothing by sending to brokers instead of the City Bank. . . .

Mother and Laura were both to hear Jenny Lind. Mother was pleased and Laura delighted. Laura writes: "She sang 'Coming through the Rye' and I liked that best of any because she smiled and sang it so funny and when she went out she curtsied out backwards, and they applauded her so she came back and sang it over again, and I felt as if I wanted to run up to her and kiss her and then I could go back satisfied." Love to all.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*November 18.* — My chum McDowell starts for Chillicothe this morning on a sparking campaign. If Miss D— and the fates smile on him he will return blessed; otherwise, otherwise. I hardly know what to wish for him; if she is correctly reported to me, failure will be no great calamity. While he is gone I shall have the office to myself, and must during this week hammer out a lecture on "Happiness," to be read two weeks from tomorrow night before Eagle Lodge, a task which will require fast work. So to it—to it!

*December 5* — Received the *Detroit Daily Advertiser* containing the marriage notice of my old college friend, "Trow" [Trowbridge]. Well, I hope he has made a ten-strike. I do not much doubt that he has. And speaking of good luck in such matters, I wonder who has fallen on a more precious prize than my own sweet L—. She today happened accidentally to hear of a family in great distress—the father sick, the mother working from 3 o'clock A. M. until 12 P. M. for fifteen or twenty cents, making corsets. No help but a little girl of eight or nine years old. No wood, no furniture, no food. A bundle of straw in one corner. L— shed "some natural tears," but not stopping with tears, she stirred herself, got bedclothes, dishes, food, wood, medicine, etc., etc. Blessed angel! I loved her doubly for it.

Delivered my lecture, or preached my sermon, according to appointment. Audience apparently pleased; at all events they requested me to repeat it before the lodge—wives, sisters, sweet-hearts to be invited—the next Monday, which I did last evening with reasonable success, I thought. The next time I do the like I will be more animated in manner, that is, I'll wag my head and shake my arms a little more violently. Think perhaps 'twould be an improvement; and my next lecture before the same audience shall be, I think, on Benjamin Franklin. A good subject for that sort of an audience, I suspect.

Received a letter from Fanny full of joy that I should have written so hopefully a few days ago. What a beautiful love is that which my sister bears for me! Blessings on her and all beneath her roof! L— reminded me of her when I had that

good talk with her a few days ago. The discovery of resemblance between —

*December 10.* — Reading an article in the October *Edinburg*, combating Sir Charles Lyell's attack on the theory of the successive development of animal life as shown by "ransacking the catacombs of nature." No use for one of the laity to attempt to form an opinion on these great questions while the high priests are thus at loggerheads. Sir Charles' "Principles" and "Manual," I must buy and read when I can conveniently.

*December 21, 1851.* — Shortest day in the year. News of the new revolution in France. Crossed on the ice to Covington with Herron this (Sunday) morning after breakfast.

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CINCINNATI, December 21, 1851.

DEAR UNCLE: — I this morning crossed the river to Covington on the *ice*, the second time in thirty years that the thing has been possible. Thousands of people will cross today and I think horses, etc., will be able to do so before night. It is rough, broken pieces joined together and frozen, not smooth ice.

I am sorry you cannot come to Columbus before New Year's, but shall hope to see you soon. I go up on Wednesday to stay about eight days, till after New Year's.

I am not in want of any money, and hope not to call upon you any more. I am certainly getting into business.

I think you have a decided advantage over the Junction Railroad people. The new radical Legislature will not I think be disposed to grant them any favors. I have no doubt that the Bellevue and Republic people could even procure a *repeal* of the charter under which the Green Spring route is to be built, upon making a strong effort. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

Hurrah for Louis Napoleon! Glorious republicans those Frenchmen!

S. BIRCHARD.

## CHAPTER XI

### MARRIED AND PROSPEROUS — CINCINNATI, 1852-1854

**J**ANUARY 5, 1852. — A pleasant visit to Columbus. A visit to Delaware also. Home, my mother's and sister's home, is the spot of earth that is ever green. Wait, till one day I have such an one!

Just before my departure, I was forcibly reminded of the necessity of close attention to small matters by the mistake which the hurry of a client led me to make. Suit was to be brought on the spur of the moment in the name of a turnpike company against a man who refused to pay toll. Looked into the act of incorporation for its name. Saw as the title of the act, "An act to incorporate the ——— Turnpike *Road* Company." I began my suit in that name. But lo! in the body of the act, the company's name was without the word "*Road*" and I was non-suited!

Now, this beginning of a New Year is a good time for good resolves, and first, I don't mean to be caught so again. I mean to study law, to speak often in the Club, and speak my best (on all suitable occasions). Prepare all my cases thoroughly, if possible, perfectly.

So begins the New Year. Rather prosperously with me. Money, clients, and friends more abundant than ever before; a loved one whose nameless and numberless virtues and winning ways are growing into and around my heart daily more and more. God bless her! A happy New Year, indeed, it is!

*January 13, 1852.* — Have just finished Captain (?) Cumming's "Five Years in the Far Interior of South Africa." A book of "bloody murder" among the gigantic game of the African wilderness. The hero talks flippantly of "*bagging*" lions, camelopards, zebras, wildebeests, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, hippopotami, and elephants, as one in this latitude might speak of bagging snowbirds and rabbits. He talks of the "exquisitely



beautiful," "the lovely," etc., black-maned lion, "man-eater," as an enraptured lover would talk of his lady-love. Still there is an air of truthfulness about the narrative which gains it a credit quite other than that which one yields to the Munchausen "yarns" of a Captain Riley. This is the last book, *not of the law*, which I mean to read except on Sundays or evenings. Now for law and the current news for the balance of my winter and spring reading. Am daily more and more in love. Strange what a happiness there is in her presence. She is an angel. Blessings on her head! Let me strive to be worthy of her.

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[CINCINNATI,] January 13, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—I wrote to you Sunday, but the good old-fashioned "Hayes" letter which I received this morning from you prompts me to reply at once after the same style of generous abundance.

I was sure some linchpin was loose as soon as I opened the letter. Mrs. Valette was quite right as to your being a little flighty. Instead of sending your usual telegraphic dispatch, you give me three whole pages, and wind up with wishing for a sleigh-ride with a team of *fourteen* horses! I would suggest if you attempt such a sleigh-ride that you do it with your team harnessed tandem and ride the leader yourself! What a sensation you would produce! . . . .

I am glad Mr. Works is at Mr. Valette's while you are housed up. Speaking of his "slicking" his boots with tallow that Sunday morning, I was about the same time engaged in the same thing with mine, greatly to the amusement of Herron (the *bird*, not "Herring," the fish, as you spell it) and McDowell who protested that the grease opened the pores and let in the snow-water instead of keeping it out. Glad to have so good authority on my side. You know lawyers bow to "the authorities."

You speak of my "college friend" Kilbourne! *Don't*, if you please. He surely can't be so poor a "skeesicks" now as he was in college or you would never have permitted him to spend "almost a day with you." The not lending him a dime was "sensible to the last." . . . .

I shall probably not come to Fremont until summer. *Then* there is very little for any lawyer to do; *now* is our busiest season; besides, in bad weather the city is far pleasanter than anywhere else. I experienced this at Delaware the other day. It was muddy, dark, and lonely, and I was glad to get away. I told Sarah you would probably visit her when you came down. Do so, if you can. The *curve* will perhaps be finished by that time and it will be an easy trip of an hour to go up there from Columbus. Stop at Mrs. Kilbourne's, not at the Hinton House, which is a filthy hole. Sarah and Harriet can dish you up about as spicy a mess of gossip as you would desire to hear about the saints and sinners of Delaware. For example, there is Mrs. Bennett who is an inexhaustible theme. She wears "the Bloomer" in all weathers. She goes too late to church (the Methodist, which is always crowded) to get a seat among the congregation, and striding up the aisle with the dignity of a lioness, seats herself within the altar, immediately below the sacred desk, "the observed of all observers." The ministers look "unutterable things" at her, the devout brethren and sisters shake their heads and whisper, the undevout giggle, but not a soul of them dares breathe a syllable that would reach her ear. They all know that the house of God would afford no protection against her; and so she disturbs everybody else, but nobody disturbs her.

The Methodist Church, like Aaron's rod (or was it Moses'?) swallows up all the rest. The Episcopal and New [School] Presbyterian have no preacher. Mr. Vandiemer has no congregation; but the Methodists are always in "a season of awakening." . . .

I have been reading Cumming's "Hunting Expeditions in South Africa." It is, I think, a faithful narrative of the most prodigious exploits in slaying big game that I ever read. If I had seen it when a boy I should probably have been following the "spoor" of elephants and lions instead of quietly "making tracks" on paper about those days. He talks of "bagging" elephants, camelopards, and lions, as one of our hunters might speak of bagging snowbirds and quails. If your eyes are not too weak, I fancy that you would still enjoy this bloody book.

This is a Hayes letter for you. So regards to the folks and good-bye.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*January 17, 1852.* — Yesterday I made in reality my maiden effort in the Criminal Court. It was in defense of a man indicted for grand larceny named Samuel Cunningham. There was really no defense to be made, but the young man's friends were respectable people in Covington, Kentucky, and I endeavored to make a sensible, energetic little speech in his behalf. He was convicted, but the prosecuting attorney paid me some handsome compliments as did also the court. Best of all, however, the court appointed me to defend, or to assist in the defense of, Nancy Farrer, the poisoner of two families. It is *the* criminal case of the term. Will attract more notice than any other, and if I am well prepared, will give me a better opportunity to exert and exhibit whatever pith there is in me than any case I ever appeared in. The poor girl is homely — very; probably from this misfortune has grown her malignity. I shall repeat some of my favorite notions as to the effect of original constitution, early training, and associations in forming character — show how it diminishes responsibility, etc.

Must look over my Odd Fellow speech on "Happiness." Study medical jurisprudence as to poisons; also read some good speech or poetry to elevate my style, language, thoughts, etc., etc. Here is the tide and I mean to take it at the flood — if I can. So mote it be!

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CINCINNATI, February 9, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . Kossuth is expected today and v will be marched and huzzaed, feasted, toasted, and spoken at, at a terrific rate. Poor man, I pity him. To be dragged about so, and to get so little real substantial aid! I shall not wonder if he dies under his labors and disappointments!

I am tolerably busy these days. Hope to see you sometime to talk over matters.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 1, 1852.*—A great while since I wrote a word here. Have been sick; twice to Columbus; argued my Nancy Farrer case. She was convicted. Argued today the motion for a new trial—gained some laurels. Don't know the results of it all except that we (my associate who aided me scarcely at all and myself) get one hundred and fifty dollars for the defense. We share the fees equally, but not I suppose the laurels. It has been a "capital" case in two senses.

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CINCINNATI, April 5, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—Received both of your letters in due season. Glad to hear often. I am as well now as I ever was in health of body and mind. Spent two days arguing the motion for a new trial before the same judge. Would have got it, everybody said, but for his anxiety to *shine* in sentencing the girl before the assembled crowd. Every other lawyer quarrelled with him in getting bills of exceptions to take cases to the higher courts, but mine, consisting of over sixty pages foolscap, he signed without crossing a "t" or grumbling. He also allowed me seventy-five dollars for what has been done. Hoy, my associate, knew nothing about the grounds of [a] new trial, and so said nothing. It will come before the District Court in two or three weeks. The questions are very interesting to the profession, covering the whole law as to the conduct of juries while deliberating on a verdict. The general impression is that the verdict will be set aside by the District Court, but at all events it gives me by far the best opportunity to "show off" that I have had. . . .

Love to Mrs. Valette. Will be out in July or August.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, May 1, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— Chase, Senator, is making a dull speech at the other end of the table, and to pass off time till the court are at leisure, I write you.

James Summons was convicted as he ought to have been. Thereupon his counsel, Read, got too drunk and Chambers was too unwell, so I got up the bill of exceptions, argued the motion for [a] new trial, etc., etc. The result of which is that the case is to come before the Supreme Court in January next at Columbus. So I shall have a chance to blow off in two murder cases instead of one at that time.

I have been even more lucky than in the other case in pleasing the court and bar. I've evidently hit upon a good lead. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, May 15, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— I doubt very much whether you will get this note; but if you do I wish you would get me a couple of law books, viz: "The Trial of Dr. Webster." The best edition is quite a large volume to be had at Little & Brown's bookstore on Washington Street. Also "The Trial of Abner Rogers," a small volume, at the same place. It is so uncertain about your getting this that I write nothing but my wants. Am quite well.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.— The books can be got in New York also, but I don't know the store.

S. BIRCHARD,

*Boston.*

CINCINNATI, May 30, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— I have to thank you for your frequent letters and also for getting me those books. I could not well write to you so often, hardly knowing where a letter would find you. "I am well and doing well and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

You will see by the enclosed memoranda that I have looked hastily into the matter of enjoining the Junction Railroad from crossing the bay. I have found *only two* amendments to the original charter (both passed last winter) which bear upon this question. Are there any others? If not it seems to me very probable that the amendments will be held to authorize the company *merely to extend their road beyond, and not to change its location from the points originally in their charter.*

However this may be, I am confident there is no doubt at all about it, that if their manner of crossing the bay will *materially hinder or obstruct navigation*, they will be enjoined from doing it. This is a question of fact, as to the hindrance to navigation, I mean, which you know a great deal more about than I do; but I should say that for sail vessels to be forced through the narrow gap of a drawbridge instead of having *some miles* of scope would be a most serious impairment of the present usefulness of the bay for purposes of navigation. If so the courts will without question enjoin the railroad company from crossing. . . .

Jesse Stem writes me a long letter; means to be a corn-planter on the upper Brazos. Health good. — Write.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, July 4, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . I had a long letter from Guy Bryan a few days ago. He said he had written to some friend of yours, a Mr. Sullivan, as to Texas matters. He wants to get a couple of carpenters at thirty dollars a month and boarded, and wished [them] for six months or a year from November next. Do you know such?

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Hurrah for Scott. "Old Lundy" is bound to win. No need of working, only laugh and hurrah. — H.

S. BIRCHARD.

AT MR. VALETTE'S, FREMONT, OHIO, July 17, 1852.

DEAREST:—. . . . It is not a great while, I find by counting the days on my fingers, since I left Cincinnati, and that which is dearer to me than aught else beside, viz: your own sweet self. That no prodigious length of time, as time is computed in the almanack, has elapsed is true enough, but absence from the "apple of one's eye" makes figures to seem great liars in making up such calculations. Still, I have been so occupied, and that pleasantly, too, that days have sped faster far than under other circumstances they might have done.

The railroad ride to Tiffin was not particularly agreeable. Had no acquaintances on the cars; saw one or two pretty girls whose faces I studied as if they were sitting to me for their portraits. [We] were delayed two or three hours in the woods by the running off the track of another train, and reached Tiffin about six P. M. Met Mr. Stem there and agreed with him to be at his father's, where the girls are, Green Spring, tomorrow evening. Saw also his brother, a young man of my own age, and a favorite of mine, really bloated, shockingly so, with liquor. Of such a family, so good a fellow, in these temperance times too, and recently married! It is too bad. I don't much blame people for being a little ultra in view of such warnings.

After supper I came down to Fremont, a pleasant ride on a good plank road of three hours, and found the whole family here asleep, at 9:30 o'clock! Uncle and I talked till after midnight. He begun by showing me his new paintings and pictures. We talked of *Gympsey*\*, *lovingly* of course, for she is a great favorite both from description and "upon actual view."

Next day, Wednesday, I sauntered about town shaking hands and answering the same questions scores of times, as well as asking the same. Called on Ann Maria Olmsted, a tolerably good-looking, very sensible girl of twenty-five, educated in the coldish Presbyterian manners of the North, but estimable and *rather* agreeable withal; Minerva Justice, *she [her] of the plant*, who was "out," and Octavia Dickinson, a plump, fine-looking girl of French parentage on one side, and Catholic education at *our*

\* A pet name of Miss Webb.

Notre Dame, who is free and laughing and about your age and with enough of your qualities to make me like her; so I invited her to a ride to Green Spring with a little party the next day. Thursday, ten of us went to the springs, eight miles, a beautifully wooded grove where we spent the afternoon splashing one another, throwing May-apples, keeping off mosquitoes, and other nonsense. Took a country tavern supper, great for variety but poor for cooking, and started for home in the cool of the evening. By the by, while supper was preparing I called over at Mr. Stem's, saw Cleme looking as mildly sweet as a descended angel, reminding me of you in that respect! . . . In the evening we attended a small party of married and a few young folks marked by a little singing and a great deal of card playing and eating. . . .

Yesterday made myself useful to Uncle, and last evening attended a large party of "young" folks which was exceedingly agreeable. Devoted myself to an old flame, Kate Fitch, to Octavia, and to the Miss Julia Chapman whose beauty allured me to lie through the strict rules of the Notre Dame School, as I once told you. . . .

Uncle says that Glenn will probably build a pretty little summer retreat on the adjoining farm, and he says if I will promise to spend here two or three months in the hot weather, or to send my wife here, he will build me one in a pleasant grove hard by. How say you? Shall I promise? I feel like doing it.

Uncle and myself start for Columbus day after tomorrow. We return here in a few days, I suppose, but you will write me, love, *instantly* on receipt of this (directed to Columbus) . . . a loving letter from the warmest corner of your heart and make happy

Yours truly and lovingly,

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

FREMONT, July 26, 1852.

DEAREST:—Don't ask me, I couldn't answer it if you did, whether I was most surprised or delighted upon the receipt of yours of the 19th. Both feelings—surprise and pleasure—were a good deal excited. Only think of it, a young lady who



esteems her epistolary powers of such an humble kind that it ordinarily requires a month of bitter reflection to screw her courage up to the sticking-place, has actually written a letter of good wholesome dimensions before, by the strict rules of etiquette, she was required to do it! Oh, I have great hopes of thee, my dear one. If you are so soon grown strong in a point which was lately your weakest, I know not what heights of achievement are beyond your reach. . . . "An apology for writing"? No, no, my love, no apology is needed by you for *anything* you are likely to do in your conduct towards me. So long as that loving heart is true, and it cannot be otherwise, I shall view all you do and say through a medium which makes the rough places smooth and the dark light. But when the thing done is one which pleases me so well as a good letter from you never fails to do, my warmest acknowledgments to you, instead of your apology to me, are what is natural and appropriate. . . .

But I *did* write to you as early, I think, as the 16th and enclosed it to Billy Rogers, but by some arrangement, or disarrangement rather, it had not reached you on the 19th. I wrote again from Columbus on the 21st, which letter I suppose reached you before you left Cincinnati.

. . . . Don't let those "tares" disturb your peace of mind. I have no fears as to the result of my "schooling." When I remember how I've rooted out of your daily speech certain phrases which I suppose you have now almost forgotten how to use, and how easily you take up your pen, I feel the truth of the old saw: "The difficulty is not in the *doing* but in the *attempting* to do great deeds." The fact is you are a bird, a bird of paradise. Uncle says he'll write to you one of these days, only he fears you'll not be able to read his scrawl.

I think of you constantly, but especially these fine moonlit evenings as I walk the porch in front of this pleasantly shaded farmhouse. I don't just know how I shall get through the summer without seeing you. I suspect I shall have to run down to Chillicothe to see you. I did mean not to do it. I hate going until the railroad is finished. I've said so often I'd not go until it was.

. . . . Think of me all pleasant thoughts, as I always do of you, and I will promise to love you ever as I do now.

Yours only, ever,

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

FREMONT, July 26, 1852.

DEAR FANNY:— I have regretted ever since I left Columbus that I didn't wait a few days for Laura, thinking she might possibly have returned with me after it was impossible for you to do so. I shall be at Gambier August 4, a week from Wednesday, and will perhaps go to Columbus, when if it is convenient for any of you to return here with me, I shall be very glad to have you. . . . Write me at once as to the probabilities, as my coming to Columbus will depend somewhat on that.

Nothing new here. Belinda [McLelland, a cousin] with her quiet, sorrowful, hope-bereft smile listens to what we say as if she thought "this is too good to last," a sort of perpetual melancholy which I am not at all partial to. Mr. McLelland has a phiz with a corresponding expression, but more pale, more pious, and less apt to smile. Their eldest, Jane, aged ten or eleven, is a tolerably fine-looking girl of the sandy-complexion kind, quiet, amiable, good, but having too little vitality to be a very entertaining child. Mary is a stout, wilful, spoiled, pretty girl of four, with beautiful hair as *white as snow*, quite bright, and therefore interesting, but naturally, or by being spoiled, selfish. She is in a never-ceasing squabble with Johnny Pease, who is also stout and has a will of his own. I am on the best of terms with both of them, and my appearance is the signal for a quarrel as to which shall monopolize the most of my attentions.

. . . . John R. [Pease] looks like a wreck, partly from ill health but chiefly from a profound conviction that he has one foot in the grave, which never leaves him five minutes of cheerful joy at a time. One cannot but notice how Uncle continues the happiest, busiest, and healthiest, too, among all those who have been his acquaintances and friends here. He is full of railroading, politics, building, and fun, a combination as engrossing as rare. Until this year there has been so little building

in this town that it is impossible now that everyone is at it to get either materials or hands fast enough to push matters beyond a snail's pace. With all his energy, I hardly expect to see Uncle's building under cover this fall. Yet I verily believe we should all have been off on the great Scott spree at Lundy's Lane if I had not sprinkled cold water on it, Mr. Valette leaving his harvest, Uncle his building, Dr. Rawson his patients. And Buckland *did* leave all his multifarious engagements. Great country this is! You would enjoy it here at Mrs. Valette's greatly, I know.

It is amusing to hear Uncle go off on his pictures. Just *such* pictures were never hung up in any gallery before! 'Twon't do to doubt or dispute an item of his opinions or narratives while he is in the fury of his rhapsodies; but after it is all said over two or three times and assented to by his auditor, he will receive and adopt any sensible suggestion most willingly, although the same thing intimated a half hour earlier would have been overwhelmed with all manner of ridicule, assertion, and invective. We have great sport over said pictures.

Lucy Webb and her mother are in Chillicothe at present and will be some time longer. — Love to all.

Your brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

COLUMBUS, August 6, 1852.

LUCY DEAREST: — I left Fremont Sunday evening, stopped a day among the panic-stricken, cholera-smitten people of Sandusky, staid two days, two happy days, among the students, alumni, and visitors at Gambier, and reached here last evening. My sister's family are all well, and, save the disfigurement of a scratch or two, they are (the *little* ones I mean) the prettiest little gems of humanity I ever saw.

Since I wrote you last I have attended a country dance and picnic twenty miles from Fremont out on the prairie. A rough flooring was spread under a clump of trees, on which we danced "by the light of the moon" till *late* hours were turned to *early* ones. Myself and another gentleman with our respective "damsels" were the only town folks present. The weather was of the

loveliest,—perhaps you remember it, a week ago Thursday,—and if instead of the very agreeable and fine-looking fair one who *was* with me, I had had one who *was not* with me, but who was too much in my thoughts to make me entirely present at the scene where she was absent, I should certainly have spent one of the most delightful evenings of my life. As *it was* I *survived* it.

At Gambier I attended a charming party of young and old, embracing many Cincinnati fashionables; a dinner of the alumni, ratherish good; and a whole-hearted festive reunion of the secret club, Phi Zeta. The latter kept in session till a late hour, our only married brother having returned to his wife at 12 midnight. We wound up our meeting by adjourning at 2 A. M. to his gate and singing “Auld Lang Syne.”

Billy Rogers was there. Poor fellow! His yielding good nature, as usual, stood between him and the highest pleasure. He had been inveigled to escort a couple (relatives perhaps) of the Misses Lawrence from Circleville, who dragged him about from Hall to Library “like a sheep,” etc. I am really apprehensive that he will be carried off, “engaged,” and married to some contriving and self-willed miss by reason of his extreme anxiety to do as others are pleased to have him. He will be here tonight on his way home. . . .

Uncle talks a good deal about you, wonders especially whether you will like his paintings, fears he shall not like you if *you don't*. I tell him there is no danger on that score for I'll warn you of what is wanted. To which he replies, “No, no, that won't do. I can tell reality from affectation,” etc., etc.

Last night I called on Dr. John A. [Little] and lady. She looks sweeter than ever. . . . Called also on Miss Belle Gardiner and Ellen; ought to have mentioned Ellen first as she is the elder. They “talked book” as they always do; not the most entertaining talk in the world, unless talked by a very strong-minded, original woman, and said Ellen and Belle being neither one nor the other, their talk, ergo, was not “the most interesting in the world.”

Fanny tells me: “Say to Gypsey for me that some day when my babes are all asleep I mean to write her a letter.” By the by,

Fanny and Laura *intend* returning with me to Fremont. Whether they will do so or not is quite another matter. If they do go with me, we shall start Tuesday morning, the 10th. So, my dear, put on one of your industrious fits and write me a letter that will reach me Monday if possible at this place. . . .

Fanny says that Hatty and Mr. Solis made a bargain when they were engaged to write to each other *once* a month! Cool was it not? I would break off an engagement that would live on such a short allowance of correspondence. . . .

Fanny's garden is now looking charmingly. I wish you were here to walk about in it with me tonight. . . . Write often and remember to think kindly of one who can't help loving dearly his charming Gympsey.

R.

P. S.—And wouldn't if he could.—R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

COLUMBUS, August 22, 1852.

DEAR LUCY:—Don't be nervous, nothing has happened, is happening, or is a-going to happen, so far as I know, that need affect your pulse. I write again so soon because it is convenient, combined with another equally good reason, because I love you dearly this holy Sabbath morning. You see by the date that I have moved a hundred miles nearer to you since I wrote you that awful scribbling from Esquire Dickinson's office in Fremont.

Fanny and Laura returned with me yesterday. They enjoyed their visit and travels very much. The last evening at Mr. Valette's we had the subject of matrimony, the prospect of my *ever* marrying, whether I was engaged and what sort of a damsel Lucy Webb was, up for discussion. Birchard, Mrs. Valette, and Fanny were the "leading disputants" as we say in "the Club." Birchard 'thought everybody ought to marry; none but fools lived singly unless under compulsion.' Mrs. Valette 'thought I was certainly engaged, never thought so before when she had heard rumors to that effect, but now there was something indescribable in my manner which confirmed the reports she had heard; had no doubt of it. Mr. Hayes needn't deny it. Would like to know *when* it was to be, and *who* this Miss Webb was.' Fanny 'hoped and believed the rumors were true. She knew Miss

Webb.' Here Mrs. Valette interposed: "How does she look? Is she tall or short?" "She is quite pretty, tall, or rather just right, not too tall but not 'dumpy'; you know I hate 'dumpy' people. She has a charming disposition, is merry as a cricket, and if she was here tonight her laugh would make Uncle ten years younger."

Here Birchard interrupted: "Well, why doesn't the fool marry her? I don't believe she'll have him. If she will and he doesn't marry her pretty soon, I'll get mad and marry some old maid myself."

This is a tolerable daguerreotype of the debate, and, speaking of daguerreotypes, they insisted on my showing yours, but alas! I had none. The next time you see Mr. Faris, that must be attended to. The one he took of me is so much better than the one you have that I was tempted to steal it from Mrs. Valette to whom I gave it a couple of years ago.

As to my movements: I return to Fremont tomorrow; shall remain a week, return here, and stay over night, and reach Cincinnati the evening before the first of September. I am a little disappointed not to find a letter here from you, but shall *confidently expect* one when I return here a week hence.

. . . . I have had a delightful summer vacation the last six weeks, have enjoyed myself as much as I ever did in the same length of time in my life, but yet I see how the pleasure could have been immeasurably increased. Do you guess how? By simply having with me as my own dear wife the *loved* and I am sure *loving* one with whom I am now conversing. That was all that was wanting to fill the cup, and another summer shall not be passed by me without your sweet self as my own if I can help it. That glorious country house of Mr. Valette's would have been enlivened, lively as it was, for me and for all so much if you could have been there with your sunny smile and sunnier heart to cheer it as Phoebe did the old "house of seven gables."

And your songs, let me exhort you for the fiftieth time, as you love me (is there a stronger adjuration?), not to neglect the songs which can be sung anywhere, any time, without note or instrument. You do not know how all my happiest hours are associated in my memory with pleasant songs. With no musical

taste or cultivation myself, I am yet so fond of simple airs that I have often thought I could never love a woman who did not sing them. Fanny sings a little, but a little, yet she enjoys music to the full as much as anyone.

We had a happy little picnic Thursday at Green Spring. Lydia, Cleme, and Fanny sung snatches of all the songs they knew,—they hardly knew one entire song,—and yet it added vastly to the delights of the occasion. Lydia and Cleme inquired kindly after Miss Webb, doing it very quietly as if fearing my modesty might construe their interest into a little sly waggery.

Remember me, no, my love to your mother.

Believe me ever, yours,

R.

MISS LUCY W. WEBB.

CINCINNATI, September 7, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—I enclose you herewith your will and also a draft of a new one which changes the former in the manner we were speaking of at Bellevue.

I found that I had lost nothing by remaining away during the summer, but business is brightening a little now, and I shall not go either to the Whig Convention or State Fair. I do hope you will not get too warmly enlisted in politics. The result is certainly in doubt, great doubt. In this county the Whigs will do much better than usual. I shall speak a few times, but having no desire to figure in political life, at least not as I now view such things, I do not care about making much effort as a political speaker.

In regard to the matter of marrying, I am of your way of thinking. I don't like to be too dependent, but still as things are, I think I should not feel any delicacy in calling on you in case of need. One of Lucy's brothers is now very low, I feel quite doubtful as to his recovery, so that nothing will be determined just now, but as soon as that consideration is out of the way, *I shall see that your "suggestion" is adopted on short notice.* This I am determined on and you may rely upon it. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, September 13, 1852.

DEAR MOTHER:— Your letter enclosing the obituary notice of Uncle William, I received yesterday. I am, of course, sensible enough that there are wide differences in many respects between my excellent uncle and myself, but really I hope you will not feel conscience-smitten because of any fancied neglect on your part of my early training. I suppose very few persons have less to regret as to their opportunities in early life than your children. The loss of our father was a far greater calamity to you than I can possibly imagine it to have been to Fanny and myself. So far as religious example and instruction were needed or could have influence we certainly had the advantage of both. You must remember, Mother, that ideas upon religious duties have changed almost as much among the best of people in a few years past as notions upon any other subject. That there are *some* such duties we all believe, and in the end we shall, I hope, be all near enough right not to suffer greatly for our errors of judgment.

Uncle William's death is a great affliction to us all. I do regret it greatly, the more that he was so soon to return to his native country,\* but we cannot control these dispensations. To Aunt Emily the event is the more distressing as she is left so entirely alone. . . .

My health is excellent. I make a few speeches these days on politics. They do no hurt, but I am not sanguine, as Uncle Birchard is, as to the result. Glad Greeley pleased him. It will make very little difference with either of us who is President, but I shall learn a little as to public speaking and make some acquaintances and friends.

Love to all. Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, September 14, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . I am in fine health; prospects of business steadily improving. The City Bank having pretty nearly ceased to do any business, I shall be cut off from about two

\* William Hayes, a cultured gentleman, was for many years American consul at Bridgetown, Barbados, where his death occurred and in whose cemetery he was buried.



hundred dollars for protesting but my docket of court business is looking up considerably. My increase of business is chiefly from being employed by brother lawyers to assist them in the management of their own cases.

I am posted to speak with Charley Anderson and Caleb B. Smith,—only one of them at a time—at half a dozen Whig meetings. Shall of course let them do the most of the speaking so as to run no risk of injuring myself. I shall make no speeches in the open air. I have made three set speeches, being the only speaker, at large ward meetings. My success was quite to my desire. We cannot fail to do well in this city and county, but if one tenth that the Loco-foco leaders say is true, we are sure to be beaten in the State and country. They are playing the brag game and our folks must not be discouraged by it; but it is, perhaps, as well for us to prepare to meet the result, if adverse, like philosophers.

Don't get to work out of doors yourself. It is far better for you to spend a little money than to risk your health.

Love to friends.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*September 24, 1852.*—A world of time and events have passed since last I scribbled here. Have been engaged in two more murder cases. Gained some credit in the most notorious one, viz., [the] James Summons case. Have spent happily a six-weeks vacation with Uncle in Fremont, and with Fanny and Laura there also. Had a pleasant commencement time at Gambier—a merry meeting of the Phi Zeta Club; was appointed to address the alumni next year; must do it well. Since my return have made some political speeches, neither very good nor very bad; enough to satisfy me that with a motive, and my heart in the work, I could do it creditably. I would like to see General Scott elected President. But there is so little interest felt by the great body of thinking men that I shall not be surprised at his defeat; indeed, my mind is prepared for such a result.

The real grounds of difference upon important political ques-

tions no longer correspond with party lines. The progressive Whig is nearer in sentiment to the radical Democrat than the radical Democrat is to the "fogy" of his own party; *vice versa*.

Politics is no longer *the topic* of this country. Its important questions are settled — both on the construction of the Constitution and the fundamental principles which underlie all constitutions. Consequently, the best minds of the country will no longer be engaged in solving political questions, in meditating on political subjects. Great minds hereafter are to be employed on other matters; or if upon political or semipolitical questions it will not be upon those which are to determine who are to govern, to hold office, etc. Government no longer has its ancient importance. Its duties and its powers no longer reach to the happiness of the people. The people's progress, progress of every sort, no longer depends on government. But enough of politics. Henceforth I am out more than ever.

The prospect of a union with the one I love best is now uppermost in my thoughts. No time [is] fixed, but a sort of understanding that as soon as her brother's health is in some degree restored, this happiness is to be enjoyed. A great change but a joyous one in my way of life, this will be.

My Uncle William, the favorite of all the Hayes connections, died last summer. Links with the past daily severed. Loved ones lost more and more till our own hour comes.

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CINCINNATI, September 25, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—I received your Sunday letter just as I was starting off to the railroad celebration at Hillsboro. Quite a number of my cronies and a host of the nabobs went up. There were from five to ten thousand people on hand to help devour the roast oxen and other eatables. I quartered on McDowell and had great fun. As we had very few speakers in our city crowd, I had to bear a hand at that part of the business. Hillsboro is a delightful town. I shall occasionally run up there with McDowell now that we can do it in two or three hours.

I suppose your railroad will soon be carrying passengers. In noticing the improvement in the villages along the line of the

Hillsboro Railroad I could not help thinking of your hopes as to the advantage to Fremont of the one you are building. You cannot, it seems to me, be disappointed. The effects follow in the same manner everywhere.

I have nothing new about politics. I have no opportunity here of knowing much about other parts of the State. There is certainly very little interest felt in many localities. This is *usually* against us. Perhaps the quiet work of organization undertaken by the State Central Committee may bring out the vote on our side. If so, we may be able to carry the State. But in such quiet times there is no calculating beforehand, and I always feel inclined to prepare my mind for the worst. Governor Lucas has written a Scott letter which ought to be reprinted in our papers and circulated in Democratic localities.

The City Bank is doing no business scarcely. I attend to their law business and protesting. The latter amounts to nothing now, but the former will be good for something while they are winding up. What they intend to do, wind up or go on, I can't tell; don't think they have determined.

Your friends here are all well. Lucy is fine as a picture; frequently asks when you are coming down.

Love to all. Don't work hard, nor *care* what happens.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 2, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— Mitchell, who is still here on account of his wife's illness, tells me you are getting along well with your building. Very glad to hear it. Also that the railroad is done to Fremont. McCormick, who addressed your Democrats and with whom I am on the best of terms, speaks well of your town; thinks it is bound to grow up fast. . . .

Nothing new with me. I speak pretty often. It agrees with me — my health I mean.

Everybody agrees that within three weeks past the Scott feeling has risen greatly, that the prospect of carrying Ohio improves every day. The same is true of Indiana. The state elections in

both States, week after next, may be against us so much as to prevent our carrying them, but our chance is good and getting better.

I had a letter from Mother and Fanny the day before yesterday. Both are very well. Fanny was much taken with General Scott. His journey through this State and Kentucky was "a ten-strike." They may talk about it as they please. "Toot, toot, and be d——d, I've got your money," will apply to them very well. General Scott gets votes by it. I don't consider the thing by any means sure yet, but my hopes, as you see, are much strengthened of late. Don't hurt yourself electioneering. No use, the work will all be done.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*October 7, 1852.*—Another birthday passed; thought of it; mentioned it to Gympy. Quite a change in my position, and reputation since one year ago; very little change in my pecuniary prospects. Business seems to come slowly, discouragingly so; but my success in various efforts in my profession have been so flattering that I cannot despond. Besides, the happy thoughts I am filled with these days when *home* occurs to me make me quite hopeful and cheerful. — Ideas don't flow this sultry afternoon.

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CINCINNATI, October 12, 1852.

✓ DEAR UNCLE:—It is about midnight of election day. Every Whig in the city either drunk or crazy over our victory. We have elected Scott Harrison to Congress over Roll, our sheriff, and most of the important officers, and reduced the Loco majority on state ticket to a small figure. This victory almost insures the German vote to Scott next month. You can have no idea of the way Whigs feel over such a victory.

Good-bye.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. (Morning).—The Loco state ticket gets from fifteen hundred to two thousand majority. All hands agree that Ohio is for Scott. The *Enquirer* people say it looks squally for Pierce. Whigs are still crazy. Charley Anderson says he shall never pass a German without taking off his hat to him hereafter. Every two minutes I hear some Whig cry, "Hurrah for the Germans!" They gave us the victory. We send a Whig German to the Legislature!

S. BIRCHARD.

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*October 14.*—I feel gloomy today. Why my spirits are depressed, I cannot well divine. Probably the late hours and the excitement of the election just passed are the chief cause. Partly health too—physical causes have contributed to it. I feel vexed with myself that I study so little; vexed that I have not so much business as I think I should have. My hopes of a successful result in the approaching Presidential election, also, are waxing feeble "by degrees and beautifully less." I shall speak a few times before the election, and then farewell for a time—I hope for a long time—to politics with its excitements, its disappointments, and all the distracting and dissipating cares and thoughts which belong to it. Then for steady and serious effort in the line of my profession.

I will now begin to read for my argument of the Nancy Farrer case before the court in banc at Columbus. I mean that shall be the best effort of my life. First the trial of Abner Rogers.—I shall write here as I read such notions as strike me. [The numerous notes and citations in preparation for his argument given in the Diary are omitted.]

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CINCINNATI, October 17, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—We are a good deal disappointed with the result of the late election in other parts of the State. If we had not been beaten elsewhere so outrageously, the Whigs here could have kept the Locos from raising their heads here at the next

election. They were completely broken and disheartened. Even now they feel doubtful about their own existence; but their recent victories abroad will encourage and unite them again. My own opinion is that Scott is beaten, but there is a possible chance and we ought to fight for it, and not let it *get out* that we are not confident of success. There is this crumb of comfort, that wherever there has been a hot contest on local tickets we have done well on our state ticket — well enough to have carried the State with a similar contest throughout. Our losses have been where there was no hope on the local tickets and no contest. For proof of this, look at this county, Campbell's District, Galloway's District, etc., etc., where we gain handsomely on our state ticket; and for examples of the opposite, look at Seneca County, Ross County, etc.

All I write for is to say, *Get ready to take defeat as gracefully as possible*. Until within a few weeks I had not much hope that there was interest enough to give us a full vote, but for three weeks before the election we were gaining in this region so rapidly that I began to think our chance a good one. Now I doubt again. A full vote would elect Scott. A partial vote defeats him.

I shan't write you more than one more letter on politics. I shall regret defeat in Ohio quite as much on your account as for any other reason. The truth is there is no principle at stake in the election. It is only a preference for our party and our man. "Sour grapes" is the feeling I am trying to cultivate, as you see, and trust you will be philosopher enough to do the like. But if we do beat after all, I'll shout as loud as the best of them.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 22, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of the 19th I received this morning. I begin to have some faith in your theory of the influence of the new moon. Nothing short of some hidden ghostly power could ever have turned Tim Bush and Squire Baker to Loco-focoism. Well, well, it's no matter of life and death how an election goes unless you should take it into your excited head to jump onto

Ned and ride the county. Don't do *that* if you have any love for your friends. You have had your day for hard work, and considering your health you have surely done your share. Sandusky County did as well (and better) as Seneca or any of its neighbors, and no doubt will do so again; so let things "work out their own salvation." We *may* carry it after all. Stranger things have happened, but I don't count upon it. *Here* we feel pretty well and have rousing meetings while the Loco-foco meetings are not large.

But I am more bothered about your house; a few hours will cure you of the defeat at the election, but the house hangs on woefully. I am glad you will not work so again. But you must come down here and stay a while. You will never be a man of leisure at Fremont. You have been *working* there all your days and can't break the habit at your time of life.

Miss Webb is now at Chillicothe, but if she were at home would probably reply, "Nobody *asked* me, sir, she said." However this [the date of the wedding] shall be fixed to your entire satisfaction the first time you come down here.

Our folks at Columbus are all well. I mean to go up there in two or three weeks and stay a day or two. Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 31, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— If a letter from me can do anything to dispel the gloom which bad luck and a moon "over the left" are calculated [to] throw over your meditations, I am quite willing you should have it. You have often heard me say that the consolations of friendship in a time when they are needed by reason of misfortune are always confined to a very limited circle. In such times the ties of blood and kindred are always, or almost always, stronger than any other. This is more so in old age than when we are young. In youth mere friendship is often a warmer and stronger attachment than relationship, but I fancy that every one as he grows older desires more and more to lean upon those who are bound to him by ties which give him a *right* to their affec-

tion and support. If anybody in your situation ever had a right to count upon fidelity on the part of the few of his own blood to whom he feels attached, you surely are entitled to look for it. But this is all a matter of course and you know it well enough without my discoursing about it.

The election will come off by the time this gets to you. I have not much confidence of a right result but "while there is life there is hope," and if we should happen to succeed we shall rejoice all the more that success comes after so discouraging and gloomy a canvass. While if we fail the disappointment will find us prepared for it. If Pierce is elected the question of annexing Cuba with war, slavery, and her degraded population becomes at once, I believe, the great question of the times. On that question we shall, of course, take the conservative and Northern side, and will probably find ourselves again in the majority in Ohio, but "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

I went up to Columbus on Wednesday to attend the wedding of my old sweetheart, Helen Kelly. Had a gay time and enjoyed myself greatly. Mr. Platt has a chill and fever slightly; the rest all well and happy. Laura is in particularly good health.

My regards to friends. Shall expect to see you soon.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD

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*November 3, 1852.*—My candidate, General Scott, is defeated by the most overwhelming vote ever recorded in this country. A good man, a kind man, a brave man, a true patriot, but an exceedingly vain, weak man in many points. General Scott no doubt deserves defeat if weakness and undue anxiety to be elected can be said to deserve such treatment. I have long anticipated such a result. Should have felt more sure of it but for my diffidence in my own judgment and reliance on that of others; henceforth I shall trust more to my own opinions in these matters.

These last two months have added little to my store of knowledge, professional or general, but I have acquired something that



may be of value in the power to speak to popular assemblies. Now let me to work for business and to accomplish myself as a lawyer.

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CINCINNATI, November 3, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Very consolatory text that is. I trust you will apply it to your own case with proper unction; I am doing so with a good deal of success.

You have heard of the philosopher who endeavored to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Well, we Whigs may as well do the same thing in this wise: Your town, I see by the reports, did well, so did my ward, and my town and county tolerably fair. You may reckon that as *sunbeam number one*. Not a very bright beam, it is true, but then you must consider it comes from a cucumber. Another ray of comfort is, we are beaten so posterously that we can't lay our defeat to any neglect or blunder on the part of any of Scott's friends. No prudence or sagacity, no industry or expense, could have averted the result. There is, therefore, no self-condemnation. Count this beam number two. Our Waterloo is so huge that we are not kept several days dangling in suspense between the heaven of success and the pit of despond, but are compelled to make one big plunge which is over before we have time to shiver with apprehension, and we are rejoiced to find ourselves, not killed after all, but alive and kicking. This will do for glimmer number three. I will give but one more: that is, that the Loco-foco majority is so great that they must needs divide and so again be conquered. As Judge Matthews said to me a few days ago, speaking of a legislative body, if we have only two majority we can rely upon it, but if it is twenty, some men will think for themselves and we are beaten by divisions. Well, well, it's all over now; no great odds anyhow. Hope you take it with your usual philosophy.

Get rid of that building, put on a clean shirt, and come down to see me.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 8, 1852.

DEAR FANNY:—I know it is washing day and therefore quite improper to intrude upon housekeepers, but happening to have a little leisure I will write a few words now which you may delay reading until the clothes are all ironed and nicely put away.

First as to personal items. "I am well and doing, etc." (See Sam Hinton's stereotyped formula for the rest of the paragraph.) Friends all ditto, especially Lucy, who returned bright and blooming Thursday evening.

Skipping to national concerns. I have nothing novel to say in the way of facts or reflections about the election. The most remarkable thing about it is, that it's all over and forgotten so soon. As to the result, Who cares? is a question as hard to answer as was a few months ago, "Who is General Pierce?" Mother ought to feel consoled by knowing that the result is a sort of *anti*-catholic triumph. Laura should find solace in thinking that it is probably a judgment on Mr. Pierson for being so cross!

The event of the last week has been the sojourn among us of the notorious Christian infidel, Theodore Parker, of Boston. He delivered three lectures and one sermon during his three days' visit. His lectures were on "Progress," "The True and False Ideas of a Gentleman," and "Woman." His sermon was a general resumé of the ideas of God which have prevailed in all times down to the present. He *aims* to be and *is* witty, — very funny; talks in an easy, conversational way with some of the hesitancy of utterance noticeable in Emerson and in English speakers; pronounces many words in the old-fashioned way, clerk *clark*, either *ither*, gentleman *gintleman*, etc., etc. He looks indifferently well but intellectually; face and head not unlike J. Q. Adams; is bold as Cæsar, "calls a *spade* a *spade*," whenever he has occasion to speak of that implement; seems to be sincere; is a man of much more sober thought and of sounder judgment than I had supposed; knows all things almost up to omniscience bearing on the topics he handles; is fond of giving collateral stabs at opinions, characters, and parties, and often does it in most amusing fashion.

On "Progress" he, of course, said not much that was novel;

thought the human race "began in the world" some *six* or *sixty* thousands years ago very low down in the scale of existence, and had gradually developed into their present "well-to-do" condition, ignoring thereby the old notion that Adam and Eve were very "genteel" people; indeed, ignoring altogether the fact of there having been such persons who once raised flowers and vegetables in Eden. The idea of a gentleman was simply a correct account of the article, true and false, wittily and graphically described; the false held up to merited contempt and ridicule, and the true exalted to the topmost round.

A critic would say that there was more *ad captandum* effort in this lecture than was needed. But *the talk* of all was his sermon. He gave us the notions entertained by all the early heathen peoples of God, showing them to be absurd enough; then, the Hebrew, Mosaic and patriarchal, idea of Divinity was a very narrow and imperfect one. The God of the Old Testament is partial, revengeful, hating and loving without just cause, unmerciful, etc., etc. — which, *I think, he proved* by the books. The New Testament idea was juster, higher, but still imperfect. For it represents Him as not perfect in love, justice, goodness, or even power. For it makes Him the author of *absolute and eternal evil*, viz.: a Devil and Hell and endless punishment, and represents Him as *compelled* to resort to suffering to save his creatures. The writers of the best religion found in literature, viz.: Fénelon, Swedenborg, William Law, Wordsworth, and Channing approach more nearly to the true idea, but yet their reflections are tinged with a *fear, an apprehension*, that God is as represented in the New Testament, wrathful; though not a full acknowledgment, but feeble denial rather, of this is found in their works. But the true idea now beginning to struggle with the popular theology is that God is a *perfect being* in love, justice, mercy, power, etc., etc.

Have you seen a couple of letters by Webster, one to his farmer in New Hampshire which is queer, merely a curiosity; the other written *from* his farm in New Hampshire, in which he speaks of old times, his father, who, he says, "was the handsomest man he ever saw except his brother Ezekiel, and *he* was perfection. Oh, so beautiful as he lay in his coffin!"? I fancy

that a good collection of Webster's letter will be the most interesting of his "remains."

Love to all. — Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, November 10, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE: — *Why* is it Mrs. Valette thinks you voted for Pierce? Because you are "so" — what? The word *looks* this way, "rugerd"; but what word is that? Are you "so rejoiced," "so enraged," or "so ragged," that she thinks you voted for Pierce? I *guess* it is the latter; if so, the reason is a bad one, for it was the *well-dressed* Whigs, the Fillmore and Webster men, not the "ragged" ones, who went over to Pierce and left "old Mr. Scott" nowhere in the race. I, of course, would repel indignantly a slander upon my uncle, but I must know what the slander is. Does it consist in the charge of having voted for Pierce or in the charge of being "ragged"? If the *former* you will have no difficulty in establishing your innocence of the charge, *if you are* innocent, for the number who supported the *late* Winfield Scott is so small that there is no danger of being overlooked in the crowd! But if the slander is that you are "ragged," you had better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court. For when a person of respectable parentage and connections, who has spent twenty years of his manhood either as a merchant or a gentleman of leisure, becomes so reduced as to be forced during the sultriest days of summer and the most inclement weather of November to tend mason for bricklayers and do chores for day laborers, I think it is no slander to call him "ragged"! If he *isn't* ragged he *ought* to be!

Judge and Will Lane [of Sandusky] were here a few days ago. Will told me that the Junction Railroad had secured a crossing over Huron River after a contest before Judge Otis. This is as I anticipated. You perhaps remember that I thought last summer that there was hardly good grounds for an injunction in that case. He also told me that they would send a specification of their plan of crossing the bay (as soon as it was determined upon) to the mayor of Fremont. They really mean to

cross the bay if possible; and when we consider how important such crossings may in some cases be to railroads, and how the relative importance of navigable streams as compared with such roads is daily diminishing, the question as to the right to cross the bay cannot but be regarded as doubtful, although the law as *heretofore* held by the courts would not, I am confident, permit it. Nevertheless you must keep a stiff upper lip; the chances are certainly worth fighting for.

The plan of crossing will probably be by a platform on a pivot leaving two passages of sixty or seventy feet each on either side of it with piers or wings one or two hundred feet long, on which the sailors can warp or tow their vessels into and through the passage. This will in bad weather certainly be a considerable obstruction to navigation. The Sandusky people will, of course, have witnesses who will swear *down* the obstruction to almost no obstacle at all; you will have to meet this with counter testimony. You will interest yourself considerably in the matter, but as every other property-holder is also interested, I would see when the time comes that others are in the boat with you to share the expense, etc., etc. Will also told me, when I suggested the difficulty about their charter, that they might be forced to use other charters, the charter of the —, — & Mississippi railroad, for instance, and by combining the charters together get over the difficulty, if there was one, under the Junction charter. This I knew nothing about when I wrote you last summer as to the matter. There may be something in this possibly.

Glad to hear you are all coming down.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 18, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . The case of the Canal Company was probably not a very good one; but whatever merit it really had was completely buried in the rubbish which bad management heaped upon it. Some of their proofs were quite amusing. One fellow testified that "he was a sailor *by trade*" and that in his judgment "the building of the Junction Railroad bridge

across Huron River would prove to the business of Milan, its wharves and warehouses, and the income of its canal *like a consumption to the body, which however gradual and imperceptible for a day is more surely fatal than the rapid cholera*!" All which might be very true, but altogether too figuratively expressed for a man who could hardly sign his name, and who was "a sailor by trade." I did get some items however from the transaction which are worth bearing in mind. Judge McLean is [as] stiff as a crowbar on the subject of such obstructions to navigation. The Wheeling Bridge case is a *pet* case with him. He will allow an injunction very willingly in any proper case. If you can raise funds enough to carry on a big fight, I think that two suits ought to be carried on; one in the United States Court, and one in the state courts. All that is required to get into the United States Court is that the party complaining shall reside in another State. This can easily be managed, if any non-resident property-holder will permit his name to be used. But there is time enough for all this.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 20, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—When I got up this morning I made up my mind that this thing of passing my days as a bachelor was a humbug. The only reason for doing it that I can think of is that I am not making money. Well, I have thought this over and come to the conclusion that I never shall get rich as a bachelor. I doubt if I ever shall as a married man, but I am a-going to take the step. I am a tolerable lawyer and I can do divers other things tolerably well. Possibly the stimulus of having others depending on me may sharpen my wits in the way of getting money; but whether or no, I *shall fix the day tomorrow before* going to Columbus if it can be done, and I think it can.

Now what I want is to dispose of that sawmill tract or the house and lot, so as to be able to raise some money to keep soul and body together for self and wife during the winter at least; as for the future I shall trust in Providence. Now, give me

your best "suggestion," or you may make a "motion" if you prefer it. I've made up my mind now and it will go.

I shall probably be at Columbus Tuesday and Wednesday on business and then return.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 3, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . Received yours of the 29th. I have agreed with Lucy as to the marrying. We shall be ready for the important event about the first of January; will have it a week or two from that time either before or after to suit the convenience of friends. So if you have anything to say on that point let us hear it now "or forever after," etc.

As to money, I do not see that I shall want much at present. We shall board during the winter, not determined where as yet, and of course there will be no necessity of drawing largely on the exchequer unless we should furnish our own rooms. Shall, perhaps, need your assistance but will let you know. One thing, I can always get [money] of the house I deposit with for present need, and so not call on you without some notice. I can sell out my interest in the coal lands for five hundred dollars. Did think some of doing it, but have made up my mind to ask at least one thousand dollars. It will be worth more than that in a few months if times keep good.

By the by, if you have any thought of speculating at Toledo or anywhere, "now is the accepted time." If I get a chance to bid off a house during the winter, I mean to do it for there is no danger of its being worth less in the spring or summer. I shall not want any money until after you come down and we have a talk.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 12, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— Yours of the 9th is received. You know I would like to see you here any time. As for the being present at my wedding, so far as I am concerned it amounts to nothing. I

shall be just as glad to see you a week before or after as at that time; but some folks think their salvation depends on seeing all their friends' weddings; I didn't know but that was one of your superstitions; if it isn't, don't think of risking health or interfering with other engagements to attend mine on my account, for honestly I don't care a straw whether you come at that particular time or not. It's a matter of no moment at all. I will send you word of the time one of these days. In fact, I'd rather see you before than at the time. . . .

Your new niece desires me to send her love. Thinks you better not be in too great a hurry *niecing* her as you will probably get quite enough of her after [a] while. . . .

Write. Love to friends.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 15, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . The day is fixed, if nothing occurs to change our plans, on Thursday the 30th, two weeks from tomorrow. Whether we are to have an evening or morning wedding, whether we are to run away to hide for a few days, or to hide at home, are unsettled questions. If it were pleasant weather, I would prefer running up to Fremont to going to either of the other places in view, viz.: Columbus, Louisville, or Lexington. As it is, we now both think it most sensible to be laughed at at home in preference to going abroad to be ridiculous.

As to your coming down, as Mr. Toots would say, "it's of no consequence at all." We shall think just as much of a visit before or after, or when it is most convenient to you, as at that time.

There is to be no extensive wedding arrangements, probably no tickets of invitation, but of course you will specially mention to Mr. and Mrs. Valette that I should be glad to see them here, also the kin.

Nothing further at this present. Your new niece is "as well as could be expected." I have a cold as usual.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.



P. S. — If you should come down perhaps it would be a good notion to come by way of Columbus and beau your *other* niece.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 15, 1852.

DEAR FANNY:— . . . *We* are well save a cold which the worser half has as usual. Been looking about for a boarding-place. Would prefer Mrs. Keating's but her room is unfurnished and would hate the bother of fixing up this cold weather. By the by, Mrs. Keating will be "dreadful glad" to see you.

Have agreed to marry if the sign is right on Thursday, the 30th December. Ought a man to have a wedding ring? If so, not myself knowing brass from gold, if you will get Mr. Blynn to make a tasteful article, engraved, etc., I'll pay the bill to him if I'm ever able. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, December 19, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:— I fear by your letter of the 14th that you were disappointed, perhaps vexed, with some of my *wifing* arrangements. . . . I thought from a remark you wrote to Fanny that the bad weather and your business were such that you *preferred* not to come, and so said that this making a big fuss about a wedding was nonsense, and if you didn't like to come, not to do so, etc., etc. Fanny, it seems, wrote to you to come down and accompany her. Well, I hope you will, but not *against* your own inclination. This is all there is of it. . . .

You must not get vexed with me for what I write. I don't measure my words when writing to *you*. Besides, aside from this wedding business, I never had so many engagements pressing upon my mind at once in my life. I am so busy just now in law that I hardly think of sweetheart or wife except when I am with her. Love to all.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 22, 1852.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of the 18th relieves me from an apprehension I felt that you were not exactly suited with some of my doings. Very glad of it. It won't do for people who write as hastily as you and I do to quarrel over our letters. I shall remember this in the future.

Have heard from Fanny; they expect to come down with you. . . . Shall return to Columbus with you Thursday evening, or if you prefer to stay here a few days longer, I can beau the party back.

Love to all. Invite who [whom] you please, and say I especially wished it.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*December 30, 1852.*—“December 30th, by Prof. L. D. McCabe, of the Ohio W. [Wesleyan] University, R. B. Hayes, Esq., to Miss Lucy W. Webb, all of this city.”\*

Thursday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, at the residence of Lucy's mother on the south side of Sixth street, between Race and Elm (No. 141) Cincinnati, Ohio. Present, sister Fanny and her daughter Laura, Uncle Birchard, Rogers and Anderson (Phi Zetas), Lucy's mother [and] two brothers, Uncle Isaac Cook, Aunt Lucy, and Will Scott, together with about thirty friends. Took the cars same evening to Columbus; remained there in brother Platt's family four weeks. A delightful honeymoon.

*January 7, 1853.*—Had also the greatest triumph of my professional life, viz., arguing my first case *orally* in the Supreme Court of the state—“State of Ohio *v.* James Summons”; to be reported in twenty-first volume Ohio Reports.

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COLUMBUS, January 13, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—I am writing in Sam Brush's office, and sympathy with the “*genius of the place*” will prevent me from

\* Newspaper clipping pasted in Diary.

writing you anything else than a hurried, incomplete, *jerky* sort of an epistle.

We are all well, have enjoyed our visit vastly. *Our* wife improves on acquaintance. Am sorry you could not have staid to get better acquainted with her. Have called, and teaed, and partied a good deal and, what is strange, have found it a very agreeable business.

Got through with my argument in the Summons case in a very satisfactory style, had a large audience of lawyers, was congratulated by Ewing, Hunter, Stanbery and "sich-like" lawyers. Your "kin," Judge Birchard, was especially complimentary and claimed relationship, etc., etc. Don't know how it will go; "hope for the best," as Mother would say.

Shall go home probably in three or four days.

Lucy would send love if she knew I was writing. Love to the folks.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, January 22, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours written for an excuse to send to town was thankfully received. I hope you were well in time to enjoy the lovely weather we have had for two or three days past.

I hope to get away from here in two or three days. I am detained by the Summons case. The court will decide so as to save my client's life. This is triumph enough, but they are quarrelling whether it shall be a majority decision or a *divided* court. They have been in labor with the case now two weeks. Bartley (don't speak of this) was at first for joining the two in my favor which would give a majority; but Thurman has pretty much worked him over, which (as Caldwell takes no part) leaves the court equally divided. Under the first impression, I was authorized *privately* to notify the friends that the decision would be favorable, and *after* this the "skeesicks." Bartley has been backing out! This is all for the present to be kept quiet.

Lucy is enjoying her stay very much; wins upon the regard of all the friends and kin more and more. All the family now very well and apparently pleased that our stay is so protracted.

Gibson\* wants to be a candidate for Attorney General. The convention is the 22d of February. You are I hope done with politics. I am not in deep enough to hurt; shall feel interest enough to come up as a delegate on Gibson's account.

Am anxious to get home and settled. Taking my wifing, the Summons case and all, this has been the luckiest period of my life. Love to all. Lucy sends her love.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, January 29, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Got home two days ago. Received a few minutes ago the two letters as to gold and the draft. Gold is now worth one per cent and will be for a week longer. Do you want it at that price? Doubtful if it can be had even at that. Heaton probably did his best.

Wife well. Prospects every way agreeable. Shall remain at Mother Webb's, I know not how long.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.—I return the draft.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*February, 1853.*—Have settled down pleasantly in Mother Webb's family. Find my circumstances outwardly, as well as my family associations, all of the most agreeable character. Now beginning life in earnest—with a dear wife to whom I am most tenderly and strongly attached, and who returns, I believe, my affection in the fullest measure. Let me earnestly resolve—to use those grand lines of Bryant's "Thanatopsis":

\* William Harvey Gibson (1822-1894), of Tiffin, long famous for his surpassing eloquence as orator and political speaker. He was elected State Treasurer in 1856. He entered the Civil War in 1861 as colonel of the Forty-ninth Ohio Volunteers, served throughout the war with distinction, participating in more than forty battles, and was brevetted brigadier-general. Altogether, a most worthy, honorable, and patriotic citizen and gentleman.

"So *live*, that when my summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, etc."

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CINCINNATI, February 4, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of the 31st offering a reward of two shillings (!) to any person who can give information of my whereabouts came duly to hand. Strong as the temptation was to get the reward, I delayed writing a day or two knowing you would receive a letter from me before I could write claiming the two shillings.

Lucy is quite well. We are comfortably, very, housed with Mother Webb, and shall *remain* there. No boarding-house would be so agreeable as an abiding place, nor so *homelike*. Besides, it is preferred by all parties interested.

I received a letter from Buckland as to enjoining the railroad from crossing the bay. Have written to Pugh. We will manage to be on hand to do what we can. Have written twice to Buckland. There is a way by which the Court of Common Pleas in Erie or Ottawa Counties *may give them a sort of authority to cross the bay*. This has not been done, has it? Otis would know. If not done, and I presume it has not been, it will be well to watch the matter a little. If they attempt to cross *without* this authority it helps our case; at least it improves the *face* of it.

I am not of course familiar with the law or the practice of the United States courts, but Boalt must be mistaken in thinking that Mr. Works must be in danger of being injured to the amount of one thousand dollars in order to file his bill. The bill will be filed in the *Circuit Court* and need not, I imagine, show any such injury. At all events, there is *some* way of getting along with that difficulty. The matter in controversy, viz.: *the right of the railroad to cross the bay*, is of more importance than one thousand dollars. Glad that Mr. Works consents. My regards to him and the rest of the family.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, February 9th, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours dated February 5, but mailed the 7th I have just received. If you have a responsible man for the fee, let Mr. Ewing be employed *by all means* and *at once*. Let him be written to immediately. Write letters both to Lancaster and Columbus and Washington, all three places, for I don't know where he is.

The matter stands thus: If the Fremont people will have the fee to pay I would not think of employing Mr. Ewing, for we have strength enough already; but if somebody else will foot the bill, I would have him by all means. Tell him what other lawyers are engaged. If anybody else loves you or *hates* the Junction Railroad enough to want to employ another lawyer let, E. M. Stanton, of Pittsburgh, be retained. He mastered the whole subject in the Wheeling Bridge case.

I hope we shall see you down here the last of the week. All well and happy.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S.—By some sly trick the Junction Railroad Company got leave from the Board of Public Works to bridge the bay. This of course does not affect your legal rights; but the *face* of the case would be improved by getting this "*leave*" revoked. Pugh will do his utmost, but as it is a matter of lobbying, your influence and management with Steedman and the board at Columbus might be of service.—H.

S. BIRCHARD.

[COLUMBUS, February 17, 1853.]

MY DEAR LUCY:—I shall remain here until Tuesday evening of next week. . . . We had a glorious contest before the Board of Public Works this morning—a regular lawyers' argument. Pugh and myself for the Fremont people and a shrewd old lawyer (Beecher) from Sandusky City for the railroad. The "glorious" part of it is that after a warm contest we flogged them. This is the first skirmish, face to face, in the controversy and we take the result as a good omen.

I wish you were here. When I am busy through the day I do

not miss you so much, but at evening I grow lonely. . . .  
Think lovingly of me. I never loved you more than I do today.  
You made many friends here. I hear your praises constantly.  
You will have to call on quite a number who visited you after you  
left. Love to all.

Good-bye. Love.

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. R. B. HAYES.

COLUMBUS, February 19, 1853.

DEAREST:—I wish you were here. . . . I am not sick,  
neither am I entirely well. A little cold with a little fever has  
kept me from resting the last two nights. Like Lady Macbeth,  
"I lack nature's great restorer, balmy sleep."\* Mother is  
"nussing" me, and if you were with me I should be quite cheer-  
ful today. Last night you visited me in my feverish dreams,  
"springs in deserts." Sometimes I would stretch out my arms  
towards you and you were gone and I would wake to hear little  
Nannie coughing in the next room. She was thinking of you  
also. Once in her sleep she said: "No, no, I want Aunt Lu to  
read it, do let Aunt Lu read it to me." The poor little girl had a  
bad night but seems a trifle better this morning.

. . . I am not a-going to be sick, so don't feel concern  
about me. Shall probably come home Tuesday night.

Good-bye for the present, dearest.

P. S.—It is a little touch of influenza. It never lasts more  
than three days with me.

MRS. R. B. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, February 26, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—I am at home this Sunday afternoon quietly  
enjoying myself with my sweet wife. Went to church this morn-  
ing, have read half a dozen chapters in the Bible, a play of  
Shakespeare, and will now write to say that yours appointing  
Friday the 12th March at Cleveland to meet you is received.

\* The quotation should, of course, be "Tired nature's sweet restorer,  
balmy sleep,"—from Young's "Night Thoughts."

Shall be on hand armed and equipped. At what hotel shall we stop in Cleveland?

Have you written Pugh? Mr. Ewing's son writes me that he has forwarded your letter to his father at Washington. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*February 27, 1853.*—Almost two months married. The great step of life which makes or mars the whole after journey, has been happily taken. The dear friend who is to share with me the joys and ills of our earthly being grows steadily nearer and dearer to me. A better wife I never hoped to have. Our little differences in points of taste or preference are readily adjusted, and judging by the past I do not see how our tender and affectionate relations can be disturbed by any jar. She bears with my "innocent peculiarities" so kindly, so lovingly; is so studious in providing for my little wants; is — is, in short, so true a wife that I cannot think it possible that any shadow of disappointment will ever cloud the prospect, — save only such calamities as are the common allotment of Providence to all. Let me strive to be as true to her as she is to me. Let me too be loving, kind, and thoughtful. Especially let me not permit the passion I have to see constant improvement in those I love, to be so blind in its eagerness as to wound a nature so tenderly sensitive as I know I sometimes have done. This is indeed life. The love of wedded wife! Can anything enjoyed on earth be a source of truer, purer happiness — happiness more unalloyed than this? Blessings on his head who first invented marriage!

*March 4, 1853.*—I am now reconciled to clubs and informal meetings. They sweeten the temper and make home and a loving little wife dearer. It is now nine o'clock, Rutherford will soon be in. Oh, that I may make home dear to him! — [This entry made by Mrs. Hayes, to which Mr. Hayes appends:]

"You are my true and honorable wife;  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart."—*Brutus*.\*

\*Shakespeare, "Julius Cæsar," II: i.



CINCINNATI, March 5, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Just read yours of the 3d announcing the postponement of the railroad case until April 12. It is well enough. For the last three or four days I have been up to my eyes in the case. I can now speak precisely my best judgment as to the matter. There is not a particle of doubt about the law. It is certainly with you. If there was not a decided case to be found we could beat them on the *statutes*. But they mean to make a desperate fight. It is life or death with them. There is no reason to doubt the courts, I believe, but there is a preference; and if possible let us get ready to present our bill *first*, about the first week in April to Judge McLean here. I will write him today to see when he can hear it at this city. If he answers favorably I can come out in a week or two and spend a week or so. There is no need of more counsel. Ewing will probably accept, and if so, the more *they* get the better. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*March 8.*—Lucy asked me to write “something” in my diary. What shall it be? “I’ve something sweet to tell you,” or some other magic “open sesame” which finds a path to the affections when uttered by those we love? It is a gloomy, wet day, looking more like the sad days which usher in our winter, than a harbinger of spring and summer with their flowers and fruits.

This morning the death of Judge Peter Hitchcock was announced in our courts. The occasion drew together very many of the older members of the bar, especially of those who have retired from practice. Excellent speeches were made by Nathaniel Wright, Judge John C. Wright, Judge Johnson, and Charles Reemlin. The strong points of Judge Hitchcock’s character and powers were his simple, unostentatious manners, his severe and scrupulous integrity, and his amazing power of enduring intellectual labor. His patience in investigation united to his perseverance and power of endurance made him the safest and most successful investigator of a difficult, voluminous, con-

tradictory, and tangled mass of testimony of any man who ever practiced at the bar or sat upon the bench in Ohio. He held more offices than any other citizen of the State; sat upon the Supreme bench almost thirty years; one term of seven years upon the Common Pleas bench; was called by the lawyers "Old Common Law," as the personification of the common law. This was hardly an accurate description, for equity with him rather than strict law was the guiding star, and rarely did it happen that dishonesty could find protection under any technical rule while he administered the law. Honesty always proved the best policy when suitors brought their complaints before him.

*March [11], Saturday night.*—Ruddy has gone to the club. I did think that I had become reconciled to it, but when the evening comes, all the feeling is revived. Well, well, have patience a little longer! "Woman is the only enemy that has ever overcome the club." That I love him dearly and devotedly, he knows; but do I strive to please him in the thousand ways which I might? I know his desire that I should improve. Why do I not exert myself more. Dear Rutherford, love me with all my faults.—Lu. [Entry by Mrs. Hayes to which Mr. Hayes appends:]

Love thee, dearest! Aye, as I do "the ruddy drops that visit my heart," made happy by such words as yours.

*March 13, 1853.*—A Kentucky editor does not say that he saw a political opponent drunk, but *does* say: "When we last saw him he knew no north, no south, no east, no west, and we kindly took him by the arm and led him down an alley."

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CINCINNATI, March 15, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Just received yours of the 11th. Shall be ready to come with Lucy almost any time. Our Common Pleas Courts all adjourn this week until May 1. The District Court sits in the meanwhile and I have no business in that court which needs any attention more than McDowell or Rogers can give it. If I am wanted I will come by way of Columbus, stop there and consult with Pugh, and come on.

All well. Have received more cash for fees the last month than any previous month in Cincinnati, not including, anything for Summons either.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*March 16, 1853.*—On the 14th, Rutherford and I had our daguerreotypes taken. No difficulty in getting pictures to suit us. The large one is for ourselves, that as old age draws on we might see what we once were. Rutherford has that expression I love to see. 'Tis a mixed one, love, happiness, and a tinge of pride—enough to give a noble, manly air. And he seems to have just said, "This is my wife." How dearly I will prize this picture. It will always bring sweet memories. And whatever shall be our lot, may he retain that look. It is a speaking one, but I cannot tell all it shows. To me the greatest and best expression is only love. I am pleased with mine. It has rather a meek, subdued air, clinging to its only support,—remove that and it will droop.

In the miniature case which is taken for Aunt Lu, Ruddy says mine is the best picture of me he ever saw. It has a little more independence than the others, at least, a stiffer head or neck. It may be a prettier picture, but it does not show my heart so well. Dear Ruddy's darling face must be changed. It has the fierce look, so different from the first. Indeed I fear, when looking at it, he does not love me half so well; but that is only a daguerreotype story.—[Entry by Mrs. Hayes, to which Mr. Hayes appends:]

What a dishonest artist he must be who can so misrepresent my features and expression as to give it a look which even *seems* to *doubt* between love and indifference towards you!

CINCINNATI, April 1, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—Mr. Ewing says our bill, affidavits, and case are *perfect*; not a shadow of doubt but Judge McLean will at

once grant the injunction and that it will never be set aside. He will wait over a couple of days in Cincinnati to be present at the application. He says there is not the remotest possibility of the bridge being built.

He complimented me on the bill, etc., etc., says it is good enough as it is in all respect, but "suggests," if convenient, to add a paragraph which I have written out in the enclosed "memoranda." . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 3, 1853.* — Just returned with Lucy from our visit to Fremont, our first visit since we were one. A pleasant, cheerful time, one week. Thence we went to Columbus. A good little stay of four days. . . .

*April 11.* — Argued my first case in a court of the United States last week. I assisted in preparing a brief for another cause once, viz., "Boswell, lessee, *v. Dickinson et al.*," reported in 8th Howard, I think, but this was my first *oral* argument. Mr. Pugh and Thomas Ewing were on the same side. Judge Lane, Mr. Beecher, and Judge Andrews opposed. The case is one of great importance, viz., application to restrain the Junction Railroad Company from crossing Sandusky Bay on the ground, first, that it violates their charter, second, that it would obstruct the navigation of the bay.

My sweet wife is so diffident of her powers. I wish she could overcome it, so far at least as to make her willing to let me know precisely what she can and cannot do, so as never to feel the least hesitation in showing me the result of her efforts. I love her better and better. She is infinitely superior in capacity to her own modest estimate of herself, and superior to most of those to whom she would look up. Come, love, never be ashamed of your work, when I am the sole judge.

CINCINNATI, April 14, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE: — Judge McLean will not be able to write out his opinion for delivery sooner than a week from Tuesday, a week later than we expected, and supposing you would not want to go to Columbus until that time, [I] thought I would write you at once.

I have heard no indication of his opinions. Have no reason to feel doubtful of the anticipations we had at the close of the argument.

In the meantime, keep cool. Let the matter slide; the battle has been fought, and I think we have won it. I would not speak much about the postponement. No day was appointed before, and this is simply fixing a day. As to the case, let that rest.

All well. — Good-bye.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 24, (Sunday).* — Have been reading "Genesis" several Sundays, not as a Christian reads for "spiritual consolation," "instruction," etc., not as an infidel reads to carp and quarrel and criticize, but as one who wishes to be informed and furnished in the earliest and most wonderful of all literary productions. The literature of the Bible should be studied as one studies Shakespeare, for illustration and language, for its true pictures of man and woman nature, for its early historical record.

[Hayes notes the "earliest account of drunkenness," Noah's; the curse of Ham, "supposed by many a divine sanction of slavery"; that "Abram was occasionally guilty of telling a white lie," always on account of his wife's beauty"; that "Sarah shows genuine woman nature in her dealings with Hagar"; the earliest contract and the first recorded use of money; and that "not many love tales have been better told than this, the first we have recorded in a book" — namely, the wooing and wedding of Rebekah.]

CINCINNATI, May 18, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . . Don't lose confidence in humanity. You have, perhaps, had too much hitherto and are now going to the opposite extreme. The men you are *now* doubtful about were never the best specimens of the race. *None* of them. It is needful as you are getting along in life that you should not dwell too much on the dark side of things; keep your thoughts on the bright side. You have preserved your cheerfulness in spite of ill health; don't now yield it up to Father Time. The Rome Railroad will do you ten times as much good as the [Sandusky] Bay bridge can do you harm.

As to the Urbana injunction, *it is a fact* that Corwin had made up his mind to dissolve it before he left here. He said it was "an outrage," but don't let this get out from me. *Our* cue now is to make a *strong case on the obstruction to navigation*. We need not feel hurt by the result at Urbana. Justice told me he would save me a *Statesman* with Bartley's opinion. I wrote to Platt but by mistake he sent the copy to Buckland. I would like to have one. Medbury should be seen before he makes his report. If a bridge is to be built it should be one that will do us as little harm as possible. The bridge and draw on the west side of the island at Wheeling, viz., a draw *two hundred feet in the clear*, is infinitely better than the plan proposed by the Junction Company. *But this better be kept back to the last moment when the fight is clearly against us*. As yet the fight is by no means against us. Prevent Medbury's reporting *in favor* of the plan if possible. Next prevent his reporting at *this term*. I do not think that under a general leave to amend granted to the plaintiffs an amended bill can be filed dropping one of the plaintiffs, discontinuing the case as to him. This is a first impression, but I think it is correct. Will look into it. No doubt of Rawson's right to file a separate bill on *distinct* rights.

All about the suits is for you and Buckland also. Please show it to him.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 6, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—By letter from Buckland and also from the papers, I learn that Boalt is consolidating with the Junction Company. This is a new move in the game. I would like to talk it over with you. Keep cool and good-natured, and not be in too great haste to determine and act. A railroad from Ft. Wayne connecting with roads both to Norwalk and Sandusky City at your place, is certainly a great thing. Add to this the Rome road and Fremont is well off in life.

As to the right of the consolidated company to bridge the way under the Norwalk charter, I have made no examination but "on first presentation," I am inclined to think there is nothing of it. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 8, 1853.

DEAR BUCKLAND:—Yours of the 6th is before me. In a letter written to Uncle, on the receipt of yours of the 3d, I intimated that it seemed to me a point for consideration, taking then on first blush about the same view of matters that you do, but did not express any opinion either way.

I am not sure that I have seen all the amendments to the Cleveland, Norwalk, & Toledo charter, but if I have, I do not see how the consolidated company can build the bridge in its *own name and right*. *I would not speak of this at all at present out of our own set*. If it is correct and we consent to the proposed compromise, we prefer that the bridge should be guilt *ostensibly* as well as *in fact* by the consolidated company. Then if the bridge is a nuisance, we can worry them, while if they see the weak point and provide against it by some other dodge (for example, the Port Clinton charter) we lose that rod. As to the compromise: I have always thought and still believe that the proposed bridge would be in law a nuisance, but I have not been so sure that it would be such a serious injury to the town of Fremont as many have supposed. The injury, in my opinion, is not at all to be compared with the benefit to be derived from

another railroad. You may get the other railroad *without* the compromise, and you may not be sure of getting it even *with* the compromise. These are things to be coolly talked over. The only [consideration] should be the interest of the town. If we settle, there must be no *niggardliness* in payment of expenses.

If I do not hear from you something which induces me to change my mind, I will come up Saturday and spend a few days. Do not decide unless it is necessary until I come, as I would like to talk it over with Uncle first.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

In what way can we *bind* the consolidated company to construct the Ft. Wayne Railroad? Will consenting to the compromise affect injuriously the prospect of the Rome Railroad?

R. P. BUCKLAND,  
*Fremont.*

CINCINNATI, June 22, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE:—I am glad you got along so well at the railroad meeting at Norwalk. The result looks favorably.

Sorry to hear Uncle Austin is still unwell.

Our courts adjourn today. Lucy has postponed our Kentucky trip till fall. She will probably go to Chillicothe in a few days. I shall go after her about the Fourth of July, stay there three or four days, go from there to Columbus, thence to Fremont and shall get there about the 12th or 15th of July.

I think you are pretty sure of two more railroads at Fremont. I have looked over the Indiana routes both west and southwest, and think it is clearly for the interest of the consolidated company to build or aid in building both roads.

If you don't want any more real estate about Fremont, suppose you look out a bargain or two for me. . . .

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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June 28, 1853.—Saw Lucy start in the Hillsboro cars this afternoon. She will go to Hillsboro by railroad; thence by stage



to Chillicothe. A disagreeable ride this hot weather; will not reach Chillicothe before midnight. A safe ride to her! How different my feelings on parting with her now that she is my wife from what they were a few months ago! It seems strange, but I have less anxiety, less that is disagreeable in my feelings than before. Now she is mine, if anything untoward occurs, I am sure to be first thought of and sent for. Blessings on her! She gives me "much happiness," to use Webster's stately phrase in his will.

*September —, 1853.* — Home again, but without my dearest who makes home home indeed. On the 5th of July I left the city, reached Chillicothe after midnight, found Lucy at cousin Fullerton's in bed but awake and thinking of me. We had a pleasant little visit at Chillicothe; spent a pleasant day at Lucy's uncles', Scott [and] Cook; thence to Mr. Boggs' in the country, and Saturday to Columbus. Remained there till the 17th [of] July. Thence to Fremont. Visited Cleveland about the 3rd of August; thence to Niagara — three days; returned to Fremont the 8th; remained at Mr. Valette's until the 27th; thence to Columbus, and I returned here, leaving Lucy with my other "love," sister Fanny, at Columbus.

This is the statistical summary of the summer. But its real enjoyment embraces many special things. I know my Lucy far better than before. We have been alone together among strangers, and I can't express how much deeper my love for her is.

I saw a critique lately, the scope of which was to show that Tom Moore wrote a diary for his wife to see, full of love breathings and endearing epithets, but which shows that, in fact, he neglected and was indifferent towards her. The article, I hope, was unjust to the poet, but let not my sweet wife when she reads this think that my professions are nothings else but profession. Do believe me sincere, and if you see me seem to grow indifferent let your actions, "the daily beauty of your life," be such that your husband needs must love you whether he will or no. So good night, Lucy.

CINCINNATI, September 7, 1853.

DEAR UNCLE: — I see by the papers that Mr. Vinton is chosen president of the consolidated company and is the only Ohio director except the two presidents. This will add to the strength, reputation, and credit of the company. I would keep my bonds unless they will sell at par, for the moment it is generally understood that Mr. Vinton takes the responsible place in the future management of the road the bonds of the company must be the best of first-class bonds.

I shall want sometime during the fall ten or eleven hundred dollars to pay up my coal land debt unless I conclude to sell out. I have a standing cash offer of seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars, being five or six hundred dollars above cost, etc.; I ask twenty-five hundred and can get probably two thousand. The question with me is this: Had I better go into the company that Glenn and Gregory are forming if I can put my coal lands in at twenty-five hundred dollars? I am inclined to think it a speculation. The coal lands are put in at what I think a fair valuation; mine at the same rate would be worth about what I ask for them, a trifle less. There are to be ten shares of five thousand dollars. If I go in, I shall take a half share with some other party. Six stockholders are definitely in, all men of means and reputation. After the company is formed on this basis and a start made, stock to an increased amount will probably be created and sold in small shares of fifty dollars or one hundred dollars each. Buckland, Poag, and Mat Johnson have all said something about the matter, so please keep all this to yourself.

Let me hear from you soon and know when you are coming down. The Kentucky fair is next week.

Lucy is at Columbus. All well there.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Fanny Platt has got a boy! Good.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, September 7, 1853.

DEAR FANNY: — My love and kisses for mother and son. I am, indeed, delighted to know that you again have a boy. Much

happiness he brings, no doubt, to all beneath your roof. I trust he will grow up to supply the place of the loved and lost one. How his sisters will love him! Tell me about him when you write, how he looks, for women think they can see resemblances very early. . . .

Love to all. — Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

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*September 28, 1853.* — Groesbeck, in an effective jury speech made today in defense of James Heffner, opened by laying down the law, then took up the facts. The case in Massachusetts, Selfridge case, the great case of self-defense. He took the position that a man has a right to take life to protect his own life or to prevent "great bodily harm"; — to take life when he has a reasonable apprehension of great bodily harm.

[The next twenty pages of the Diary, closely written, contain an elaborate summary of the argument Hayes was preparing at that time to present to the Ohio Supreme Court in the Nancy Farrer case. For this see "Life of Hayes," Chapter VI.]

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CINCINNATI, October 23, 1853.

DEAR MOTHER: — I was very glad [after] so long a silence to receive the letters of yourself and Nannie. Tell Nannie that her aunt Lu sympathizes most feelingly with her. Being too unwell "to eat at table" is no trifling calamity. I hope that by this time she is able to eat *when, where*, and as *much* and *what* she pleases. Now that Laura is too much occupied to write letters, Nannie must not forget us.

We have not heard from Uncle since he went East. Shall be looking for his marriage notice (!) in all the papers, seeing that his *intention* to marry has been legally published in Delaware. . . .

I am kept employed with business more than ever this fall. Hard times certainly increases the pickings for lawyers. Failures, assignments, and attachments are constantly occurring. No

failures yet among the strong houses, but the weaker brethren and the crooked take advantage of the times to go down when there seems to be an excuse for it. . . .

I shall, perhaps, come up and see you during next month, but not certainly. Love to all.

Affectionately,

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*November 6, 1853.*—On Friday, the 4th, at 2 P. M., Lucy gave birth to our first child—a son. I hoped, and had a presentiment almost, that the little one would be a boy. How I love Lucy, the mother of my boy! Sweetheart and wife, she had been before, loved tenderly and strongly as such, but the new feeling is more “home-felt,” quiet, substantial, and satisfying. For the “lad” my feeling has yet to grow a great deal. I prize him and rejoiced to have him, and when I take him in my arms begin to feel a father’s love and interest, hope and pride, enough to know what the feeling *will* be if not what it *is*. I think what is to be his future, his life. How strange a mystery all this is! This to me is the beginning of a new life. A happy one, I believe.

The mother and child are both “resting” this quiet Sabbath morning. She on our bed, he on the lounge, and I alone with them, awake and musing. . . . His grandmother Webb is the mother, and nurse. She, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Herron, Lavina, the “culled pusson,” Dr. Joseph T. [Webb], and Dr. Avery presided at the opening of life’s drama, the drawing up of the curtain. All very fortunate.

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CINCINNATI, November 20, 1853.

MY DEAR GUY:—Yours of the 10th of October did not reach me until a few days ago. I hasten to reply and to tell you how deeply I sympathize with you in your great affliction. I have read the newspaper column containing news from Texas ever since the yellow fever broke out in Galveston with anxious interest, fearing that I might see the announcement of the death

of some one of your friends or family, but your letter contained the first intimation I [had] received of the death of Mr. Perry and Henry. Your father was one of the true men. His absence from the family circle, already broken by the death of your mother, destroys your childhood home; the home where from earliest recollection you had "gathered up your heart" is forever gone.

I cannot from any experience of my own realize the desolation in which this calamity leaves one of your warm, deep, and strong affections. The loved ones of the earliest family circle that I remember, though few in number, all remain. All meet frequently and revive the pleasant memories of years ago and live over again the scenes of childhood. The sorrow that touched me nearest—the death of my sister's beautiful bright boy—lingers with me still. And yet, what was that compared with what it would have been if he had lived to manhood, retaining all that made me love him as a child and adding to it the interest and charm which binds us to those whom we have watched and counselled from the promise up to the fulfilment? Yet *this* must come far short of your grief when your father and your darling brother go away together into the other world leaving you to feel so sad and lonely in this.

Henry was a noble boy. It does not seem so affectionate to speak of him as a man—though a man he was in the best and highest sense. But his career of happiness, usefulness, goodness, such it was, and apparently was to be—and I know no higher career—is ended before it scarce began. And though we may mourn, and wonder at these sad strokes, we must try to bear up under them. Our duties to ourselves and the living must be remembered even while our hearts are in the grave with the departed. Dear Guy, long before this reaches you, the first sharp pang will be over. If seeing the familiarscrawl of your old classmate opens the fountain afresh, let me hope that the assurance that your distant friend shares this sorrow with you may take something from the bitterness of your grief. The silver threads and the golden—how closely they are woven together in the web of this chequered life!

The letter which left you overwhelmed by such great grief

found me in the enjoyment of a new and peculiar happiness, the happiness of a father over his first-born — that first-born a son — and the mother safe from her peril sharing his joy. Believe me, Guy, I did not feel the genuine touch of sympathy less keenly than I should have done if yours had found me in my accustomed mood, or even crushed by your kindred grief. I have written to Uncle since I received your letter. He will be pained as if men of his own blood had been stricken down. He often spoke of the happiness he enjoyed with Mr. Perry, and always counted upon visiting him again and living over the winter of 1848-9.

My regards to all — Eliza, Stephen and his wife, [and] "Little" Mary. She must be old enough to mourn the loss of her uncle and grandfather. All well at Columbus. Platt has been building a new house out beyond Mr. Kelly's, where he will have more house-room and yard room. He has another son who I hope will fill the place of William.

Write to me as you find time. Believe me as ever,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — I have not seen George [Jones] since I received yours. The last time I saw him a week or ten days since we talked a great deal of you. In the hard career of business he makes no friends like the friends of "auld lang syne." — H.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, December 25, 1853.

A merry Christmas to you, dear Fanny!

"Puds," this day christened Sardis Birchard [later changed to Birchard Austin], to be called, tell the children, Cousin Birchard, or "Birch" for short, is behaving very well in Topsy's care. Mother Webb is at Mrs. Herron's, Mrs. Herron being quite sick, and Lucy has gone out a moment to breathe the fresh air.

I write only to say that we would so like to have Laura here this week. Let her come if possible. One of us will go home with her. . . .

The new firm of Corwine, Hayes, & Rogers starts out tomorrow. It starts with a good business, one good man to *get* busi-

ness, and two men who give promise of being able to *do* business, and an excellent attorney's clerk bred in Lincoln's Inn to do the copying and drudgery.

Love to all. Send us Laura.

Affectionately,

RUTHERFORD.

Four years ago today since my first day in Cincinnati! Think of it.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, March 5, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— Lucy and her mother have gone to church. I am staying at home to see that Birchard and his nurse get into no trouble. The little fellow has just got over his first cold. He stood it bravely, really fattened under it. . . .

John Herron and myself barely missed spending today with you. He is to be married at Cleveland on Tuesday to Harriet Collins, and we were near going together by way of Fremont. I mean to come up and stay over Sunday occasionally. . . .

I shall not probably want any money before the latter part of April. Besides, I have now more due to me than I shall need, it if was not rather quick to begin dunning our clients. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

The county bond question is in great doubt, but I am confident that a favorable decision will be obtained in some way or other.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, March 26, 1854.

DEAR FANNY:— Having some leisure and business at Tiffin, I went to Fremont on Monday. Found Uncle quite well again. He has a very superior picture, his last, which he enjoys vastly.

All friends well. We are expecting Laura tomorrow or day after.

You have heard that Jesse Stem was murdered by Indians on the plains. How awful! So good a man, so much beloved, so many to mourn his loss, to die so! It is awful, awful. I can't get it out of my thoughts.

We shall be very happy with Laura. If necessary for James [D. Webb, Mrs. Hayes's brother,] to come up for her telegraph to me. Also telegraph when she is coming. Love to all.

Your brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, April 7, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— I took Lucy and Birchard to Columbus on Tuesday. Found the boy an excellent traveller, no trouble with him at all. Mother and Fanny decide that he has no Webb and very little Hayes about him, all, as his name requires, Birchard.

Laura seemed to enjoy herself greatly while here.

I have not as yet found a house to suit. The best chance I now see is to bid off at sheriff's sale one of two houses in the same block with Glenn. One can be bought, I think, at four thousand five hundred dollars but it will be all cash. They are worth from five thousand five hundred dollars to six thousand dollars. I can probably get the money here for thirty days or so. How about it? I hear nothing from my two thousand dollars coming from my mortgage, but I can make the money in three months even if I have to sue it. The sale will be on the 8th of May.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 8, 1854.*— Lucy and my boy are at Columbus with mother and Fanny. Housekeeping broken up; I living comfortably with friend Herron. Must employ my leisure evenings to prepare for a few difficult and important cases; gather pearls of thought and expression, etc.

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CINCINNATI, April 23, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . Have made no arrangements as to buying a house. I hope to do it this summer. All real estate is now rising rapidly notwithstanding money is so scarce. The



moment times are a little easy there will be a great rise. The city was never growing as it is now.

I forget whether I told you I had a note to pay the first of May for three hundred dollars, which I wanted to get out of the mill property, or not. At any rate, if it can be had, very well. If not, I must look it up here.

I hope you are taking things easy, or as easy as the nature of things will permit. You will probably always be a poor man, but then if you keep your real estate, as that sort of property seems now to be going up, you will probably leave your heirs well off. So try to feel comfortable and laugh away cares. The tax law will probably not be changed so as to trouble this year.

Regards to all. Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, May 14, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—I came up on business yesterday and shall return in the morning. . . . Shoemaker and the other railroad men are here waiting the result of the county bond cases. It is really doubtful how the decision will be. One of the judges who was favorable to the bonds (Judge Thurman) is now in doubt.

I shall be able to raise the most of the money for paying for and furnishing my house without troubling you, unless I am disappointed. My Pennsylvania friend will probably pay up. He called on me Friday and will arrange probably in a few weeks. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — About taxes. The Auditor of State has issued blanks requiring credits, etc., to be listed *without deduction of debts*. In several counties the county auditors issue blanks *allowing* such deductions. Wherever the county auditors do this, there will be no difficulty in listing. If, however, your county auditor follows the Auditor of State, you would perhaps do best to *refuse to make a return on oath* and run the risk of the 50 per cent penalty putting you above the mark. There is a good excuse for

doing this. For if the government is in doubt as to what the law is, a citizen is not to blame for being unwilling to swear what it is.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, June 11, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— Came up last night, shall return in the morning. . . . You have, of course, heard that the railroad case has been decided in favor of the bonds, so your Fremont & Indiana road is out of the woods. No sale for Mad River stock as yet; but all say that money is easier. . . .

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, June 25, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— Yes, I would like very much to spend the remainder of the summer with you in Spiegel Grove, or quite as well with you at Mr. Valette's. But I can't leave town for some time yet. Courts close business for the summer July 15. Rogers will then go to Minnesota for about four weeks, and then I shall be at liberty. We have had more to do the last fortnight than at any time since I have been in the office. The weather is warm but I am in capital health and am enjoying myself very much, barring the absence of wife and boy. They are both now at a very fine place in the country and doing well. Have not yet been up there, but [I] shall go up in a week or two. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*June 18, 1854.*— So long since I have written a word here. About the first of April we broke up housekeeping on Sixth street. Lucy and myself with Birchard went up to Columbus, and Lucy and the lad have remained there since until last Tuesday when she went with mother Webb down to Elmwood. I have visited my treasures often at Columbus. Oh, what a

happiness to be with them after an absence of two or three weeks. Birch has grown to a fine, handsome, bright little fellow. Such mild beautiful eyes, so good a head, so sweet-tempered and all. From seven to eighteen pounds in weight he has grown in four or five months. And his mother and he are dearer to me than ever, and growing dearer every day. Health and happiness to them this warm Sunday afternoon.

*July 8, 1854.* — The first, second, third and fourth spent with and going to and returning from my wife and boy. They are happily and healthily housed about eight miles from Circleville at one of Lucy's kinsfolks'. How little Birchard improves — so fine-looking, bright, good-natured, and healthy; the dear boy! How happy I was the few days I was with him and his mother. Blessings upon them over and over again. These ties, these affections — nothing in life to equal them. Birchard eight months old on the 4th and so handsome, plump, fat, and saucy. We say to him, "You little rascal, how I love you!" and he jumps and laughs as if he knew one and understood it. My dear is still thin but I hope quite healthy.

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CINCINNATI, July 11, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE: — Our courts adjourned yesterday until the middle of September. Rogers will go to St. Paul to be gone a month. On his return I shall have a month. In the meanwhile I can go up to Fremont to stay four or five days at any time almost, and will go whenever you are likely to be at home.

Would like to talk over railroad matters with you. No sale for stocks or bonds here. Little Miami has sold below par and Hamilton & Dayton as low as 93. Mad River is nowhere, of course.

Visited Lucy last week, the Fourth. Found her delightfully situated. Birchard healthy and as happy as a bird. Lucy ditto. All well at Columbus.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, July 23, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— I took the Mad River stock from H. & H. and deposited it with my banker. When you want it I will forward it. There will be a sale for that stock here one of these days.

What is the prospect of your being able to raise money for me to pay for my house in these squally times for railroad men? I do not want to lose my bargain. I want the house, and yet, I confess, I don't see my way very clear. James and myself have begun proceedings to foreclose our mortgage on which I could get some three thousand dollars or three thousand five hundred dollars, but it will not be sold until some few weeks after the house is to be paid for. Is there any rich old Dutchman in the Swamp who would lend the amount needed? I must come up and talk it over with you.

Lucy and Birchard and the Columbus friends [are] all very well. Rogers is gone to Minnesota and I cannot visit you to stay more than a day or two until he returns about the 10th of August. *Then* I can come up and stay until you are tired of me. Regards to Mr. and Mrs. Valette.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, July 23, 1854.

DEAR LAURA:— I am very glad to find that "my niece Laura" is still one of my correspondents. I had begun to suspect that she found her Uncle Ruddy's letters were not very interesting since he had become absorbed in business and his boy. Indeed, I could not blame her for thinking so, but then you must recollect that as my letters grow duller yours are all the time improving so that the correspondence, taking both sides of it together, holds its own. I wish I could give you as much that is entertaining as I find in your letters; but I am merely a plodding lawyer now.

There have been concerts, operas, and star actors here this summer, but I have not cared enough about such amusements to learn much about any of them.

On the Saturday before the Fourth I went up to see Lucy and your famous cousin. Birchie hasn't raised any moustachios yet,

and he neither smokes nor wears boots, but he is getting a head of stiff sandy hair and is altogether quite a little man, so much so that his cousin Scott has given up all hope of ever raising him up into a little girl. I had a happy little visit there of a couple of days. Some of the original forest trees are standing around the house, and a fine grove to romp in is but a few rods off where we roamed about picking late raspberries and early blackberries, all the cousins following us and "Topsy" jumping and screaming like a wild girl in a constant ecstasy over some imaginary snake or monster. In order to get back home for court, I had to leave on the Fourth and got back in time to see the fireworks in the evening. There was nothing wonderful in the stars, rockets, and spitfires. You have seen just as good many a time. Since the Fourth I have been at work most of the time in the office. The hot weather is uncomfortable, but I feel very well, better than most persons. I can do a day's work with less fatigue than in the winter.

We are living with John Herron, widowers' retreat, on Longworth Street. Since Rogers left for Minnesota, two of the Stewarts, brothers of Lizzie McCoy, have taken his place and we manage to get on pretty well. Dr. Joe [Joseph T. Webb, Hayes's brother-in-law] takes one or two of us riding every evening, and we swim in the Ohio several times a week, and on Sundays write letters to our wives and friends. If they knew I was writing to you, you would get divers kind words from John and the doctor. You must imagine a number of appropriate messages from each of them.

Tell Nannie I shall expect a letter from her one of these days. Minnie will of course write every opportunity. How is little Ruddy? I can see his good-natured look full of energy and surprise as he throws up his stout little arms in glee, as plainly as if he was before me now.

Love to all. Write often. Good-bye.

Your affectionate uncle,

RUDDY.

MISS LAURA PLATT.

CINCINNATI, August 1, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . . I am fitting up my house in good style. Platt and Mother both insisted that I must do all that was needed in the way of repairs before going into it. . . . .

Rogers is still absent, can't tell when he will be back. I have never done so much work in the summer before and never felt so well.

Received yours this morning. Will visit you the middle or last of this month ten days or so.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, August 3, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— I have just been reading an account of the shocking rate at which the cholera has raged at Perrysburg. It frightens me more than anything I have seen. It will be most remarkable if Fremont escapes. I hope you will be prepared to keep clear out of the way of it, if it should break out in your town. You are more liable to take it now than you were twenty years ago when you nursed the sick and buried the dead in '34. I do not think I would be in danger from it. A year or two ago, one season, I was a little afraid of it, but this year there is, I think no danger for me.

Rogers is on his way home, will be here next week. I shall then go to Pickaway for a week or so and then visit you if it remains healthy with you.

All well at Columbus, also in Pickaway.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, August 19, 1854.

DEAR FANNY:— I returned from Pickaway last night. Spent a week there very happily with Lucy. All very well. . . . .

I am getting on very well with my house; mean to have it ready for Lucy in two weeks from this date. If the weather does not happen to be very warm at that time, she will then

return and will pretty certainly be housekeeping in the course of three weeks. As soon as we are homed we want a visit from Nannie.

I am going to Fremont on Monday (the 21st) and shall spend about a week there; after that "home again."

Good-bye. Love to all.

Yours affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

FREMONT, August 27, 1854.

DEAR FANNY:— Uncle and I both got here last Monday afternoon at the same time. Friends here well. This place is finer than ever, more pictures, bigger trees, new furniture, etc., etc., and all the folks inquire after you and Laura and Lucy as part of the family. . . .

Shall go home in a day or two and be ready to housekeep in a week or two. Would like your sort of Welch girl for cook, etc. Can one be got? Let me know at Cincinnati.

No more at present from your loving brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

COLUMBUS, August 31, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:— Staid one day in Delaware with Guy [M. Bryan] and came with him here last night. Platt was on the same train returning from the East. Guy and I go to Kenyon in an hour and I return to Cincinnati tomorrow. Guy is looking young, in fine health and spirits. You would enjoy his company vastly. He goes to New York early next week. Will perhaps visit you in October, but doubtful. . . .

Laura and Platt will visit you this fall. If you do not go East for two weeks, they think they can make their visit before you go. If you go sooner they will wait till you return. Write soon when you will go. All well.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, September 3, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE: — I *did* steal said picture. But here are palliating circumstances. I intended to mention it and forgot it. I wished to show Guy my wife's picture, knowing he would not see the original. It is now at Columbus where you can get it *when you return Fanny's*. I had, or Guy had, two copies of it taken. One he kept, and the other I have.

I returned last evening. Met Lucy, Birchie, Topsy and all on the train from Circleville. All well. Birchie grows fat and fast. He crowed and laughed all the way down in the hot dusty cars, the best child on board, and after he got here was as fresh and good-natured as if he had just risen from a day's sleep. Besides, he is in the midst of getting four teeth. Great boy! Aunt William Hayes sent him a little case containing a spoon, knife, and fork, all silver, from New Haven, by Mrs. Herron.

Our house needing two or three days' more fixing, we are quartered pleasantly on John Herron. A Jew has offered Corwine, Glenn, and Dr. Webb six thousand dollars *cash in hand* for my house, and insisted that they should take the money and telegraph me to come and make the deed! Dr. Webb offered to take eight thousand dollars and give them [him] the key. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*September 4, 1854.* — Moved, or began to move, to my new home, my own house (if the sale is confirmed), No. 383 Sixth Street; south side, west of Mound. A muss it is to move; all sorts of laughing over our loads of furniture, a good deal of it Lucy's mother's when she went to housekeeping — good, but old; a great sending of it back and forth for cleaning, varnishing, making as good as new; but finally all settled comfortably, pleasantly.

First meal in the house, spoons, knives, and forks forgotten! All use a little silver knife and fork presented to Birchie by his aunt William Hayes, and an old spoon picked up by Birchie for a plaything.



CINCINNATI, September 17, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—We are not entirely through “putting to rights” yet, but have got your room in order; so you can come down any day. When you get to the Hamilton depot take your carpetbag in hand, the walk is short, save your quarter, and keep along the south side of Sixth Street till you get to No. 383, next house east of Glenn’s. My name is on the door, walk straight in and the third-story front chamber is ready for you.

I cannot tell whether I shall get the money or bid in the land. Shall not know until the day of sale. This will be early in November. Shall want to pay for the house the first week in October. Any day *before* the 8th will do. Any time after one week from this, we shall be glad to have a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Valette. You know I shall be unable to spend much time showing the sights, but with Lucy and the doctor, they will have company enough.

Lucy read your letter and broke out: “Now, I’ll pay Uncle for that! Not one word about Birchie!”

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

Tell Mr. and Mrs. Valette the pleasant season here is in October and November.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, September 29, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of the 28th duly received. Express the money to me, *care of McMicken & Co., Bankers, 3d, Street, Cincinnati.*

I have to pay for the house four thousand five hundred dollars. My bills for improvements and furnishing the house will amount to one thousand dollars more. Total five thousand five hundred dollars. I can raise all that is required to meet this, with the aid of your four thousand dollars and five hundred dollars that Mother sent me, by borrowing here, but I want to borrow as little as possible and for as short time as possible. City rates eat up the principal too fast. . . .

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*October 4, 1854.* — My birthday, and Birchie eleven months old. A large fine boy, bright blue or dark gray eyes; fine, intelligent, and mild as summer; sandy hair, fair complexion, a lovely laughing face; always in motion, fond of sport, excellent disposition — and we love him so much. We are as happy as heart could wish. His mother improves in all things, and is so tender and thoughtful in all things.

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CINCINNATI, October 13, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE: — I received yours of the 10th yesterday. Am very sorry to hear of your sickness. Hope you are now well again. I do not know as it is a kindness to try to induce you to leave your comfortable quarters with Mrs. Valette, but I think younger company and a change will be, as the Yankee girl said, "conducive."

Anti-Nebraska, Know-Nothings, and general disgust with the powers that be, have carried this county by between seven and eight thousand majority! How people do hate Catholics, and what a happiness it was to thousands to have a chance to show it in what seemed a lawful and patriotic manner. I send you as curiosities specimens of a kind of ticket that was circulated at our polls. We hear that Matson is elected. Is it possible? Galloway beats Olds at last. I am pleased to see old organizations blotted out. Now that our idols are all gone, Clay, Webster, etc., I am glad to have new divisions by which men of all opinions will be willing to join us in honoring their memories.

Lucy and Birchie both very well, and very happy.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*October 15, 1854.* — Last evening at supper startled by the outcries of our German girl, Anna. She found at the steps a band-box with a negro infant child, naked. This she brought in. After a deal of trouble got the little thing into the Negro Orphans' Asylum by the help of Father Hopper of Cincinnati, viz., Levi Coffin.

CINCINNATI, October 27, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of [the] 22d just got along. A busy week with me, work enough but no pay, hard times and harder coming all the moneyed men say. None of our private bankers affected seriously by the run except those who ought to break. Ellis & Sturgis and Smead & Co. had a little run but no damage done. Those who stopped are either “kiters” or operators outside of banking.

Sale confirmed O. K. I am not yet paying any interest on the five hundred dollars. Shall do so after the first of November, 1½ or two per cent. Mine you know is first-class paper. Thus far I have borrowed of cronies on the score of friendship—nobody but Herron and Billy [Rogers], so I am contracting no unpleasant obligations. . . .

Kentucky Trust Company [paper] is probably worth very little. It would sell *perhaps* for *forty to sixty cents*. It has no market value here. Is bought only by persons having debts to pay. Get rid of it. There is nine hundred and forty thousand dollars in circulation, assets doubtful. . . .

Break the bank! Become a bankrupt and come and live with me like a gentleman the rest of your days. This being kept poor and worked to death also by a little property is bad economy.

Sincerely,

S. BIRCHARD.

R. B. HAYES.

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*November 5, 1854.*—Yesterday was Birchard's birthday—one year old—a beautiful November day, cold, clear, and bracing. We had Mrs. Herron, one of the “grandmas” of the birth scene, and Rogers here at supper. Birchie behaved beautifully, romped, laughed, crowed, and kicked until he was too tired and sleepy to do so longer, when he went to sleep smilingly in Mrs. Herron's arms, with all of us looking at him. He is large of his age, very healthy, good-natured. Occasionally he shows a temper of his own, and has a strife of will with his mother. We had his likeness taken with his mother last week; good, but not distinct enough to show his features or expression.

CINCINNATI, November 8, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—A stirring time on Third Street today. Ellis & Sturgis made an assignment last evening to Mr. Worthington for the benefit of their creditors, being unable to hold out longer. This morning it was first known to the public, and with this came the news also that Mr. Ellis was dying. He is, in fact, in a critical state of health, has had a stroke of apoplexy and may, perhaps, not survive.

Smead & Co. shut their doors about 11 o'clock. T. S. Goodman & Co. about 1 o'clock P. M., and so the panic has become quite general. We had three thousand five hundred dollars yesterday but have managed to pay it all out but nine hundred and fifty dollars which is with out bankers, Geo. Milne & Co., and a small amount [with] McMicken both of which seem safe enough.

Ellis & Sturgis state their assets at about one million four hundred thousand dollars and liabilities at one million dollars, balance on the right side four hundred thousand dollars. But I suspect that the issue will show much worse than this. I send you Smead's handbill.

All well. — Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — A little seventy-five dollar draft sent by you to Stem B[aker], & Co. was sent to Goodman's about an hour before he closed. Whether it was paid is more than I know. — H.

CINCINNATI, November 10, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—I just read your letter of the 7th. You don't know how it troubles me. All the private bankers here who kept any considerable deposits have been forced to close up. I still think you will go through without a suspension. But if you cannot, do not take it to heart. It is no very serious matter. I would try to arrange it so that the poorer class of people, widows, etc., will not be distressed for want of their means. I am chiefly troubled on account of your feelings. Can you bear it so as not to injure your health? I think you can. Do be as

philosophical as possible. The times are going to keep tight until after taxpaying is all over and money begins to come back.

Good-bye at present.

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Mr. Finch of Delaware has troubles greater than any pecuniary difficulty. His oldest son, Mother writes me, has been detected stealing and had to fly the country.

Write often, very often. Be of good cheer, your star is a lucky one.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 12, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE: — How are your nerves this rainy Sunday? By your letter of 9th, I am glad to see you are in good spirits and feel safe. Here the panic is over and bankers have seen the worst of it. Smead is receiving his depositors' checks in payment of notes discounted, and merchants and others take checks on that house at par. They are likely to resume business soon, it is thought. My friends, McMicken & Co. closed in the midst of the scare. I had about sixty dollars with them, the doctor and James each about as much more. Lucy had deposited one hundred and sixty-nine dollars for a friend in Chillicothe and says she feels as mean about it as if she had done something wrong. She says, "Tell Uncle Birchard to sell my picture!" Nothing is talked of but the hard times. Shall be glad to see you all whenever you can come. . . .

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

It is thought that all banks will suspend specie payments. I should think depositors would prefer to leave money with you to risking keeping it themselves.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 17, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE: — Yours of the 14th and also of the 15th received. Very glad you are swimming along so well. I am glad also that you let me know your feelings. I might be able in an

emergency to send you aid. I am assignee of McMicken & Co., my old bankers. They have been ruined by paying interest on their deposits — 8 and 10 per cent sometimes. Their liabilities are near eighty thousand dollars, assets about fifty thousand dollars. Shall *probably* not get in any amount in these times. If I should, I would certainly let you have it on deposit if you needed it. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 19, 1854.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . Nothing new in money matters. You are no doubt safe enough. You had better keep your money in, ready for squalls. Why not gradually get out of the business? It seems to be settled here now that no banker can afford to pay interest on deposits. Don't do it! . . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 23, 1854.

Thursday evening.

DEAR UNCLE: . . . . My health is excellent, my work is accompanied with a great deal of outdoor exercise. I walk six or eight miles every day. . . . . I have not your letters with me, and don't remember whether you made particular inquiries or not. I am as glad as you can be that you are going to get along with your bank. I hope you will get out of the business soon. It is time you were a man of leisure. You never can get a person who will have prudence and capacity enough to allow you to leave the business to him.

Good-bye. — Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*December —, 1854.*— Began on the 7th the trial of Nancy Far-  
rer before a jury in the Probate Court on the question of her  
sanity. Trial occupied two days. [I] had several obstacles to

encounter, but on the morning of the 9th, at 10 A. M., the jury returned a verdict in favor of my theory. She will now go to a lunatic asylum, and so my first case involving life is ended successfully. It has been a pet case with me, has caused me much anxiety, given me some prominence in my profession, and indeed was the first case which brought me practice in the city. It has turned out fortunately for me, very, and I am greatly gratified that it is so. I argued the case in December, 1853, before the Supreme Court at Columbus, made a successful argument; the judgment of the court below was reversed in an opinion fully sustaining my leading positions. The case is reported in Second Ohio State Reports, — "Farrer v. State."

*December 25, 1854.* — "A Merry Christmas." Five years ago today, having arrived late in the evening before, I awoke to my first day's residence in Cincinnati. I cannot but look back to that time with a feeling of gratification, not to say pride. I told Uncle before I came (my coming was not agreeable to him, although he did not oppose it) that in five years I believed that he and every other friend I had would be glad that I had gone to Cincinnati. It is enough to fill me with pleasant feeling, that I am sure that my hope has been realized.

## CHAPTER XII

### INCREASING PROSPERITY — CINCINNATI, 1855-1858

CINCINNATI, January 22, 1855.

**D**EAR GUY:—I received your New Year's greeting this evening, and reply to it at once in order to show you that "auld lang syne" is not all forgotten.

It is the coldest day of the year. The freezing northwest wind is sweeping through the street. Here I sit in my cozy little parlor, my wife Lucy sewing almost within kissing distance, my table covered with law papers. Overhead I can hear the two grandmothers — Grandmothers Hayes and Webb — talking and answering "the boy" (as if there was no other boy!) while he seems to be hammering the floor with a mallet — it may be the heel of one of my boots. With these favorable surroundings, I ought [to] and would indite a long loving epistle to my old chum, if it were not that I am in the midst of the most hurrying days of this most litigating year.

A few weeks ago I succeeded in finally getting an acquittal of my first life case, which has been a pet case so long and to which I owe so much; and now, added to the usual labors of the office, I am preparing for the final argument before the Supreme Court at Columbus of my other pet case, also a case of life. I have argued it already three times in various courts, and am to see that my last effort is not worse than the other three. The hardest task a man can have, having done his best then, [is] to try to do better in the same case — the zest of novelty gone, and conscious that the part of your audience you are most desirous to convince were unconvinced by your former argument. These are a lawyer's feelings. I never expect to take such an interest in another cause. The chances are greatly against success, and the task is to argue so well that no one will attribute failure to the weakness of the lawyer. In the midst of this preparation, I am now writing to you. Day after tomorrow is the contest.



With this case ends everything like *anxious* ambition. Many cases, very many, will doubtless come to my hands about which I shall feel solicitude that will make me wakeful when I should be sleeping. But two things are now ascertained and I rest upon them. One is, that I have neither health nor capacity to be a first-rate figure in my profession; the other, that I appear to have enough of both to acquire a reasonable success — enough for happiness. With this I am content. I can and do admit genius and talent; but the feeling is unmixed, wholly, with envy. There you have a string of personalisms that shames your last out of sight. Nevertheless, I do not deem it out of place in a letter to *you*.

And here I *had* to stop to join Lucy in humming through a verse of "Old Folks at Home." You have missed a letter, perhaps two, of mine, the first to Delaware, the other directed I don't remember where. We got Birchie's V, and after a long searching, thought a ring, "From Guy M. Bryan to Birchie 1854," would be preserved longer than anything else. "*My fault*" that you did not see my wife? No, no. She couldn't travel and you had no time to go down to Ross County where she was staying.

Two things in your letter I must talk over with you. You did not find the cordiality in some quarters which you expected. I do not understand you to mean that you were disappointed in me or mine. I should regret it deeply, most deeply if you were, and should say to you without qualification that if such were the case it certainly was owing to some accidental but unlucky mischance which placed the person or yourself for *the moment* in a false position: for I know there is no *real* want of cordiality towards you with any one of them. Fanny talks of you often and loves you like a brother. Uncle speaks of you in connection with the other *purest most unselfish* friend he ever had — Jesse Stem, you remember him. And my other kindred feel towards you as of yore according to their measure of feeling, constitutional and habitual. For myself I need not speak, as *that* remark I am, sure did not mean me; but the other that I must speak of did. "I advised you to *purchase* a seat in the United States Senate."

Excuse me, Guy, but I laughed when I read that sentence. If the thing were serious it would not be funny. I have not the re-

mostest recollection what you allude to. That I was in a craze of boyish follies when we went to Gambier, I know very well; that I said a great many things that meant *nothing* or *worse*, I have no doubt; but that I ever *meant* to say what you put in my mouth is certainly a mistake. Tell me in you next, are you in earnest in saying I so advised you? I have sometimes thought that your strong keen sense of duty and justice sometimes led you to commit errors—errors of nobleness it is true—but which it were prudent to avoid. And this may have led me to stronger language and illustrations to induce you to favor my views than ought in reason to have been used. A case in point: Uncle and I discussed it with a friend of yours in Texas,—Austin, your brother, I think. As a juror you refused to find a verdict against a slave, although in our opinion he ought to have been convicted, chiefly because you thought a white man would not have been convicted on the same evidence, and you wished to mete out the same justice to a slave as to a freeman. Now, here the feeling was noble; but practically carried out, you were in error; and the error caused your friends some trouble. Now, what I said that was in *earnest* was meant to hit at this quality in you; and whatever was in fun or mere talk for talk's sake, I shall not allow you to lay up against your best friend. Guy, you must get married. This being a bachelor exaggerates all the peculiarities of a man's character; even beauties are in danger of becoming deformities.

I would be pleased to see you in the United States Senate. I do not care to have you in the House. It is doubtless more creditable at the South, your best men being politicians, but with us Lew Campbell is a favorable specimen, and that is enough. As to railroads, only one in a hundred supports itself; they are great civilizers, develop a country, etc., etc., but should not be built if the building is to load your citizens or State with a debt.

Everybody North thinks your Governor Pease has done a very sensible thing in not taking "moonshine stocks" as security that a "moonshine railroad company" would perform their contract. But I must stop.

Sincerely as ever,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Wife sends love and says, "Tell him we have got the greatest boy." Mother's weakness. — H.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, February 11, 1855, Sunday.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . Do listen to the wishes of all your friends and get rid of business as soon and fast as possible. Our "help" returns tomorrow when we shall be in condition to make you feel at home with us. Indeed, if you were once settled with us I do not doubt we could make you pretty comfortable at all times, "help" or no "help."

Our little fellow has been trotting a little for a couple of weeks past, but does not get on very rapidly at it. He has been gaining his former flesh and strength for some time back and is now about as fine-looking as he ever was.

I am glad Platt's deed, mortgage, etc., etc., are all O. K. That nervous particularity of his amounts to a positive weakness—a weakness which is somewhat annoying sometimes.

We shall be very glad to have that long visit from you, but I doubt about our having it. I am beginning to think you have caught some of Mother's ways as to leaving home. However, if we once get a visit from you we may be able to make it a good one. — All well. Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, February 18, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—Yours of the 14th was duly received. We are sorry you are still housed up. The latter part of the winter has been very severe here, as well as with you and elsewhere. Navigation has been suspended for two weeks but boats are now again running.

. . . . Times seem to improve and the general feeling is that money will be easier, and securities worth more and more until we get back to fair rates. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, March 11, 1855.

DEAR MOTHER:—All very well this dark damp Sunday. Lucy gone to Church with her sweet pretty cousin, Kate Fullerton of Chillicothe. . . . How do you all do? We are quite satisfied with ourselves these days. We have read in the family Irving's "Goldsmith," and Lucy puts in about two of Scott's novels per week, and so we get on. . . .

Bye-bye,

R.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, March 11, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—You are well and busy or we should certainly have heard from you during the last week. Your habit of writing oftener when you are sick than when you are in health enables us to feel easy about you when you do not write; nevertheless we would like to hear occasionally that we are right in our construction of your silence.

All very well and happy here—never more so. Birchie has another tooth—begins to toddle about everywhere, requiring constant watching. He begins to show character—a pretty good one I hope—but is impatient of control and wilful, as the Birchards all are. Ah! Ahem! But a promising lad. . . .

Our business is settling down into an agreeable methodical way, that pays sufficiently and is as satisfactory as I ever expected to have. Corwine is good as a partner—very—and William [Rogers] is, of course, in his way pretty near perfection. . . . Good-bye. Love to all.

RUD.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, March 17, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . I have bought the lots on our mortgage—a good bargain, I think. But it raises no money. I have, however, borrowed fifteen hundred dollars at 6 per cent interest the first year and 10 per cent the second year, if I wish to keep it two years. I have the money and will send it to you in any manner you wish. I have no use for it and you may as well

have it at once. Before it has to be paid I can, perhaps, raise it by sale of the land. Can you get along with this amount? If not, I will try for more. Write and let me know how I shall send you the money.

All well. Will be glad to see you.

Good-bye,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, March 18, 1855.

DEAR MOTHER:—A quiet Sunday afternoon. . . . Say to Brother William that we hear that now is the time to put out our crops. I have agreed to give Lucy soil enough on our farm to plant a vineyard and a rosary. Two or three slips of grapevine and two or three cuttings of roses, sent me by express, would be acceptable, if not too much trouble. Catawba or whatever is best. Also directions as to how to plant, fixing the soil, etc., etc. Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, April 8, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—I did not see Sebring. He left your letter on my table. Gibson is not a candidate for Attorney General, and has written me that [he] will support Corwine. It is not a matter that either Mr. Corwine or myself regards as of much importance; still as he is a candidate we would prefer to succeed. Speaking of politics, how queer it looks to see Buckland on a Loco-foco ticket!

All well at home. Dr. Jõe has begun to make preparations to go to Paris to spend a year and a half or two years. His mother will of course feel his absence severely, but all are agreed to his going. He is regarded by the best physicians here as giving promise of skill in his profession, and all advise him to go. . . .

You have heard of our election riots here. It was a time of great excitement. The K. N.'s [Know-Nothings] were beaten

by from five hundred to one thousand votes. It is no test of party strength. No party except the K. N. could have carried such a ticket as they supported within three thousand votes of an election. The rowdies nominated it and barely escaped electing it. It will teach them a useful lesson.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, May 12, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . I write to say that I have two bonds for one thousand dollars each of the State of Indiana, 5 per cent, which are in New York City and will be delivered to any person you direct to be sold for your benefit; or the proceeds will be handed to your credit there. You will please write *forthwith*, directing with whom you want the bonds or proceeds placed in New York, to *Judge John W. Wright, care of John Thompson, Broker, Wall Street, New York City*. The bonds will sell—the two, I mean—for sixteen hundred dollars or seventeen hundred dollars. Judge Wright will not be in New York but a few days is why I ask you to write directly to him. I hope I shall have some more for you against you need it. — All well.

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*June 5, 1855.* — Got a desk and writing conveniences at home, shall use them some and write oftener no doubt in this neglected book. I am growing economical of eyesight; shall not write much evenings.

Birchie nineteen months old yesterday! A fine, beautiful, intelligent, sportive, merry little fellow — always running, laughing. Large, dark, loving eyes, yellow silken hair; round enough but not fleshy, slender and tall of his age.

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CINCINNATI, June 24, 1855.

MY DEAR LU: — Am getting on tolerably; have registered my name at the Walnut Street House; breakfasted and supped once

or twice with Corwine. Sleeping is not so good. I look at little Birchie's torn hat hanging on the looking-glass and feel happy to think of him. I miss you at all hours of the night, but I feel glad as I think of you enjoying your visit at Lexington. Doctor has taken the dog off somewhere to board.

On my return from Covington, I found at the office a cousin about my own age (Bancroft, of New York,) looking as like the Hayes tribe as I do. His wife, another "Kentucky cousin," is one of the New Haven Trowbridges, sister of Aunt Emily. We rode all over town and to Clifton. They are today in Columbus.

Yesterday was a political day, very squally times; "Sams" and "Sambos," Whigs and Locos, etc., etc., all squabbling. Result Dr. Joe, Billy, John Herron, and myself are all delegates. Outsiders say this is rather crowding the mourners with the Corwine interest. But let 'em grumble, we've got the votes.

Work is getting light, weather wet and growing wetter. . . . Write often. Love to all.

Affectionately yours,

R.

MRS. R. B. HAYES,  
*Lexington, Kentucky.*

CINCINNATI, June 27, 1855.

DEAREST:—I received yours of Monday evening this morning. Very glad to hear from you. Had a letter from Uncle today. He thinks he can't come down at present. There has been a great freshet in the Sandusky River. He has one hundred and fifty acres wheat and corn *protected* from the rain by about six feet of water flowing over it from the river. Mrs. Valette is in poor health again. They expect us out soon.

Our courts all adjourn on Saturday, except the criminal branch of the Common Pleas, so I may possibly come over Saturday afternoon. . . .

William is good-natured, intends going with Corwine to Urbana on the Fourth to hear Judge Corwin expound the Patriotic. Have you read Greeley's account of his imprisonment? It is a good specimen of humor. Read it.

There has been but one killing since you left. A drouth of news, and a deluge of water.

Good-bye, dearest. I am lonely without you and the little rascal. You must be ready to return with me by the early part of week after next. I shall go to Columbus on the 11th, two weeks from today, and hope you can by that time go with me, prepared to make Fanny a long visit. . . . Love to all.

Affectionately, ever yours,

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. R. B. HAYES.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, July 1, 1855.

DEAR FANNY:—I did not write to you after Lucy left Cincinnati, knowing that William Pancroft and his funny little wife would tell you the news.

I came over here yesterday. Our courts have adjourned and we are now comparatively at leisure. I reached Lexington last evening after [a] pleasant ride on the rail of four or five hours. I found two of the cousins waiting for me at the depot and was soon at home with Birchie, Lucy, and all at Uncle Thompson Scott's cousinly mansion. The family here consists of Uncle Thompson, a fine old gentleman over seventy years old, with faculties unimpaired, intelligent, and cheerful. He has been in the bank of which he is president some forty years, is staid and sober, but not severe or strict. He is now reading the Bible at the other [end of the room]. He is a brother of Mother Webb's mother, and his first and present wife were sisters of Lucy's father. Aunt Betsey's first husband was a brother of Uncle Thompson. She is twenty years younger than her husband and the youngest woman of her age I have ever seen. There is one unmarried daughter, Cousin Lucy, a fine good girl, getting *passée*, but good-looking; two sons, twenty and twenty-two, fair specimens of the better sort of Kentucky-bred young men. A daughter of Aunt Betsey by her first husband, another Lucy, with her rich husband spending the honeymoon here after their tour; two sons of Aunt Betsey by her first husband, wild young fellows, and lots of niggers. The house is very large—rooms high, ventilation perfect, and nobody bothers or is bothered by anybody



else. As independent as in hotel, and much the same in some things. Newcomers arrive constantly. The table ranging from ten to fifteen plates — plates, by the by, precisely like the blue old china ones Mother had in Delaware.

We went to church this morning, saw a good exhibition of fine ladies and fine duds, heard a showy discourse of old-fashioned Presbyterian doctrine appavelled in all the modern phrases and delivered as Henry Clay might have done the same thing when a youngster. The town is old and old-fashioned, streets many of them narrow and poorly paved, but there are hosts of fine mansions with spacious yards, splendid walks, and elegant improvements. People here seem to live for the sake of living more than in most places.

Today we have been receiving calls from our "people." They all have complaints to make. We send them away with kind words and a dollar apiece. One chuckle-headed Cudjoe said to Lucy: "Why, Miss Lucy, I'm so glad you have got such a pretty man"!

We shall return soon. I will be at Columbus about the 11th and possibly Lucy with me. — Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. WILLIAM A. PLATT,  
*Columbus.*

LEXINGTON, July 4, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:— Your letter of Friday reached me here yesterday. I concluded you would telegraph me if you were coming in time to come Saturday, and so left Saturday afternoon.

I need not in a letter attempt to describe this fine country. Yesterday I visited Mr. Brutus Clay's model farm about twenty miles north of this in Bourbon County. It is regarded as number one in Kentucky and second to no other anywhere. His fine stock is famous. We saw a six-thousand dollar bull, cows that cost from fifteen hundred dollars to two thousand dollars, several bulls costing from two to three thousand dollars, a stallion that cost three thousand dollars, and thirty or forty calves (this spring's) which he sells at two hundred dollars each. We saw

his large steers — a four-year old weighing over three thousand [pounds], a three-year old, twenty-five hundred, a two-year old two thousand, and a yearling, over one thousand. We spent the day with him, riding over his princely farm. He is a plain, sensible man, cheerful and good-humored, and a great Whig and Know-Nothing. He is a brother to Cassius M., but does not share in his ultraisms.

We are staying at Uncle Thompson's, the old banker of this region, — a fine, intelligent gentleman over seventy years old. We shall remain a few days, and return in time to spend a few days at home before I go to Columbus.

We visited today the Fair Ground — a most elegant place, — Ashland [the home of Henry Clay], the cemetery where Lucy's father is buried, a lovely place, and many fine estates. There has been some cholera here, and it has always raged so violently in this limestone town that the first cases caused apprehension, but it does not increase and the alarm is over.

Lucy, Birchie, and Mother Webb all well. We shall manage to make you a visit if you desire it, but Lucy will miss Mrs. Valette so much that perhaps it will be best not come out with little Birchie. — Regards to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — No celebration of the Fourth here except a mule race — mules to be ridden by the owners, — a silver pitcher to the winner, — the young gents naming their mules after their sweet-hearts.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, July 11, 1855.

DEAR GUY:— Yours of the 7th of June was received this morning. I can almost excuse you for writing so rarely, when I receive such a full and satisfactory letter as the one before me. It gratifies me exceedingly to read your warm, frank, old-fashioned letter. I am not at all suprised that you were disappointed upon your return to Ohio to find many of the changes you saw. As we grow older, we all experience the same feeling.

"Troops of friends," many men appear to have, but time and separation always lop off all but the chosen few. Some men of singular social or brilliant qualities may always *seem* to have hosts of friends, but they are not the *same* friends—the *host* is ever changing. I am fond of thinking about the few to whom my feelings seem to cling as if for life. Whether that few esteem me precisely as I do them is not entirely known to me. Perhaps they can not. I always think of four persons (I presume you have heard me say this before) as the best friends I have ever had, and the best men, all in all, I have ever known. You, and Uncle, my partner, Rogers, and Jesse Stem who was killed in the Indian country. No other person comes near in my affections to this little circle. One is gone, the others remain. But in my memory the four are with me for aye.

I see still more clearly than before, that I was too "demoralized," not in any bad sense, in allowing myself to run on, joking and earnest by turns, when with you last summer. The truth is, that this tug at the law for nine months at a stretch leaves one during the vacation like an overtasked schoolboy in the holidays—ready to play the devil with sense, soberness, and propriety. I feel so now. Our courts are closed, and if you were here, I could go rambling, rafting and fishing, just as joyously and boyishly as I ever did years ago. I have just returned from a week's pleasuring in the magnificent country about Lexington, Kentucky. Saw our "Cold Huckleberry Pudding" acquaintance, William B. Victor. He had a great deal to say about our singular meeting. Is still laboring under delusions as to the designs of the Brazoria people; insisted upon my giving him a written statement of what we saw that night. A queer customer he is but "daft."

Your views as to letters of introduction ought to be acted upon in all cases; but I knew there would not be time to get a letter by mail to you before Mitchell would reach Texas and accordingly introduced him as nearly as I could according to my feelings. I wished to oblige him. He is an upright, good man, but not a particular friend. I was desirous you should assist him, if convenient, and knew you would not be deceived by him. I am very glad he succeeded so well. He appeared delighted with his trip, and spoke very gratefully of his obligations to you; for the

which my thanks. Uncle will be sure to visit Texas, if he can, next winter. But he is getting more averse to travelling than formerly and is not likely to go if he is not entirely foot-loose.

I am glad you are still thinking of the time when you will be a "gentleman of family." No use waiting. You are old enough. To that "complexion," etc. My little Pirchie is a fine boy, walks and runs of course, talks "broken English," and is the pride of his parents and the joy of their home.

I shall go to Columbus tomorrow to visit friends and kin, and hope to be at Kenyon on commencement day. How I do wish you could be with me.

I am glad you remain in the state Senate. Don't go into the United States House, but *do* go to the Senate if you can honestly. These are my wishes about your political career. One further word: If you do get into the Senate, don't get the Presidential mania. It makes mad every man who is at all prominent at Washington either in the House or Senate. Scores of men, usually sound and sensible, fancy they can be President, who have no more right to think so than the autocrat of Russia. I have no knowledge of any tolerably conspicuous politician at Washington whose career is not colored and marred by his ambition to be President. I say this in all seriousness. It makes fools of all sorts from Webster down to Lew Campbell.

I will send you such railroad books as I can get, if I have an opportunity. Love to friends. In haste. As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, July 15, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—I returned from the Convention at Columbus yesterday. . . . Laura [Platt] will go with us to Fremont during the summer. . . . Our visit will not be until the last of this month or the first of next, possibly later. How does that suit?

Platt is progressing with his new house. It is of prodigious dimensions, well arranged, and supplied with every convenience. I do not like its outside appearance as well as I hoped I should,

but I suppose my familiarity in the city with plain square houses prevents me from appreciating the ornamented architecture which is now the fashion.

Corwine did not get his nomination. He was not disappointed. An old-fashioned Whig stood little chance in that gathering. But it was a great mistake not to put him on the ticket. Chase's name needed a good deal of sweetening in this quarter, and the name of one or two well known Whigs would have done much to put down the formidable opposition to Chase which is sure to be made by old Whigs. I shall, however, go for the ticket and hope it will succeed.

Rogers was with me at Columbus. He thinks Laura and the rest the finest little folks he ever saw.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*August 1, 1885.* — A happy Commencement at old Kenyon. A meeting of college cronies at Rob C. French's. The Phi Zeta brotherhood in full vigor yet. Thirteen years since I left college! Fifteen years since we gathered in my old room and organized the club! What a segment of life, how rapidly fled! My old classmate [Lorin Andrews,] the "Prex" now. How sad it seems that life should pass away so swiftly. Pshaw! I feel girlish when I think of these things.

*August 12, 1855.* — Have read two or three of Scott's novels this vacation. Just finished "Red Gauntlet." "Poor Peter Peebles v. Plainstairs" is the original of Dickens' never-ending lawsuit and deranged suitors, Jarndyce and Jarndyce, and others — if there is not some original prior to Scott. Our Superior Court is disposing of this complaint against the administration of justice in this latitude. Met the phrase "laugh consumedly" which I thought a recent coinage; also, "make a spoon or spoil a horn." Scott speaks of the ever recurring white horse in the pictures of Wouverman. Grand old novels, those of Scott.

Birtie worried with teeth and heat but improving daily. Talks a good deal, that is, speaks many words. He began with "up,"

soon after, "Birtie," and speaks words beginning with b or p with the greatest ease.

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CINCINNATI, August 19, 1855.

DEAR MOTHER:— We have just received your letter written after your return from Delaware. Very glad you enjoyed your visit so much.

Mother Lamb and the Delaware [people] were needlessly alarmed about our sufferings with cholera. Our newspapers report all the cholera cases which terminate fatally. Two weeks ago there were a number of deaths, but we have very little, if any, now in the city.

Lucy and all now well. . . . Lucy and I have just returned from church. I mention the fact that you may not do me the injustice to think that I am not in the habit of requiring my family to attend church.

Lucy will not object to your inflicting letters upon her much oftener than you have usually done, and if she adds anything to this it will not be from fear of that sort of "persecution," but merely to have an opportunity to brag about her great boy.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*September 30, 1855.*— On the 14th of this month went with Birtie and his mother to visit his cousins, Ruddy in particular, at Columbus. Birtie enjoyed himself very much, but was in trouble occasionally with Ruddy, who sometimes treated him as an intruder, but they finally became quite friendly. Uncle Birchard came down to the State Fair at Columbus and obtained the promise of Fanny and myself to make him a visit at Fremont. Accordingly on Monday the 24th sister Fanny, Birtie, Lucy, and myself went to Fremont. Birtie soon became a favorite with Uncle, Mr. Valette, and the "help." He learned to call by name and point out several of Uncle's choicest paintings and played and behaved like a little man. On Thursday he took his first

ride on horseback in Mr. Valette's stable on Uncle's pet old roadster, "Old Ned." Then says Uncle: "Birtie aged 22 months takes his first ride on his uncle (?) Ned aged 21 years."

*October 7, 1855.* — Another birthday passed the 4th. Hopeful and happy. No very high expectations to "worry" me. Friends, home, boy, wife, blessings all, are mine. Why should I not feel cheerful as I do?

In the midst of one of our periodical election excitements, but not engaged in it; therefore reasonably indifferent of results.

CINCINNATI, October 14, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE: — . . . . I have had a picture of Lucy taken in the new style. It is not yet painted, but the impression on paper is very fine.

Rogers is here, well or nearly so, and at work. We shall from present appearances not be so thronged with business as last winter. Glad of it.

The election here and in other parts of the State turned out very much as I anticipated. I suspect that Chase will answer our purposes so far as state affairs go very well. . . . Glad that Buck[land] was elected and not sorry that Green was.

Yours,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 6, 1855.

DEAR SISTER FANNY: — Glad you remembered little Birtie. We had a grass pike and salmon dinner on Saturday with Mrs. Warren and one or two others by way of celebrating the boy's birthday. Lucy and he are both fast locked in the arms of the big Indian! . . . .

Wendell Phillips lectures tonight on "The Lost Arts" — no doubt entertainingly, he being one of the few lecture men who is worth hearing. But it is too wet to go; besides, I could not take nor leave Birtie and Lucy. But if you get a chance to hear it or him, go.

I didn't read your communication to Lucy on gowns and things, but while she was reading it she uttered several ejaculatory remarks as if she could aid you in that behalf ; but if she has to write her information you are likely to lose it.

When I get time (not often) I read a few paragraphs of Boswell's "Johnson." It sounds well to me now. I used to hate it. At the rate I go, I shall have light reading in this old gossip's book for the next two years.

Clara still keeps her good points in view. She may be a trifle more given to piety than is required for the salvation of a "cullud pussun" — going to church all day Sunday and again at night ; but as she has all sorts of week-day perfections I, of course, am mum as to her practical views of religion.

Mr. Rogers has quit "the intoxicating bowl," tell Mother, and is in improving health. By the way, that "bowl" is a fiction of temperance lecturers ; never naw a bowl in a "saloon" in my life.

Miss Wilson marries with doin's of oriental magnificence an ugly clever little fellow this week. . . . I have got a new suit on purpose and Lucy is considering the red flowers she wore to the last wedding. She is afraid they'll not bear repetition, but I think she has a weakness for them which is too strong to be overcome.

Very tired. Good night. Your loving brother,

R.

MRS. W. A. PLATT.

CINCINNATI, November 18, 1855.

DEAR GUY:— I have just received yours calling attention to my note referring to an application for a commissionership for Texas. The gentleman's name is B. F. *Brown*. If I said "*Smith*," it was an error. They are both such common names [that this] may explain the mistake. I did not speak particularly of his qualifications, as such appointments are made here, I believe, as a matter of course. He is however a very worthy, upright young man who will discharge the duties of such an office well.

You are of course a Senator. But how singular it is that your



newspaper, the *Democrat and Planter*, never has given the vote of your county, has hardly named any of the candidates, furnished no details or figures about your election, [and] no lists of members of the Legislature. These matters of local politics are always interesting.

I think that since I wrote you, Sister Fanny and myself and wife have made Uncle a visit and spent a few days at Gambier. Andrews [Lorin Andrews, their college friend, at that time President of Kenyon] makes one feel at home at Kenyon. One can hardly realize how long a time has elapsed since we were there. We go back and are straightway boys again. Uncle is in good health, talks often of you and another trip to Texas, but when he will go again is as uncertain as ever.

A Mr. Jones from somewhere near Lavaca was in our office displaying some railroad scheme for "inter-oceanic communication," as he termed it. You, of course, know the old gentleman, as he seems to be an old campaigner in such schemes. I do not know but he is right in thinking that the best route to the Pacific for a railroad is from western Texas. Still I suspect that the first road built will be further north. As our shrewd German demagogue says, "Commerce to the North; genius to the South"; and there is much of truth in the sentence. Chicago is outstripping all other Western cities. She will soon run her iron arms into Iowa and Kansas so as to cut off St. Louis and Cincinnati and ultimately get across the continent, while the better and natural routes are being resolved and talked about. If I were in your place, I do not know but I would do as you do, but it seems to me that with your influence, position, and tenacity of purpose, you could accomplish very much for Texas and the whole country, as well as for your own permanent fame, by taking hold of this railroad. It seems to be the growing impression everywhere that the Texas route to the Pacific is the best one. And if Texas were to take hold of it energetically, I do not doubt that the general Government would ultimately carry it across the continent. With that road through Texas, she would rapidly become one of the first, if not the first, of all the States in every element of greatness. A man to get the proper lead in such an enterprise would have to make it his one idea for a

quarter of a century, but success would be glory enough. I know nothing of any particular scheme. Mr. Jones' talk may be nothing but gas. The Texas Western Railroad may be a swindle, as its predecessor was, but if you have the *true route*, *some* scheme ought and can be made to succeed. Rusk and your other men so far as I know are too old, or will be, long before such an enterprise can get fairly on its feet, but, Guy, you could do it.

You seem destined for public service of some kind. Common political life, you certainly now know, is nothing. Leave to others that field and be to Texas more than Clinton was to New York. Or rather, what he was to a State you can be to a continent. All this sounds as if I was a railroad maniac, but I am not, I assure you. I have merely been reading an article or two on the subject, which I will send you. Any particular scheme which is talked of up here, I naturally suspect to be a trap for gulls, but as I say the great idea strikes me as feasible and grand.

As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, December 2, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:—I don't know when I wrote to you last. . . . Can recommend Sydney Smith's letters for occasional reading if you and Mrs. Valette get cornered for something to do.

Platt busy getting ready to move if his house is ready. Mother Hayes will come down to stay with us during the revolution and convulsions of emigrating. She seems to be pretty well again now. Write often.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

I see your friend Judge Lane goes to Chicago. Pity so fine a reputation should be so damaged in his old age. He will be a loss to Sandusky notwithstanding they hate him.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 26, 1855.

DEAR UNCLE:— Merry Christmas to all! Tell Mrs. Valette she has secured the warmest place in Lucy's heart by "appreciating" Birtie. As Lucy sometimes exclamationizes: "Don't I love folks that love Birchie and wouldn't I hate anybody that didn't like him?" I gave him a little chair for his Christmas gift. Dr. Joe happened to be sitting with his heels American-fashion. Pretty soon we saw Birchie in a brown study in his little chair with his feet up on a common chair looking grave enough for a new member of Congress prepared for business.

Weather cold; water pipes frozen, etc. Otherwise, all in good health. Aunt Clara pitched head first down cellar against Glenn's partition wall. Strange to say the wall was uninjured. It was lucky she did not strike on her feet or she might have been injured.

Rogers went home Christmas. Only two courts this week.— I shall try to go to Columbus a day or two shortly.— Regards to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*February 22, 1856.*— A famous celebration of Washington's birthday in the city today. Houses flagged from top to bottom, a mammoth procession, military companies from Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, etc. Legislature of the State and a number of "notabilities." An illumination tonight. I am ailing slightly, so the day and the ailing excuse me from work.

Birtie enjoys the flags fluttering, music, and display more than the older children. A charming boy he is grown to be. He talks a good deal. Would not try to say Washington without a good deal of coaxing, but now makes a queer stagger at it. His first word was "up," next "charcoal," which he caught from the street crier.

This is the coldest winter ever known here, the coldest days and the longest continued cold weather. Eight weeks with but three or four thawing days from Christmas until February 16

or 17. The river frozen the whole month of January so as to bear cattle, teams, and runaway slaves! January 8, thermometer at 16 to 24 degrees below zero and slightly colder on the 4th of February.

Jefferson in a letter of January 8, 1797 to Mr. Volney speaks of the coldest periods prior to that time. [In] 1779-80 in Virginia, 6 degrees *above* zero; 1783-4, ditto; 1789-90, 18 degrees *below*. "These have been the most remarkable cold winters in America." In 1762 at Philadelphia, however, it was 22 degrees below zero.

*March 8, 1856.* — Two to four degrees below here; 20 to 25 degrees [below] at Delaware and Cleveland.

*March 23, 1856.* — Thursday, the 20th, Lucy gave birth to our second son about 5:30 P. M. He was fatter than Birtie; darker, hair apparently black, eyes dark. We shall call him Webb either with the prefix (or affix) Joseph or James. [Finally the name decided on was Webb Cook.] If the former, after his uncle Dr. Joe; if the latter, his grandfather Webb. Lucy is doing well. The event had been expected for some time, but at last came near taking all by surprise. Dr. Joe had gone over to Covington after dinner and I was at the office. I went for Dr. Avery. He was out. Then for Dr. Davis. He was gone also. I then came home before deciding who[m] to go for next. Dr. Joe fortunately returned. Dr. Avery came soon after, and I sat down in an adjoining room and read Jefferson's letters. When the first cry was heard I was finishing Jefferson's letter to Madison of April 27, 1795, in which he speaks of his resolution to remain in private life during the rest of his days — a resolution about as well kept as such resolutions usually are by public men.

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CINCINNATI, April 16, 1856.

DEAR GUY: — George Jones just came in to tell me that you will come here as a delegate to the June convention.\* I am very glad to hear it. Uncle Birchard will be here to look on. Come early and be ready to stay long. George says he intends to have

\* The Democratic National Convention.

you as *his* guest. Don't commit yourself. We can divide you up by some sort of "compromise." I intended to suggest to you to take this appointment and so kill two birds, etc., but neglected it. I don't yet belong to your party, but my opposition to it this fall will be hearty or otherwise according to your candidate. Not being a K. N. [Know-Nothing] I am left as a sort of waif on the political sea with symptoms of a mild sort towards Black Republicanism. Still we shall not quarrel on politics, even if we differ as of old.

As ever yours,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, June 10, 1856.

DEAR MOTHER:—Uncle left here this morning directly for home. He was in good health, enjoyed his stay very much. He feels, as we all do, very solicitous about Fanny. Let us hear from you often about her. I do hope she will get along safely. I am sure that whatever good nursing can do for her will be done. Let Laura stay home from school; she is so good a nurse for her age that she can be a great assistance. . . .

Lucy is very well. "Samson," as she calls the little boy, is nearly over his colic, and behaves and thrives admirably. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, June 28, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am pained to hear that Fanny is again worse. I feel more alarm at this relapse than I did at her first difficulty. Dispatch me if she gets worse. I shall come up Monday or Tuesday, if my presence there will do no harm. I can go quietly into the house so she will not know of my coming if it would agitate her. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

W. A. PLATT.

COLUMBUS, July 5, [1856], 5 P. M.

DEAR JOE:—Fanny has rallied since I wrote this morning and is now apparently in no immediate danger with, we hope, a fair prospect of recovery. The change has been rapid and remarkable. Her fever left her almost entirely about ten o'clock and she has gained strength ever since, so that she is now more comfortable and stronger than at any time since I came up.  
. . . . Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

DR. J. T. WEBB.

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*July, 1856.*—My dear only sister, my beloved Fanny, is dead! The dearest friend of childhood, the affectionate adviser, the confidante of all my life, the one I loved best, is gone; alas! never again to be seen on earth. Oh, how we shall always mourn her loss! How we shall lament her absence at every family meeting. The pride of us all, the charm of every circle, and my own particular loss. It was not a sudden, unexpected blow. We have felt anxious about her several months. On the 16th of June she gave birth to twins—both dead or nearly so when born. Fanny barely survived. Her fine constitution alone enabled her to rally after the severest and most exhausting trial which her experienced physicians had ever seen. She remained in a critical situation, sometimes apparently recovering and again sinking, until her death on the 16th of July, Wednesday evening, about 10 o'clock.

I went up on the first of July and remained until the 10th, when hoping that she was gaining I returned home. She was too weak and low to talk much, but all her finest traits of character were shown in all she said and did up to the very last moment. She never complained, was patient and cheerful always; looked forward to the great change hopefully and with entire confidence that she would meet in Heaven the dear loved ones who had gone before her—her father and Willie—and that there she would soon be joined by the dear friends she was leaving behind. I observed no desire for the ordinary devotions

of Christians, and yet she once or twice referred to her Saviour and her desire and expectation of seeing Him.

Once when she supposed she was dying we all gathered around her and brought in her children. She spoke a few kind words to all and spoke of the absent. Turning to me, with her sweetest smile, those beautiful blue eyes, she said: "Oh, dear Lucy and the boys, how I wish I could see them again but I never shall"; and again: "Dear Lucy and the boys, how I wish I had talked more about them." She spoke of Mrs. Wasson and Sophia, and said: "Dear Uncle, and so many kind, kind friends." When I brought in little Ruddy, she put her hands lovingly on his pretty fat arms, shoulders, and cheeks, saying: "Dear boy — sweet child," and smiled oh, so lovingly. I held one of her hands rubbing it gently. Little Ruddy observing it took the other and rubbed it smiling happily. Fanny said: "I am going this time." Little Ruddy spoke up: "Where are you going, mother?" She replied: "To Heaven, up to Heaven, I hope, where we shall soon all meet again."\*

[Here follow three blank pages, seeming to indicate that Mr. Hayes had intended to write further particulars of his sister's last hours.]

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COLUMBUS, July 23, 1856.

DEAR GUY:—We buried my dear only sister last Friday. Uncle and myself have been here since the first of the month and have had very little hope of her recovery since that time. Her confinement took place a week or two after you were here and was the cause of her death. Oh, what a blow it is! During all my life she has been the dear one. I can recall no happiness in the past which was not brightened either by her participation

\*The *Ohio State Journal*, in recording Mrs. Platt's death, said:

"Seldom are we called upon to record a bereavement which falls so heavily upon the domestic circle of the deceased and the citizens of Columbus at large. Distinguished, beyond most who are mortal, by meekness and gentleness of character, and ever self-sacrificing in her efforts to do good she had justly won, not only the esteem, but the love of all who knew her. She rests from her labors, but still lives in most fragrant remembrance in the hearts of her friends."

in it or the thought of her joy when she knew of it. All plans for the future, all visions of success, have embraced her as essential to complete them. For many years my mother's family consisted of but three — Mother, Sister dear, and myself. Oh, what associations now broken cling around those tender early days! And such a sister! Always bright, beautiful, loving; always such that we were proud of her; and then always improving. The last fifteen years she has gained as rapidly in all the finer elements of character as in any previous period.

There are many consoling circumstances to alleviate our grief in this great affliction. She has had a life of blessed happiness. I have never heard of a happier life. She now escapes some afflictions which are sure to come, and others which are possible that we know not of. Besides, the close of life was as beautiful and happy as its whole course. She had long been apprehensive that her confinement would be fatal to her. She felt prepared for the next world and thought she could now be spared from this; that her children were of an age when friends left behind could take charge of them. I do not know of any *formal* devotions or profession of religion. But she looked calmly into the future, full of hope, — more than that, with a perfect confidence that she should meet her father and her beloved Willie in happiness and that the dear ones left behind would soon follow her and join her there.

All the fine traits of her character shone brightly to the last. She was cheerful, uncomplaining, considerate for others, and affectionate, oh, so affectionate, up to the moment that the breath left her body. . . . Good-bye, good-bye. My heart bleeds and the tears flow as I write.

As ever,

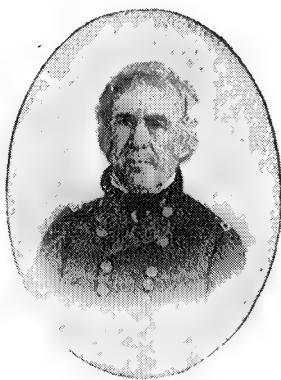
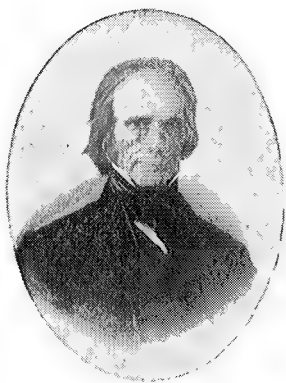
R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

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*July 29, 1856.* — Had an ambrotype taken of Birtie by Mr. Phithian. It is very excellent. He will be three years old the 4th of November next. He is very dear to us. He has many





MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON (1773-1841).

HENRY CLAY (1777-1852).

MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR  
(1784-1850).

BREVET LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WIN-  
FIELD SCOTT (1786-1866).

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN C. FRE'  
MONT (1813-1890).

GROUP OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES SUPPORTED BY RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD  
HAYES.

All of these candidates were Whigs except Frémont who was a Republican. Rutherford Birchard Hayes was not old enough to vote when he was a supporter of General Harrison in 1840.



little wilful, provoking ways but withal so bright and cheerful. His little brother has grown to be a most excellent, beautiful boy. He . . . has fine blue eyes and looks, we think, like his dear Aunt Fanny. This makes Webb still more precious.

[Under a rude woodcut pasted in the Diary is the following significant note.]

Colonel Frémont. Not a good picture, but will do to indicate my politics this year. For free States and against new slave States.

CINCINNATI, September 13, 1856.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . Rogers is still absent. His health improves so slowly and his case has now become so serious that he will probably not return before late in the winter or next spring. We are sorry for this but feeling it to be best for him cannot but encourage him in this course.

I still think often of our darling Fanny. I do hope Laura and the others will grow up to be like her and to fill her place in our affections. Encourage Laura to visit us often. We shall be very happy to have any of the children with us, but especially Laura, whenever you can spare them. . . .

Dear Mother, whatever Lucy and I can do to add to your happiness you know we will be glad to do. Love to all.

Affectionately, your son,

RUTHERFORD.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 18, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . We are all very well and enjoying life barring the disappointment at the result of the elections. Lucy takes it to heart a good deal that Jessie [Mrs. Frémont] is not to be mistress of the White House after all. She still clings to the hope that the next election will bring it all right. Your county is reported to have done well. So has this, all things considered; also our State. But the people are not quite educated up to the great issue. *That* will come after [a] while, I have no doubt. At any rate, "let it rain." Wasn't it lucky I kept out of the shower by declining?

. . . . Our courts are pretty fairly under weigh again so that I am tolerably busy once more. It is really pleasant this tramping back and forth from the court-house after a long vacation. If the vacations were shorter and came oftener this sort of life would be more to my taste.

Rogers is still away and likely not to return for a long time.

I had a letter from Guy Bryan last week — very short, merely a reply to mine telling him of Fanny's death. He wished to be remembered warmly to you. — Love to friends.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*October 30, 1856.* — Had a good anniversary celebration at the Club last night. The absent, Rogers and others, were remembered. The departed, McConkey, was not forgotten. And in the midst of our enjoyment I never ceased to think of my great loss, the death of my darling sister Fanny. I received a beautiful letter from Helen Collins yesterday, full of fine and sincere talk about her. Rogers too mentions her in his letters. May her precious memory serve to make me better, purer, truer in every relation of life, a better husband, father, friend, and citizen!

I feel seriously the probable defeat of the cause of freedom in the approaching Presidential election. Before the October elections in Pennsylvania and Indiana, I was confident Colonel Frémont would be elected. But the disastrous results in those States indicate and will probably do much to produce his defeat. The majorities are small, very small, but they discourage our side. I shall not be surprised if Colonel Frémont receives less than one hundred electoral votes. But, after all, the good cause has made a great progress. Antislavery sentiment has been created and the people have been educated to a large extent. I did hope that this election would put an end to angry discussion upon this exciting topic by placing the general Government in the right position in regard to it and thereby securing to anti-slavery effort a foothold among those who have the evil in their

midst. But further work is to be done and my sense of duty determines me to keep on in the path I have chosen — not to dabble in politics at the expense of duty to my family and to the neglect of my profession, but to do what I can consistently with other duties to aid in forming a public opinion on this subject which will “mitigate and finally eradicate the evil.”

I must study the subject, and am now beginning with Clarkson’s “History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.”

*November 2, 1856.* — The organized effort began in 1787 after four years of unceasing, well-directed, laborious efforts, — began with a fair prospect of success. The first vote was taken in the House of Commons in 1791. Pitt, Fox, Burke, Windham, Sheridan, and almost all the great men of that day spoke eloquently for the cause of justice and humanity, but on the division the motion of the friends of abolition was lost by eighty-eight to one hundred and sixty-three!

Look at those figures, faint-hearted Republican, and take courage! After twenty years of defeats, disappointments, and disheartening reverses, the cause triumphed gloriously in 1807, two hundred and eighty-three to sixteen! And no slave could be landed after March 1, 1808 and no slaver clear after May 1, 1807.

How similar the struggle to that now going on here. The same arguments, pro and con, the same prejudices appealed to, the same epithets of reproach, the same topics. On one side, justice, humanity, freedom; on the other, prejudice, interest, selfishness, timidity, conservatism. The advocates of right called “enthusiasts,” “fanatics,” and “incendiaries.” The Commons were first to be moved; the Lords were slow in receiving truth.

Thousands whose hearts and judgments were on the side of abolition were silent because loss of trade, of practice, of social or political position, was likely to follow an open avowal of their opinions. In short the parallel between that struggle and this is complete, thus far. I shall be content if it so continues to the end.

The election of day after tomorrow is the first pitched battle. However fares the cause, I am enlisted for the war.

Granville Sharp in 177— studied law to enable him to show the illegality of slavery in England. The *Sommersett* case— three times argued and decided for freedom— was got up on purpose to test the question— at Lord Mansfield's request(?).

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CINCINNATI, November 16, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . I am again vibrating between home, my office, and the court-house and contented as a man is apt to be who has no time to be otherwise.

Like you I did not anticipate Colonel Frémont's election and was not therefore disappointed. But he did make a fine run and has certainly borne himself admirably through the trying canvass which is closed. He may not become a permanent figure among the leading men, but I think he is so likely to do so that I shall now buy his portrait to put in my parlor.

Henry Ward Beecher lectured to a great audience last night, and has preached to ditto today. I heard his lecture. It was less witty, eccentric, and brilliant than I anticipated, but more sensible, sincere, and hearty. He has a fine, powerful deep voice whose lowest tone can be heard anywhere in the house. Has a manly English appearance, and evidently appreciates all sorts of physical exercises and enjoyments. His subject was "The Beautiful in Nature and Art." His talk contained nothing in the way of thought that was new or original, but was all good and of a kind to be practically useful. What he said of trees, flowers, pictures, and the like with their uses, regarded merely as beautiful objects, was but an expression of views which you have always cherished but have, perhaps, never heard so pithily and eloquently spoken. I like the man better than I did before hearing him. This particular lecture would at all points have drawn from you "them's my sentiments."

I drew on you for two hundred dollars yesterday. My trust fund is drawn upon rather faster than I am collecting. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, November 30, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . Some two or three weeks ago I saw that my old crony Trowbridge was elected to the State Senate in Michigan, so I wrote him and received a long, old-fashioned, friendly letter that was pleasant reading after so long a silence.

Did I tell you how much I was pleased with [Henry] Ward Beecher? He is by no means an "intellectual" man—though Mrs. Solis might call him so—but he is what is far better for the purposes of a lecturer, a very bright, witty, sensible, good-hearted man—with fine natural gifts as a speaker improved by the most careful culture.

. . . . Lucy found herself caught in telling what she feared she ought not to tell and so escaped from saying that a lady's father had been convicted of obtaining goods under false pretences by saying that he had been "unfortunate in [a] moral point of view." The dodge whether an original or remembered inspiration strikes me as good. . . . — Regards to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 20, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . Dr. Joe is gone to St. Louis to attend the wedding of one of the Dr. Scotts. Will be absent about a week. He was over in Kentucky a few days ago and made definite arrangements as to the remaining negroes which are quite satisfactory. We shall have another daughter of Aunt Clara under the arrangement in a week or two.

We are quite happy at home now. The children are growing more and more interesting to us every day. Whenever I am alone and not thronged with business on a cold bleak day like this, my mind is full of sad thoughts which it would not do to dwell upon too much. How large a part of the happiness of such persons as *we* are, depends on a few lives. As we pass along through life, and one after another is gone, we probably find others to fill the vacant places, but for a long, long while the sorrow remains. I can feel that my boys, if as they grow up

they show intelligence and warm kind feeling, will fill a great space in my heart and add much to my happiness, but now there is a great void. But all this is part of the great mystery, and it is good philosophy not to indulge in melancholy reveries over the sorrows of the past.

. . . . Rogers does not talk of returning. I much doubt whether he will again make Cincinnati his home. If his health is really as much better in Minnesota as he imagines it to be, I could not urge him to return. We still keep his name in the firm and shall retain his place for him as long as there is any chance of his joining us again. Corwine is getting into harness again and I think will become a regular practitioner once more. He has got rid of some if not most of his money difficulties and is of far more use to the office than ever before. Between our student, clerk, and Mr. Corwine's extra efforts, less is left for me than usual. Good night.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*December 28, 1856.*—Holiday week. The old year drawing to a close. The most eventful, longest, and saddest year in its one great affliction that I have ever known. The void still remains. The wound does not heal. Not a day passes that this shadow does not darken some otherwise happy moments. I never am present at any scene of joyousness or festivity that Fanny's image is not present with its saddening influence. Oh, what a blessed sister she was! No other such loss could have happened to me. The long years of common experiences, joys, and sorrows, going back to the rosy period of life, bound her to me in a way that no acquaintance begun at a later period, however dear and close the relation, can equal. As we grow nearer the term of life, how sweet all the recollections of childhood become, and how dear those who can travel back to the same early memories! If my dear sister could be made happier by knowing how tenderly her memory is cherished by those she has left! But alas, alas!



There have been many pleasant scenes to store up for the future during the year now closing. Business, success in life, etc., are all such as I can look back upon with satisfaction. I took a part which satisfies me in the great struggle for liberty. More than all, I have been blessed, where not to be blessed is misery. My wife, boys, family, home are more and more the great reliance for happiness. Two fine boys occupy so much of my mind. Birtie is bright, a little wayward, but so handsome and promising that we see him with pride and affection whenever he rises before the mind. All who see him are pleased with him. With what pleasure I excited him by telling of the treasures which Santa Claus would bring him if he was a good boy, and watched him as he saw his stockings hung up by the fireplace. What a triumphant day for him Christmas was! He found in his stockings a picture-book and knickknacks. His good old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, brought him a barking monkey and a box out of which sprung when opened a queer, terrible-looking little old man which made his eyes start out with mingled fright and joy. He is a little timid about such horrors, but soon mastered his fears and enjoyed it boisterously. I took him to Judge James' room in the morning of Christmas day and enjoyed his happiness in gazing at toys in the show-windows. His constant question was, "What is all that?" He catches all our phrases which sound queerly in his little mouth. Speaking of the figure in his surprise box he says, "It is a terrible thing." Webb is a stout, good-natured child — stubborn and passionate when thwarted, but very good and very merry. His little blue eyes remind us of Sister Fanny. He is short and stout — much stouter than Birtie was at his age.

Had an exceedingly pleasant "informal" last night [at the Club]. George Strong came home to spend his holiday vacation. His little burlesque in the paper on the text, "If you study theology you will dry up as sure as you are born," was an agreeable piece of drollery. He should determine to be a man of letters as a profession.

Rogers, I fear, is lost to me by becoming a Minnesotan. His health there is good and he is likely to make that new country his

home. What a loss he is. I never knew his better. I love him like a brother — *better* than most brothers are loved.

In the second volume of Thornton's "Oregon and California" is an account of the horrid sufferings of a party of emigrants in 1846. One named *Milton Elliott* died of starvation. Was he our Kenyon Elliott?

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CINCINNATI, December 28, 1856.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . We have not decided whether to go to Columbus to be present at the State House warming on the 6th. It would not be an especial pleasure to me, even if I usually cared about such things. I could not forget the absent.

I today was wandering through the library, as is my custom on Sunday mornings, when I came across a file of the *Polynesian*, a newspaper published at Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. I naturally thought of our old friend General Hinton, and on looking over the advertisements found in the issue of October 18, 1856, the following:

"LAW NOTICE

"The undersigned has moved his office from the news room of S. C. Hillman to the room over J. H. Wood's Shoe Store, corner of Merchant and Fort Streets.

"Honolulu, Sept. 13, 1856.

O. HINTON."

This news is recent and authentic and suggests reflection on "the mutability of human affairs."

We are all very well. . . . Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all!

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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January 4, 1857.—A new year begun. Spent New Year's evening with Lucy at a pleasant little gathering at Mr. Wright's.

Have read lately Irving's "Washington"—all that's out, Thornton's "Oregon and California," Simpson's "Journey Around the Globe Overland." Am getting a tolerable notion of

the geography, condition, people, etc., of all this Western world. What a prodigious growth this English race, especially the American branch of it, is having! How soon will it subdue and occupy all the wild parts of this continent and of the islands adjacent. No prophecy, however seemingly extravagant, as to future achievements in this way are [is] likely to equal the reality.

*January 8, 1857.*—Read Wilkes' "Exploring Expedition in 1839-40, etc., to the Pacific"—Sandwich Islands and Oregon particularly.

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CINCINNATI, January 21, 1857.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . . You must not feel too anxious about the little folks with you. They are certainly a very fine bevy of children. You have reason to feel proud of them. Their little peculiarities, which with your older judgment do not seem favorable, will gradually disappear as they get older. It is best to overlook most things, and not to be too solicitous about perfection. I am afraid you will think I will spoil our children by too little government. Perhaps we do err on the other side, but you must come down and instruct us.

I found here a paper from Mr. Mead containing a very flattering notice of a work of art designed by his son Larkin. It was a statue of the Recording Angel built in one of the streets of *snow*. There is a good deal of genius in Mr. Mead's boys. I hope he is not to lose any more. — Love to all. Good-bye.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*January 23, 1857.*—Another very cold winter. The river has been frozen two or three weeks and the weather continues steadily very cold. At the coldest periods of the day, the thermometer here from 4 to 8 degrees below zero. In northern New York 36 degrees and 40 degrees below! A great scarcity of coal; sold at from 40 to 60 and even 80 cents a bushel.

Visited Columbus with both boys on the 10th and remained until the 20th. William very sick; supposed to be poisoned by drinking water poisoned by lead from the lining of his water tanks.

The steady and severe cold of last winter and this is sufficiently uncomfortable but so healthy. There is no doubt some reason for the saying we hear that during the last three years this has been the healthiest city in the world. It is a common remark that our seasons are changing — growing colder than they were years ago. Will they not change back again?

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CINCINNATI, January 24, 1857.

DEAR GUY: — I received and read with unusual pleasure your good long letter on your resolutions looking to disunion. I know that what you say of public feeling at the South is entirely reliable, and that all who take any part in politics ought to deal with such facts as their importance and undoubted reality require. That the same feeling which you describe exists in several, perhaps in a majority of the Southern States, I have no doubt, and if it were a question between South Carolina, Mississippi, Texas, etc., etc., on the one hand, and Massachusetts, Vermont, *northern* Ohio, etc., etc., on the other, the Union would be gone already. But New Jersey, Pennsylvania, southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois do not differ from their neighbors on the south more than they do with those on the north. The great Central States, both free and slaveholding, are *one*. Nevertheless, it does look more as if dissolution were a possibility than it did a few years ago. You are quite right, I confess, in looking forward with some solicitude, in casting about for the remedy. Whether I can agree with you in *that* is more than I can tell until I hear your views more explicitly.

You evidently desire to remove the whole subject from Congress, all action upon it, also all discussion of it in Congress. I do not know beyond this what remedy you would propose. To that extent we might perhaps agree. How much farther we can go together on this vexed question, I cannot guess, but from

past differences [I] am inclined to think we should separate before travelling far.

Now, as to another matter, — your becoming a candidate for Congress. I have changed on that subject. If you can get the nomination by making proper efforts, *I would make them*. And being once in the field (if after a survey you think you can win), go ahead and if you fail of success it will probably not injure you. If you win, no doubt you will take a high position in your party and before the country. I should hope that a term at Washington would correct some views you now hold which seem to me, not merely sectional, but local. At any rate, I shall see you oftener. You never can go into Congress under more favorable circumstances, and I hope you will make the race if the prospect of winning is fair.

Old Trow [Trowbridge] turned up as a member of the Senate of Michigan, a fierce Republican; writes as heartily and enthusiastically as ever in reply to a note I wrote him.

Uncle and Mother are both in feeble health this winter. Uncle frequently inquires after you with a warm interest. Doug Case is likely to return to Columbus to practice medicine with Dr. Little. My love to Stephen and all.

Sincerely, as ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
Texas.

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*January 25, 1857.* — Housed up all day trying to keep warm reading Lewis and Clark's "Expedition up the Missouri in 1804-5-6." A very accurate and thorough survey and report they made. One can't but notice how much more friendly and honest the Indians were then than later travellers have found them. The country from the mouth of the Platte to the Rocky Mountains, and from the mountains to within a hundred miles of the Pacific, does not seem to promise well for future dwellers in all that region. On the Yellowstone and in spots scattered over this region, there are doubtless fine tracts of country, but no such continuous good country as we see in the five Northwestern States.

What a raining, foggy winter they found at the mouth of the Columbia. But one or two, or a few, cold days; but perpetual rain and storm.

*January 29.* — Weather mild and pleasant. The cold left us two or three days ago and we now have old-fashioned February weather.

*February 5, 1857.* — Ice in the Ohio broke this A. M. Two or three steamers nearly or quite wrecked by the floating ice during the day, and others damaged.

*February 15.* — Warm pleasant weather. The hydrants in the neighborhood begin to give water again and we expect to thaw out in a few days.

*February 27.* — The continued warm weather thawed out our water pipes today — divers leaks in them. .

*March.* — A cold wintry month. The like of it not known since 1843; the year of the other comet.

*April 26, 1857.* — Uncle left yesterday after a pleasant visit of four weeks. He is in feeble health and thinks he will never be rid of his present difficulties — lungs diseased — but hopes by care to have some years of enjoyable life. What a cheerful, affectionate, hopeful nature he has. Is a Christian in faith and practice now, although not a professor.

Read two or three books on the Amazon — Edwards and —, Prescott's "Charles V in his Cloister," "Kings Retired from Business." [Also] Olmstead's "Seaboard Slave States," Olmstead's "Tour in Texas," Lewis and Clark's "Oregon," Thornton's ditto, Clarkson's Life, Wilberforce's ditto, Fred Douglass' ditto, Wilkes' "Exploring Expedition," Sam Lewis' Life, Thos. Moore's ditto, [and] Simpson's "British America."

Edward Everett pronounces "dynasty" — *yn* like *in* the preposition: *Russia* like *rush*; "chivalry" — *ch* in chicken; Clive — *i* long like hive.

CINCINNATI, April 28, 1857.

DEAR MOTHER:—I received your letter this morning. I did not know it was so long since you heard from us. But you remember my way is always to write often when there is any one in danger, and you may always feel unconcerned about us when you do not hear.

. . . . Do not feel doubtful about our affection for you if we happen to appear negligent about writing to you. The truth is, Lucy is kept constantly engaged with her boys, and dislikes letter writing, as you know, and I am frequently occupied so that time slips away almost unawares.

I got a good daguerreotype of Uncle when he was here. He had a great aversion to having his likeness taken, but was well satisfied with it after it was done. . . . My regards to all.

Affectionately, your son,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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May 7, 1857.—With Lucy heard Edward Everett deliver his oration on Washington at Smith & Nixon's. His manner was more like that of our common speakers; less *appearance* of study in it than I anticipated, therefore more agreeable than I expected. The whole matter, style, and delivery were about as I looked for—quite equal [to] my expectations. I had regarded him as the best specimen extant of the refined, scholarly, eloquent, holiday orator, and such he is. His fine audience were charmed. Lucy was especially carried away, wishes to hear it again. He said many fine things, but Tom Corwin, who was on the stand, could on the same subject, have thrilled the audience in a way far excelling anything Everett did.

On the stand were a number of notabilities: Judge McLean, who seemed to enjoy and apply personally to himself what was said of Washington's lack of genius and possession of the "unpopular" qualities of prudence, modesty, justice; Tom Corwin; Governor Chase; our Senator Pugh, insignificant looking in such company, our members of Congress, Pendleton and Groesbeck; our Judges of Superior Court, Spencer, Storer, and Gholson;

Colonel John Johnston; Mr. Mansfield; Judge Johnson; Charles Anderson; Mr. Green; Lewis D. Campbell; H. Stanbery, and Judge Hall, and two strangers.

Mr. Everett is an erect, well-formed, middle-sized man, aged about sixty-five, apparently, well preserved, handsome, but not *great-looking*. His best points in this speech — to take the house, I mean — were his account of the woman who brought home her husband's ship, the description of Marlborough's palace and character, and [the description of] Washington's home.

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CINCINNATI, May 17, 1857.

DEAR MOTHER:—. . . . Janette Elliot is married to the Mr. Keeler who has been addressing her this long time. He is a printer and editor of moderate pretensions but will probably be a kind husband. Hall, a brother-in-law of Aunt Emily, having married her two sisters, (——— and Ellen,) has just married a daughter of Henry Trowbridge, a girl of eighteen, and is coming west on his bridal tour.

Larkin Mead's snow statue is opening the way to a fine career as an artist. Mr. Longworth opened an anonymous correspondence with him, got him to send him a daguerreotype of it, remitted him one hundred and fifty dollars, and promises to send him to Florence with Powers. He also has engaged him to execute a full-sized marble statue of the snow work. This is all a secret between the old gentleman and the boy. But Mead's father being curious to know who it was that was patronizing Larkin had me hunt him up. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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May 20, 1857. — Almost a year has passed since I last saw Sister Fanny, prior to the sickness of which she died, and when I last had an opportunity to talk cheerfully with her, — at the time of the State Republican Convention to nominate delegates to the National Convention at Philadelphia. I was at Columbus.



Fanny was an invalid—greatly changed—looking forward hopefully and cheerfully to the birth [of] a child as the dreaded crisis. She felt her danger and spoke freely of it. Oh, her beautiful character, her winning ways, her conversation, her fine sense and cultivation, her extensive acquirements, her sweet affections! She loved me as an only sister loves a brother whom she imagines almost perfect, and I loved her as an only brother loves a sister who is perfect. Dear, dear Fanny! Let me be just and truthful, wise and pure and good for thy sake! How often I think of her. I read of the death of any one worthy of love and she is in my thoughts. I see—, but all things high and holy remind me of her.

Peter Parley's autobiography is good; gossipy, honest, and entertaining. . . .

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CINCINNATI, May 30, 1857.

DEAR MOTHER:—. . . . No doubt you are pleased and happy that Uncle has united with the church. He talked with me about religious matters a good deal. I told him that entertaining the views he did, it was a matter of duty to take the course he has. He will feel more contented and satisfied with his position in the church than out of it.

. . . . Fred Hall, who married two of Aunt Emily's sisters was here last Sunday with a third wife—a daughter of Henry Trowbridge and niece of his wives—aged eighteen. She is scarcely so beautiful as his former wives but pretty and very bright and lovely. Lucy and she speedily became friends. She seemed quite pleased with her new position as wife, and her husband being young-looking for his age and only thirty-five, there was not such a disparity between them as one would imagine upon learning that she was a third wife.

. . . . Mr. Mead's bright boy, I think I told you, has found a patron in Mr. Longworth. I saw a daguerreotype of the snow statue, or rather of a miniature marble copy of it, which Mr. Longworth has. It is very pretty. . . . Good-bye.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, May 31, 1857.

DEAR GUY:—Hearty congratulations upon your nomination. I learned it this moment and sincerely rejoice at your success. None of your friends in Brazoria County looked for the news from the Waco convention more impatiently than I have. For two weeks I have been a daily reader of the *Delta*, *Picayune*, and *Bulletin*—dry papers which usually I scarcely glance at—hoping to hear from the convention. Strangely enough it comes first in the *New York Tribune*. New York is always ahead.

I have for some time, in the feeble light I could get here, feared that the chances were against you. I saw you were stronger than either of your competitors—far stronger—but I feared, as often happens, that all of them would combine against you as the formidable candidate. Besides, I feared from what I saw about your opponent who resides at Galveston and the movements of his friends, that the lawyers would be likely to oppose you or to favor another, and as my profession, in the “rural districts” particularly, are all politicians, I thought there was danger in that direction. And so, in my ignorance of the exact posture of affairs, I have conjured up a variety of causes which probably had no existence but which might work your defeat. Worst of all, however, I heard some days ago that Runnels was nominated for Governor. No mention was made of Congressmen, but I inferred your defeat supposing that the candidate for Governor was your old neighbor from Mississippi, and I thought that both candidates would hardly be taken from the same county.

Well, this is a long story to let you know how I am relieved and delighted with this result. I feel, as Birtie did the other day about the rhubarb pie. He could hardly be induced to taste it. But on trying it was very fond of it and burst out: “I thought I didn’t like it—and I tried it—and I did like it—and then I was so happy.”

There is, I take it, no doubt of your election. Now get married, and you are fairly on the road both to distinction and, what is better, happiness.

I don’t want to have your labors increased by writing to me, but send me some paper containing the balloting in your con-

vention, and after the election, the returns. Your *Democrat and Planter* is very deficient in these details, figures, etc., though quite interesting in the main. — Regards to all.

As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

P. S. — Ordinarily Cincinnati Congressmen are not men that you would care to associate with. But in the next Congress we send two able, honorable gentlemen — men superior in all estimable qualities to either of our Senators. My only objection to them is, that they agree with you in general politics. — H.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
Texas.

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June 7, 1857. — Returned this morning from St. Louis where I had gone with the excursionists who were celebrating the opening of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad and other railroads connecting Baltimore and St. Louis. St. Louis is a charming city; will be the great metropolis of the Mississippi valley.

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CINCINNATI, Friday, July 3, 1857.

DEAR LU: — On Monday evening I started for Gambier. At Columbus I found that Jennie Andrews was going to Commencement, so I took Laura with me. We enjoyed it very much and returned yesterday. At Columbus all are looking forward to your coming with great anticipations. Laura loves you more than anybody else except her father. Birch and all are well. . . .

At Gambier we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. French. Their beautiful boy, of whom you heard me say so much, has after untold suffering become hopelessly a cripple of the worst sort — one hip out of joint, a knee and ankle stiffened, his beautiful hair *worn* off, and so emaciated and unhappy that death would be a blessing.

[R. B. HAYES.]

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 4 or 5, 1857.

MY DEAREST:—It is either very late or very early—either the 4th near midnight or the 5th in the morning. I suspect the latter. I have just returned from the club celebration and as I feel no disposition to sleep will spend a few minutes in talking with my darling about it. I do regret, as so many of your friends did, that you were not here. It was one of the pleasantest—perhaps the very jolliest gathering we ever had. The cold and rains we have had the last few days led the committee to give up the picnic at Plainville and to substitute a soirée at the club room on the evening of the Fourth. The change proved a happy one. All day today Mrs. Hoadly, Sallie Perry, and the Wrights have been aiding the committee in preparing the hall and arranging the tables. With the evergreens, the flowers, and the paintings and engravings gathered from all the friendly families of the club, the rooms were indeed charmingly arranged and ornamented. Your friends were sorry you were not here to enjoy that part of the frolic. The company gathered by about eight o'clock—one hundred by “actual count” in number. All the Wrights—both families, old and young,—Mrs. Hoadly, Sallie Perry, Mrs. Mallon, Dr. Joe with Miss Chase, Judge James, with three young Woodward School misses, a daughter of Dr. Menzies being the prettiest, etc., etc.

After all had arrived and chatted enough, Mr. Ward read a ratherish good and witty poem, which all were determined to enjoy, [and which] was enjoyed of course. Next, the supper; then a capital club paper which took the house. The only disagreeable point in it to me was your absence. How you would have laughed! I do think you would have “jumped up and down” with delight. After this, the company mixed up and all joined in “The Star-spangled Banner” and two or three merry club songs, until I never saw ladies so carried away with fun. Mrs. Lord clapped her hands and called for cheers “for this great and glorious club,” and such like extravagances. I suspect it was near one o'clock when we quit. A fine young actor gave us some genuine stage readings, which were especially grateful to those (of whom the number was large) who never go to theatres.

I did the`beau for Mrs. Mallon during the evening and escorted home Miss Rachel W—, so you know I was less in clover than if my darling had been with me. "How much your wife would enjoy it," was repeated to me half a score of times at least.

The public celebration was well enough. Birtie saw the procession. Mr. Stephenson and Billy [Rogers] were here to dinner and spent a good part of the afternoon in shooting crackers with Birtie out on the cellar door. The prettiest part of the public celebration was the bonfires on all the surrounding hills during the evening. Nothing could have been finer than the different colored Bengal lights.

I am growing sleepy. Dr. Joe has just got in. Good night, dearest.

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 10, 1857.

DEAR GUY:—I am glad to notice that you are likely to have a very smooth race of it. With a determined opposition, a contest in a district of such magnificent dimensions as yours would be a serious business.

I was at Kenyon Commencement (time changed to the first Wednesday in July). Many friendly inquiries were made about you. Quite a bitter rivalry has sprung up between the two old societies. An amusing partisanship is the result. All the bad passions belonging to the larger politics of the world are exhibited in miniature. You would have enjoyed looking on as I did.

. . . You must enjoy the peppering which "Old Sam" [Houston] is getting. Write me when you have time.

As ever,

R.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

*August 29, 1857.*—Returned today after an absence of just six weeks. Visited Uncle Moses with Lucy and the boys; Grandfather Boggs at Zanesville; Mother Hayes and sister Fanny's family. Mother went with us to Fremont. We spent several weeks at Mrs. Valette's happy home with Uncle Birchard most pleasantly.

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CINCINNATI, September 15, 1857.

DEAR LUCY:— . . . I got home last night. . . . Things look natural and pleasant. I hope you will keep well and happy. Birtie's photograph is most excellent. If he was as pretty as his portraits, his good looks would spoil him.

The Union Convention was stormy but its results will probably be satisfactory to all who would be satisfied with anything reasonable. Gurley for Congress. I was named and decently withdrawn by a friend as I wished. The *Enquirer* says they feared my nomination but can beat Gurley. I suspect they are mistaken.

You had better go to Columbus the first rain—if there is a rain in any reasonable time to lay the dust. Stay there a long time and I'll come up and see you.

Lovingly yours. Affectionately,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 4, 1857.

DEAR MOTHER:—This is my birthday. It finds me and mine all in health and sufficiently prosperous and happy. The scarcity of money does not affect people of my profession very seriously, and while I feel a good deal of anxiety for friends, I am tolerably free from difficulties of my own. . . .

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 8, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER WILLIAM:—I received yours yesterday suggesting a meeting with Uncle at Columbus. It may be worth while to do it if these times continue and Uncle's health will allow. I shall certainly take time to go to Columbus or Fremont if my visit can be of use. At present there seems to be no further occasion for anxiety. I got a letter from Uncle *this* morning in which he says the bank will go along and that he is over his troubles. He adds: "I hope we have not troubled Platt much." I trust there will be no further difficulty and that Uncle will get out of the business at the earliest possible moment.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

WILLIAM A. PLATT.

*November 24, 1857.*—Lucy went with me to Columbus to take a Thanksgiving dinner with mother and the children of dear sister Fanny. The children all are well and happy. Little Fanny is like her mother. Ruddy also resembles her, but not nearly so much as our little Webb does.

Birch grows rapidly and now promises to be a large fleshy fellow like his uncle Joe. He begins to *think*. He asked his mother who the preacher talked to when he shut his eyes and looked up. She replied, "to God." "But where is God?"—"In Heaven where good people are after they are dead."—"How do good people get up there?"—"God takes them."—"How do God take them up?" His mother hesitated. "Do He pull them up with a rope?"

He saw a little boy doing something he did not approve and told his Uncle Joe: "I would have whipped him but I did not know how to *unbutton his pants*." Oh, he grows! . . .

The year drawing to a close. Altogether a happy year.

Early in November had a little visit from Mary Ann (Hayes) Bigelow and her husband from Sioux City, Iowa. A happy couple, agreeable too. I begin to feel more attached to kindred—to *some* of them, though, I can't yet say with Webster, "Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!"

CINCINNATI, December 11, 1857,

At office, 5 P. M., day's work done.

DEAREST L—:— It will be "agreeable" — beg pardon, "conducive" is the word — for you to stay longer if you wish. We are getting on harmoniously. Birt has a kitten. Mary W—'s intended not yet here — not known when he'll come. I hope not at all — wicked hope. Wedding positively not to take place till he comes. Uncle well, bank sound. I have read the President's message and, as Mrs. Hinton said to Van Buren, "Farewell, Mr. Buchanan." Am reading, I think I told you, Hugh Miller's book on "The Testimony of the Rocks" — the book he died of. A great book, very eloquent.

I shall not come up tomorrow. Will try to do so when you want to come home. Good-bye.

Lovingly,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

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*December 25, 1857.* — Merry Christmas 1857! Birtie's first genuine Christmas. How he talked of "Old Chris Kingle" [Kriss Kringle]. Hanging up stockings, springing up in bed to see if Chris heard when I blew a tin trumpet. And how happy he was when he got up and saw his drum and table and toys and candy. Poor little fellow, he has had *whooping cough* about two weeks and is now crying with his troubles. Webb was gay as a bird, enjoying his chair and all eatables.

*January 10, 1858.* — . . . Mild weather, very, since November 28. No snow or ice and but two or three days of cold weather and no weather cold enough to require an overcoat.

Christmas and New Year's delightful days. We enjoyed them vastly. Birtie and his toys — gifts from mysterious "Old Chris" — have afforded us much amusement and happiness. No happier holidays since — oh, ever!



CINCINNATI, Sunday, March 21, 1858.

DEAR MOTHER:—Your letter enclosing General Gaines' letter on the early training of youth, we received this morning. Lucy read to us the letter and I now enclose it back to you. It is interesting and contains very valuable suggestions, but possesses a peculiar value for you from your acquaintance with the writer. . . .

We are also having large daily prayer-meetings. I have attended one and enjoyed it. As at present conducted they are more to my taste than the usual meetings for worship. There is less of the merely formal and mechanical, less importance attached to doctrines and creeds, and more earnestness and sincerity. We can hardly expect them to be kept up long; but while they continue as they are now, they must certainly accomplish good results.

Lucy has a gift of a sewing machine from her mother. She is very successful in learning to use it. She did a prodigious amount of work with it last week.

The boys are very well and not very bad. — Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, April 5, 1858.

DEAR GUY:—I have been quite busy lately, but luckily got my eye on your short speech on volunteers, etc. I suppose this was your maiden effort in the House. It was no doubt a success. You did well all you attempted to do. By asking if you were "dissipated," I referred of course to the social dissipation, balls, soirées, etc., of Washington. As you are unfortunately a bachelor, I thought you might be on the lookout for some legitimate avenue to a knowledge of "domestic institutions," and in that connection I asked you an old question which was a by-word with you and old Trow [Trowbridge] and myself at Kenyon. "What are the '*prospects*'?" The "*prospects*" referring, as I hope to remind you, to Trow's courtship of Mary (or was it Jane?) Douglass.

I am glad you have kept clear of a set speech on the doleful

subject of Kansas. I can't help thinking less of a man who on either side of that question feels impelled to talk when it is so obvious that it is squeezed dry. If drawn into an offhand debate, it is all right; but of deliberate malice to perpetrate an essay for fear somebody may not understand the member's position, shows a want of taste, self-reliance, or something else that I deem essential.

Times are growing better with us. Business men [are] pushing ahead again, and the great crash will soon be forgotten.

You notice, of course, the singular phenomenon called by the religious press the "great awakening." It is a quiet, unobtrusive, decorous movement thus far and yet very absorbing and universal. I watch it with much interest. In no event can there be much harm in it. The reaction of such a revival, which must come, will naturally partake of the peaceful character of the movement and be attended with little mischief; while results permanently useful may reasonably be expected from the "awakening" itself.

I suppose you have little time to think about either soul or body. I wish your district, and by consequence your labors, was diminished to one-tenth. You might then think of "prospects."

We have no court today, it being election day for municipal and township officers.

As ever,

R.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Washington.*

CINCINNATI, May 3, 1858.

DEAR LAURA:—I am very glad to learn from Mother that you are the valedictorian. No doubt you deserve it. I know you would not have been weak about it if it had been otherwise, but it is none the less gratifying that you have been successful. You will let me know when the time comes and if you want to see me then I will be there if I can.

Your uncle,

MISS LAURA PLATT,  
*Columbus.*

RUD.

*June 13, 1858.*—On Thursday I went to Columbus with Birtie. . . . Friday, the 11th, Laura graduated at the Esther Institute. She took the first honor of her class—the valedictory. She was the youngest and much the smallest of the class. She read her address in a clear, firm tone, her delivery being the best of the day. She opened with a few lines of parody of the opening of *Hiawatha*. Her piece was a plain, unambitious composition, very fit for her to speak on such an occasion. We were all much pleased with her success. She has gone too fast we fear, and is out of school and “out” in the other sense too early by a year or two. She has fine qualities, however, and will hardly give up study because she is done with school. Mrs. Kilbourne, Hatty Solis, and Uncle Birchard were all at Platt’s. [Uncle] Birchard had a painful accident—the crushing of the middle finger of his right hand to the first joint by the shutting of one of the large gates of the State House yard. Uncle jokes about the pain; says it is a case in which Mark Tapley would glory—it would be “a credit to be jolly” under the circumstances. Birch and Ruddy played happily together. I hope they will grow up to be very friendly. Sister Fanny wished them to become intimate early. Lucy asked Birt who[m] he liked best of his cousins. He answered, “Oh, Fanny,” as if that were a matter of course.

When I sat down in the schoolroom where the exhibition exercises took place, I thought more of the absent than anything present. Fanny was not there! How she would have enjoyed the scene. She would have had no foolish gratification in seeing the triumph of her daughter. I doubt if she would have had any of the selfish vanity, so common on such occasions, but she would have been happy that Laura and the rest of us were so happy. I could not but think of her, and in spite of my efforts to prevent, the unbidden tear would flow. Alas! I cannot feel the satisfaction some appear to do in the reflection that her eyes beheld the scene from the other world. So wrote Mr. Perry to Platt in a note written that day.

*Thursday, June 24.*—Our third boy was born this morning a little before 4 o’clock—at daylight; born in the same room that Webb first saw the light [in]. He weighs ten pounds, is large

and fat; very little hair; probably looks like his Uncle Joe. Lucy doing well.

*Friday, July 23, 1858.* — Lucy got on nicely about two weeks. One night she was up, sitting at the window watching Birtie playing "blum boys" (training as soldiers with paper sashes, caps, etc.) until late, and probably took cold. She had severe pains in her breasts; and for ten days has had rheumatism creeping over her from one place to another, giving her great pain. It began in her left shoulder and arm and in her neck and having passed almost over her is now we think leaving her.

COLUMBUS, August 13, 1858, Friday P. M.

DEAR LU: — All well here. Have been racing with the girls until I am decidedly hot and my hand none too steady. I went with Mother to the daily prayer-meeting this morning in Dr. Hoge's Church. A fair attendance.

. . . Laura will go with me tomorrow to Burlington, Vermont, to spend a couple of months with her Aunt Hickock to learn housekeeping. It was so resolved after a ten minutes' consultation — sudden but agreeable. We go to Detroit; thence across Canada to the Springs; thence to Burlington and so on to Brattleboro. . . .

Lovingly, in haste,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

*August, 1858.* — Thursday, 12th, cars to Columbus. Saturday morning, 14th, with Laura via Shelby and Monroeville to Fremont. At Fremont Sunday, 15th. Monday, 16th, with Laura. Uncle, and Pease, via Toledo by railroad to Detroit. At Detroit, Monday evening, after talking of the probable failure of the Atlantic Telegraph, were awakened by the ringing of bells celebrating the reception of the Queen's message. Tuesday via Hamilton, London, etc., by railroad about two hundred and forty miles to St. Catharines, Canada West. At St. Catharines 18th

and 19th. On the 19th with Laura to Niagara Falls and back. Friday, 20th, by railroad to Toronto. Steamer thence Friday evening. Saturday passed Ogdensburg, the Thousand Islands, and the rapids to Montreal. Left Montreal immediately same evening in steamer for Quebec. Sunday, 22nd, at Quebec.

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QUEBECK, CLARENDON HOUSE, Sunday, August 21, 1858.

DEAREST: — We remained at that paradise of rheumatics and the like, St. Catharine's, until Friday at 11 A. M. when we took [the] railroad to Toronto. On the way [we] stopped an hour and a half at Hamilton; called on Breslin, found him glad to see us; chatty, well-informed, and exceedingly interesting on all matters pertaining to the city and the politics of Canada. He hopes the State will accept a compromise of his trouble and so allow him to return to Ohio. At Toronto we went on board the fine American steamer *Northerner* and had a charming moonlight sail down the Ontario to Ogdensburg. We there boarded a smaller steamer at 10:30 A. M. Saturday, and passed over the different rapids of the St. Lawrence to Montreal and on arriving there changed to a crowded little British steamer manned by talking, polite little Frenchmen and reached here this morning at 7:30 o'clock. The weather has been good — cold enough at all times for thick clothing, and at times rendering my thick old overcoat a great comforter. Laura enjoyed the scenery, especially the excitement of passing the rapids, almost as much as you would have done.

And here is the only drawback to the enjoyment we are having. Mrs. Valette, at St. Catharines, [and] Uncle and Laura here are wishing you were with us. But not half so much as I do. You would just "jump up and down" to see some of the magnificent views we are looking at here. I never saw such fine landscapes as are spread out here. Water in every form, lakes, rivers, cascades; mountains, precipices, towns, shipping, and fortifications all in one view; air clear and pure, etc., etc.

We went to church this morning at the Episcopal Cathedral. Awful long services by five or six fogies in various sorts of gowns. [The] Lord's Prayer repeated *six* times; candles and

doings of a Romish look made one feel as if Protestantism was hot-foot after their ancient foe in forms and ceremonies. But the music was truly glorious! I know this chiefly because all say so, but somewhat because of the effect on myself.

Love to all. Birtie and Webb are in my mind constantly. How is the other little customer?

We shall remain here three days and then towards Vermont. Write me, as I said before, care of L. G. Mead Esq., Brattleboro. Good-bye, dearest, I love you very much.

Affectionately,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

BRATTLEBORO, August 26, 1858.

DEAREST:—Thank you for your favor of the 22nd. I have no time to write much. Am sorry to hear that Uncle T—has gone. He was a good man; has had a long and useful life.

I hope you are now at Uncle M—'s quietly enjoying yourself.

We have had a glorious trip. I wish you were here. Such warm welcome you would find in Mr. Mead's whole-hearted family. We left Laura at Burlington this morning. She has been a capital traveller. We go up into the mountains away from railroads in a few minutes for three or four days.

In haste.—Kisses to boys and much love to all.

Affectionately,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

FAYETTEVILLE, VERMONT,

Friday Morning, August 27, 1858.

DEAREST L—:—I wrote you a hasty note yesterday from Brattleboro on receipt of yours of the 22nd. I am now in the quiet, beautiful little village where Uncle Austin Birchard lives and shall probably not be disturbed until I have given you a few jottings about our travels with such other "appropriate remarks" as may occur to me. If little Ruddy or any less important personage requires your attention the reading of what may follow can safely be postponed to a more convenient season.

We shall probably leave Vermont about Thursday the 2nd of September. [Mutilated.] I shall get home about Saturday the 11th. You will, I hope, write to me at Fremont where I shall stop two or three days about the 8th. Write some time before that, so that I shall find at least one letter from you when I get there. You don't know how glad I was to get yours at Brattleboro. It had just got there.

I am really concerned about your mother's health. She works so hard and has so many cares. We ought to contrive some way to relieve her. With her disposition to help others, I don't see how it is to be done; but think of it. With all our little ones "*in praesenti et in futuro*" — I believe that is good law Latin, — she is likely to have her hands full if we don't manage to take some of the burden off her shoulders. . . .

At the rate I am going I shall not reach my travels, so I shall stop remarks and "journalize" a while. Sunday and Monday last we spent at Quebec. The finest views and rides in all the land. We visited the Falls of Montmorenci, the Plains of Abraham where General Wolfe fell, the citadel — the American Gibraltar with its hundreds of cannon, — all parts of the wonderful city, and the surrounding country. Monday evening we left Quebec on the steamer *Napoleon*, and sailed up the St. Lawrence to Montreal. She was crowded with soldiers with their wives and children, French Canadians, French priests, and Americans travelling for pleasure — a jovial, chatting crowd full of interest to one who loves to make observations on the human animal. By the way nothing struck me more than the British soldiers with their wives and little ones. The most of these had been in the Crimea and wore badges showing that they were the conquerors of Sebastopol. Almost all had wives and many children. [Mutilated.] The soldiers were kind to them. Almost every man carried one little fellow in his arms and had others tugging at his legs. Domestic felicity under difficulties!

We are strange animals. Two signs (you know I study signs) stuck me in Quebec, viz. "Licensed to retail Liquors" and "Licensed *Midwife*." Mother Webb would probably say they were both evils which ought to be prohibited instead of licensed.

We reached Montreal about 7 A. M. and stopped at the

Donegana House. Laura and I got into a cab and "did" the city. We ascended the tower, three hundred steps high, of the largest church in America, the Notre Dame, and surveyed the same region which Satan showed to our Saviour, that is, "all the kingdoms," etc. We got into the great bell which weighs fifteen tons and shook its clapper which weighs four tons five hundred pounds. Montreal is a beautiful city famous for its massive stone buildings, beautiful too, but chiefly noteworthy in our eyes because of their permanent structure.

Tuesday evening we left Montreal by railroad for Burlington, Vermont, and reached there the same evening (ninety-seven miles) after passing over a level uninteresting country, before bed-time. Laura found Mrs. Hickock reading a letter which she (Laura) had written from Quebec and was warmly welcomed. Mrs. Hickock had much to say of you — regretted you were not of the party and more of the like. We spent a day and more at Burlington. It is in its business part a common village with agreeable surroundings. But on riding through the suburbs one finds streets, leading towards the high ground back from the lake, [having] beautiful residences with extensive grounds finely laid out and ornamented and having most commanding and extensive views of lake and mountains. Dr. Hickock, you know, has an observatory with an excellent telescope conveniently mounted for viewing either the heavenly bodies or the distant scenery. [Mutilated.]

We bid good-bye to Laura Thursday morning (26th) and came by rail in five hours (one hundred and fifty miles) to Brattleboro — crossing the whole State of Vermont from its northwest corner to its southeast corner over the Green Mountains (I ought to have said *under* or *through* the Green Mountains) in less time than it used to take to ascend one of its peaks. At Brattleboro, where we stopped long enough to tea, to read your letter, and to write a note to you, we saw all of Mr. Mead's family. He jerked me about and hugged me and laughed and talked about Lucy and the boys as if he had known you all your days. We ran into Larkin's studio. He was at work on a colossal statue of Ethan Allen. It is for the State and is to be placed on the top of a beautiful granite monument which we



saw at Burlington in honor of the old hero. The figure is in a bold attitude, one hand on his sword and the other raised towards heaven as if in the act of demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga, "in the name of Almighty God and the Continental Congress." We saw all of Mr. Mead's family and left in an old-fashioned stage-coach for this place the same evening. Reached here last night. Uncle Austin met us at the village hotel. He is a whole-souled, healthy, stout man about sixty-five years old—very fond of fun and as deaf as a post. He and Mr. Mead are worth a journey to Vermont to see. Mary Birchard and Sardis (age sixteen) are at home. Aunt Birchard is as she was. We shall climb the hills over to Dummerston, where my father and mother first lived and where Cynthia Taylor (Austin Taylor's sister) is dying of consumption, tomorrow, and spend the night with my queer Uncle Roger in his queer store with his queer old goods. I shall try to buy an old-fashioned article as a specimen (say a goose yoke or a jew's-harp) of his stock. Sunday we shall spend here. Then two days or so with Mead and Uncle Russell Hayes and his family at Brattleboro and then off to New York. [Mutilated.]

I hope you are well and happy with the darling boys. Try to keep so. Love to all. There, good-bye.

Affectionately, yours ever,

R.

P. S.—I forgot to speak of health. [Uncle] Birchard is pretty well. He has enjoyed the trip a great deal, and bears its fatigues and the changes of weather very well. Pease was thought to be in danger of going off with consumption speedily. Had bad nights, bled some from the lungs, etc., etc. But Uncle and I have kept him from sleeping daytimes, so he now sleeps well at night and we have laughed at his whims until he now admits that he is quite improved. I was never better. We sit by the fire today; have found it comfortable several days.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, [September 20 (*circa*)], 1858.

DEAR LAURA:—Jennie McLelland weighs one hundred and twenty pounds avoirdupois! Short too. You will have to de-

vote yourself to it or you can never rival her. We met her at Brattleboro and had her company home. We had a jolly gay time at Brattleboro. The Meads are a happy family and have the gift of making others happy. I love them all. Joana (I wonder if that is spelled right—it looks awkwardly) is two days older than you are (*née* March 30, 1843) very pretty, sweet-tempered, can romp like a Kentucky damsel, has a full rich voice and a contagious happy laugh that can "smooth the wrinkled brow of care." Eleanor is older, more cultivated and less riotous than Joanna (I try two n's this time and think it looks better), but witty, chatty, and capital company. Mary Birchard thinks her "sarcastic," but as she is not ill-natured in her satire, I like it. I did not expect them to enjoy me as much as I did them, but when I left I was pleased to hear Eleanor say: "Your visit has been perfectly splendid." They spoke of you, and after I had given such a poor setting out of your qualities as I could, they were eager to have you visit them, insist[ed] upon it, etc., etc. Larkin, the snow-statue artist and sculptor of the Ethan Allen statue for the monument at Burlington, is a quiet, silent youngster said to be engaged (so don't set your cap for him) to a pretty damsel of St. Albans.

No particular fun after leaving Brattleboro. Visited Sam Elliot's lively family at New Haven. Uncle saw Eunice Moody in New York. We stopped a day or two in Lockport at Uncle Works' and were accompanied from there home by Mrs. Valette.

I visited Columbus, played tag with Ruddy and the girls; then to Elmwood, where I found Lucy and the boys. Webb, a little ailing, the rest very well. Lucy is in blooming health and looking her prettiest. Birch hauling his market waggon, gathering acorns, hickory nuts, and the like, was gaining health and enjoyment enough.

I am alone at home—nobody stirring, "not even a mouse," and, what is lonelier, nobody to stir except myself. I expect Uncle Joe or Mother Webb home next week.

Write to your loving, lonely uncle,

RUDDY.

MISS LAURA PLATT,  
*Burlington, Vermont.*

CINCINNATI, September 30, 1858.

DEAR LUCY:—I have just received Mother's letter informing me of your safe arrival with the little ones at Columbus. I am very glad to hear it and much obliged to Mother for writing.

. . . . The political excitement here is very great. I have never seen such large meetings as we are now having. Processions and gatherings every night. Very lucky that it is so short a canvass. If it was a month I should want to run away. As it is I enjoy it vastly. Gurley will certainly beat Groesbeck and there is a fair chance for carrying everything else.

Lew Lee, our Republican "rounder" in the Fourteenth Ward, was blown up last night in consequence of the grossest carelessness. Anybody else would have died outright. He is the fellow who was shot all to pieces in '56 and who a year ago was stabbed through the lungs, stomach, bowels, and throat and was on his feet in four weeks. He was in our office yesterday afternoon looking fresh and hearty. The papers say he will die but he won't. He'll be well in three weeks. I only judge by the past.

You are right popular. People ask for you constantly. I am sure you will have a pleasant visit. . . . .

Sincerely—no, affectionately and lovingly, your

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 2, 1858.

DEAR LUCY:—I have just read your letter—am very glad to hear you are all so well. . . . . Dr. Joe said something of a wonderful singer, Karl Formes, and I was silly enough to go to his concert last night. It was horribly tedious. He has a voice of wonderful and I may truly say hideous power. It is like a great big snore. How people enjoy [his singing] I don't understand. . . . .

Our courts begin next week, but we shall not do much until the political excitement is at an end.

I have no doubt we shall be very happy when you get home again. . . . . I have ordered a new suit of clothes—

plain black frock coat and black pants. So we can go out without trouble about the patch you laughed so much about, when you come home. Love to all the kin. . . .

Lovingly,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 4, 1858.

DEAR LUCY:—This is my birthday. The only unusual celebration will be an address to the good people of Walnut Hills tonight. We are having a most prodigious political excitement. The like has not been seen within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Meetings, torchlight processions, cannonading, bonfires, singing, and illuminations every night, "Sundays excepted." Do you want to see any of these sights? Corwin, the Governor, will speak Thursday night and on Saturday night the greatest torchlight procession of the canvass will take place. On Monday night next there will be another by the Democrats. If you want to see the Saturday night affair, I will try to come up about Friday and bring you down on Saturday afternoon. Write at once if you would like it. Possibly you would rather be away.

Lovingly,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, October 11, 1858.

DEAR GUY:—I received yours of the 27th this morning. I am very glad to hear that you are to marry Laura Jack. I recollect her perfectly. She was when I saw her a bright, pretty, sweet girl of ten or twelve with a face and figure that gave promise of much beauty. You are a lucky man after all. I feared you were doomed to live and die a bachelor. I have possibly some crotchets on that subject, but I am in the habit of expecting to see bachelors eccentric, given to hobbies, and with many ways and notions which are objectionable. Intellect, education, and sound morals and affections do not seem to be a protection from these tendencies. "It's no use talking," Guy, you are to be married in the nick of time. You have a prize,

I am sure. You will be happier, you will make your friends happier, you will be a wiser and a better man. Things that now seem to you so important, which interest and perplex you overmuch, will sink to their proper places. Home and wife, family and friends, will rise. A thousand thousand congratulations on this happy event. You don't yet appreciate it yourself. A year or two of married life will work wonders.

I shall see your wife, of course. She probably does not recollect me. I remember her dark hair and eyes in contrast with the singular beauty of her older sister—a blonde—and the pleasant way in which you toyed with her. But enough,—I am in favor of the union—a union far more important to your future than that other Union which we quarrel about so much.

You are going out of public life for a time. I rather regret that. With a wife and family it would not be so absorbing as it is now.

Our election takes place tomorrow. It is a very exciting struggle. Elements are now taking position for the future. It is to be decided whether the Democracy will control this city and county in the future as in the past. A decisive preponderance either way will fix the course of things for some little time. I barely escaped being in the fight. I suppose that by simply saying yes, I could have received the nomination in Mr. Groesbeck's district, and that I could have been elected over him. With the present candidate I think he will be beaten. I mean that Mr. Groesbeck will be beaten, but it is not by any means a clear case. Mr. Pendleton, I suspect, will be re-elected. But what odds does it make? You are to have a wife and home, and that's worth all the seats in Congress twice told. My love to your wife. She is a capital woman I know. Blessings on you both.

As ever,

R.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

## CHAPTER XIII

CITY SOLICITOR — CINCINNATI, 1858-1860

CINCINNATI, November 30, 1858.

**D**EAR UNCLE:— We are having delightful weather at last. Platt visited me last week and I hear today that Mother or Laura will come down with you from Columbus if you come that way soon. . . .

I have wanted to chat with you about some matters of no great consequence for a few weeks past and hope you will be down before I am required definitely to act. There is to be a vacancy in a few weeks on our Common Pleas bench to be filled by the Governor. The bar will, if I consent, recommend my appointment with as much unanimity as is ever exhibited by such bodies. The pay will be either two thousand dollars or two thousand five hundred dollars a year. Private reasons which you are aware of, but which I prefer should not be known here, incline me strongly in favor of the proposed step. Those reasons are much strengthened by recent occurrences which I will mention to you when we meet. The affair is all in the future as yet, but as I may be required to decide before you come, I thought I would speak of it.

My health is better this fall than usual; about work enough for comfort. . . . Boys healthy and noisy, noisy especially, so be prepared.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 9, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:— I am in my new *office* (City Solicitor's office) and, seeing I was elected only last night, begin to feel much at home. The berth is a good one. Salary three thousand five hundred dollars per year and duties agreeable. I am well spoken of by all the papers. The *Commercial* of Wednesday

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and Thursday I suppose you saw. All the Americans, all the Republicans, and one Democrat voted for me. No one of our side could get in without that Democratic vote. It was pleasant all around except that our old friend Caleb [B.] Smith had to be disappointed. But as I behaved liberally in the premises, no blame for that attaches to me. This is much better than the judgeship. Besides, I discovered that the judge appointed by the Governor only gets fifteen hundred dollars. My present office is to be filled in four or five months by the people.

Boys and Lucy all well. We hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 17, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I had heard from Mother of your illness, and am glad you are getting well. The weather is now fine and I hope we shall see you next week. As to our boys, I agree that it is very desirable to bring them up in the country as much as possible. They are however very strong and healthy. Birtie has gained wonderfully. He now looks as if he might grow up large and heavy.

The duties of my new office are all in the line of my profession. The suits of the city, advice to all its officers in legal matters, etc., etc., occupy my attention. The litigation of a city like this is very important and of great variety. My assistant will attend to the less important matters, leaving me free to devote to the leading cases all my time. The amount of business is not large — at least not too large; not so perplexing, I think, as my old place. — Let us see you soon.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 25 (Christmas), 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I hoped you would be with us today, and still hope that you will come down before the end of the holidays. Our courts are all closed until after New Year's day;

I am the only one in the City Buildings this morning. The weather is beautiful and everybody happy. Our children are overflowing with enjoyment of their Christmas presents. It is a great happiness to observe them. Last evening we had a jolly time. Our German girls, without our suspecting it, worked night before last until three o'clock in the morning in the cellar, and succeeded in surprising us all when we went to supper last evening, by giving us a beautiful Christmas tree. Birch and Webb were hardly able to contain themselves. They speedily got in all the neighbors' little folks and had a capital little impromptu frolic. This morning they are again in a happy excitement over the leavings of "Kriss Kringle." I do not think I ever enjoyed a Christmas so much when I was a little fellow, as I do now in seeing the happiness of my children.

It is nine years today since I came to Cincinnati. Many changes have occurred in that time in the little circle of those most dear, most of them pleasant ones, but I suppose I shall never see these happy seasons without shedding a few tears for the loved one gone!

I do hope you will come down next week.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, December 25 (Christmas), 1858.

DEAR MOTHER:—I have just written to Uncle, although I hope he is with you on his way to visit us. It is a bright lovely morning in keeping with the happy scenes of the day. Our children are having more than their share of the happiness. Last evening our girls surprised and delighted us all with a Christmas tree which they had prepared by working nearly all the night before in the cellar. Birch and Webb were as happy as possible. This morning they are again in a state of excitement with the gifts of Santa Claus. Birch would like to show them to Ruddy. He has a genuine man's snare-drum, a sofa, bedstead, musical instrument, cart and horses, which run by a spring like the locomotive, "Jack the Giant Killer," "Tom Thumb," and other books, balls and toys.



They were delighted a great deal with one thing which I mention for Ruddy's benefit. We fixed the locomotive so it would run in a circle and put one of the little wax candles lighted in the smoke-stack and darkened the room. It is a pretty sight to see the little machine with its blazing candle wheeling in a circle in the dark and delights the little folks hugely.

It will be six years Thursday since we were married. If you and Uncle will come down on that day or before it, we will celebrate it over again. — Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*December 26, 1858.* — Had a "merry Christmas" yesterday. Our nice German girls got up a Christmas tree to amuse the little folks. It delighted them hugely. Birtie is getting to be a large, fine-looking boy. Is very fond of having me read stories from his gift books — "Jack the Giant Killer," "Hop o' my Thumb," "Aladdin's Lamp," and the like. He is very sympathetic, is easily moved to tears when Lucy reads or tells him such affecting little stories as the "Babes in the Wood."

Webb is a handsome, lively, wayward, little fellow, two years and nine months old. Small of his age, short and stout, very fair complexion (a little waxy red in his cheeks), bright, large, light blue eyes, flowing, silky, white curls, and a large square forehead. A little Ben Franklin of a boy, as mischievous as he can be, always determined to have his own way, persevering and determined not to give up. Ruddy is six months old, resembles Webb rather than Birtie, a laughing, bright-eyed baby, promises well; has colic still often. Webb and Ruddy are like the Birchard side of my house. Birch, we think, is getting more and more like his uncle Joe. A very happy family we are.

It is nine years since I came to Cincinnati, and six years since I married. Both good steps. I am now fairly established as a lawyer — with a good reputation and flattering prospects. About three weeks ago I was elected City Solicitor in place of Judge Hart. It is for his unexpired term of four months. I think

the office a very desirable one; salary sufficient — three thousand five hundred dollars, and duties agreeable.

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CINCINNATI, December 31, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:— I am sorry to learn by your last that we are not to see you during these jolly holidays. It however will make but little difference if you come soon enough to spend a part of the winter with us.

A notice of dissolution between myself and Corwine will appear tomorrow. I ought to get out of the concern several thousand dollars, but it is by no means certain that I shall more than two or three and possibly not that much. However, ending as it does, I am a gainer by having formed the connection. I leave it with such a position as will insure me a fair living practice either alone or otherwise.

Rogers is here. He will remain during the most of the winter.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, January 14, 1859.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . I notice what you say as to looking out for what is due me in our firm. I shall do my best. The most of it is in a condition not to be lost by my neglect. Nine thousand dollars is in a judgment in the name of Rogers and myself in Kentucky; four thousand dollars in suit; two thousand five hundred dollars in a single claim in my charge; so that if I lose, it will be rather from the nature of the claims than anything else. My share of the three large claims above is six thousand dollars. As to small claims I shall keep my eye on them as much as possible. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, April 5, 1859.

DEAR MOTHER:— I hope you are not cast down about the election here. It will, I hope, not prove my ruin. Tell William

our treasurer got in by about four hundred majority; our mayor has nineteen hundred majority; I have twenty-two hundred. A good time for unpopular men when the majorities are so great. — Lucy and all very well.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*June 19, 1859.* — On Wednesday, June 8, our boys were baptized in our own parlor. Present, Mother Hayes, Mother Webb, Dr. James Webb, (Aunt Clara, Eliza, Jane, and Mary, servants, colored), Lucy and myself. [The boys were christened] Birchard, James Webb, and Rutherford Platt. Dr. Clark of the Methodist church performed the ceremony. The boys all behaved well. Webb after it was over asked, "What did the gentleman put water on my head for?" The boys are all fine little fellows. Birch is tall, slender, with fine eyes, a great quantity of hair, talks a great deal — hitting on words that rhyme often; is learning to whistle, and goes about whistling constantly. Webb is short, stout, bright, and mischievous; very resolute and wilful, modest — very modest; never gives up a purpose; exceedingly affectionate, — when asked who[m] he loves, says, "All the people," and if asked who[m] best, says "Barchie." Little Ruddy is pretty; blue eyes, fair skin; looks like Webb and promises to be like him in disposition.

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FREMONT, July 1, 1859. Friday A. M.

DEAR L —: — We reached here last night in good condition, and as it was ten o'clock we stopped with Father Kessler. Birch has been a good boy — is a very agreeable travelling companion. I am writing in the bank. Uncle has not yet got down. He is very well.

. . . . At Kenyon everything looked as pretty as possible. Dr. Little and Carrie went up with us from Columbus but on commencement morning they received a dispatch that one of their little folks had the scarlet fever and they went home immediately. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were there. Mrs. Campbell

looked young and pretty. Mrs. Solis and Jennie Andrews stopped at Profesor Smith's (my quarters also) where we had an agreeable company. There were two boys a little older than Birch. They kept Birtie in employment with a large rocking-horse and firecrackers. Uncle Billy [William K. Rogers] is tolerably well but thinner than ever.

I hope you are well. This pleasant change in the weather extends, I suppose, to Cincinnati. It will, I hope, agree with you as well as it does with me. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 23, 1859.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . I too thought constantly on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of the sad event of three years before. I can't write or talk much of such griefs, but I suppose I feel them as deeply as others do. Fanny was a lovely character, and all reveries about her contain pleasant as well as mournful reflections.— Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, September 10, 1859.

DEAR GUY:— It is a long while since I have heard from you or written to you. I have thought of you often, as often as ever, and take as great an interest as ever in you and yours. We are sorry not to have seen you and your wife before you left for the South in the spring. This will not, I hope, be the last of you in Washington. I do not question your sincerity when you express disgust with political life at Washington. No doubt its dark side is dark enough; yet that ought not to drive from the public service good men whose tastes, opportunities, and abilities point [them] out as fitted for public station.

How is your wife? How are you living? Write me of all your affairs; how is Stephen and your older brothers? Uncle Birchard spent a good deal of the winter and spring with me. He often talks of you all. He has tolerable health now and does

not change rapidly. He has joined the Presbyterian Church and is largely interested in church and religious matters. He is free from all sectarianism and bigotry, takes cheerful and hopeful views of things, and is as clear of all that is disagreeable in many persons who are religiously inclined, as any one I ever knew. He is a happier and, perhaps, a better man.

My wife and boys are my world, and occupy all my time, or nearly all, which is not given to business. Outside of my profession, I read occasionally a good book, and keep a general run of politics. This summer I made a trip with Birtie to Kenyon. Rogers is there studying theology. I staid with Julia Buttles *Smith*. Mrs. Solis (Harriet Platt), Lizzie Campbell (Little) and Dr. John Little were all there pleasantly reminding me of old times. I have also during the vacation of the courts made a pleasure trip East and to Mammoth Cave.

I do not know what part you took in the late contest for Governor in Texas; but supposing you entertain your former notions about General Houston we probably agree in feeling sorry that the Old Humbug has again risen to the surface. It may be regarded as a proper rounding off of his chequered career by lovers of the romantic, but in any other view it is not agreeable to contemplate.

Douglas was here and spoke last night. It is supposed by most of his friends that the South will consent to his nomination at Charleston, and if so his chance of winning the Presidency seems very good. His last expression of his views in *Harper's* certainly strengthens him in the North.

Write to me. — As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

*October 2, 1859.* — We have been absent from our own house a good part of the summer, having an addition made to it. A third story has been put on to the back part, a brick kitchen, three stories, for wash-room, girls' room, [and] bathroom. We are now at home again, and the painting, papering, brushing up,

and the like, nearly completed. In the kitchen we have a range which thus far does well, and other conveniences. Birch has been absent with his grandmother since July 30. I long to see him. Webb is healthy, stout, short, and noisy. Very good-tempered and lively. It is delightful to see him galloping along, with his bright wavy hair rising and falling as he leaps. He talks a great deal, utterly regardless of grammar and pronunciation. The baby, Ruddy, is fat, lively and lovable. Very resolute; speaks a few words; but can only walk by holding on to a chair or some other object.

*October 23, 1859.* — Several years ago, in 1852, I think, I caught a severe cold which I did not get rid of for several weeks. During the time I had it I tried the Nancy Farrer case — the trial occupying nearly two weeks, and requiring a great deal of exertion of voice in examining a host of witnesses, arguing incidental questions and addressing the jury. I thought at the time that my lungs, the lung on the right side especially, was [were] somewhat injured. Occasionally since I have felt a weakness, nothing that could be called pain, under the lower ribs on the right side. A little exertion in speaking seems to bring on this feeling. It is near the point on the right side where my body touches the table or desk when I write, as I usually do, with my right side towards the table. I have felt the same weakness increased after long writing. I suspect it is caused quite as much by writing as by colds or speaking. I now write about it to preserve the dates when I have most felt it and to write a couple of rules or cautions for my future conduct, viz.:

(1) To write either facing my desk or table or with my left side towards it.

(2) To form the habit of speaking without much exertion of voice.

I may add a third: If I ever find speaking or writing injuring me, to discontinue it until I am again sound.

In 1852 this weakness first came to my notice; repeated once or twice since; and now again in a way to occasion me a slight uneasiness.

*November 6, 1859.* — Birchie was six years old on Friday, the 4th. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Herron, and Stephenson dined with us. Birtie received a number of presents — some blocks for a three-story house, and books. He is beginning to learn to spell and of his own motion "takes to larnin'." The other boys improve finely. Little Ruddy is growing fast. We think he will be larger than Webb, who is very small, and stronger than Birch.

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CINCINNATI, December 2, 1859.

DEAR MOTHER:— . . . . Our visit to Fremont was an exceedingly pleasant one. Uncle was in good health. Mrs. Valette better than usual. Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone were there on Thanksgiving day from Wisconsin. Lucy took tea at Mrs. Taylor's. Her family all well. Mr. and Mrs. McLelland and Platt Brush and his wife spent one evening at Mrs. Valette's with us. We took Webb. He liked it much. All the relations well except Pease. He is not able to sit up much of the time. His spirits are good. He may live a good while. I think he will last through the winter, although his death at any time would not surprise me. He is as happy and cheerful as you could expect one to be under such circumstances.

Uncle's new house [in Spiegel Grove — the older portion of the present house] is large and very handsome. Not too large. It is just such a house as I would prefer to live in. He has taken a great deal of pains with it, and has in every respect been fortunate. There will be no expensive work, no merely ornamental work about it. Lucy was very much taken with it. I suspect she will prefer it to a city home, after she once gets settled there. It is not quite certain whether it will be ready to occupy early next summer or not.

I have been very busy since my return or I would have written before. Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

*December 17, 1859.* — We (Lucy and self) took with us Webb to Fremont Thanksgiving day, the 25th of last month. Had a happy time at Mrs. Valette's. Uncle uncommonly well for him. The saddest thing is Pease's hopeless sickness. He is dying of consumption. Talks pleasantly, is clear-headed and natural; feels that one *ought* not to die, when bones, muscles, and brain are all so sound, but is perfectly aware that there is no hope. When we parted he said, "Oh, we may meet a hundred times yet." What good friends we have been since I was a boy, since 1835 — almost twenty-five years. It is hard to see him go. We shall meet again, I hope, before the great change.

Have read "Recollections of Choate" this week. He was a "remarkable" man, as Dickens says so many Americans are. I have heard him pour out in impetuous torrents his warm and wordy eloquence. It was no doubt most effective in compelling verdicts from juries, but never struck me as "high art" or (the real thing) genuine nature. His best production, "Eulogy on Webster," at Dartmouth, is very beautiful. The lesson of his life, that is, the best suggestion one gets from it, is the importance and value of perpetual and preserving labor in any direction which one's judgment selects. "Diction," verbiage, was his idol. He sacrificed pleasure, health, all, to it. Well, it is important. Western lawyers, Cincinnati lawyers, do neglect too much what is termed learning, scholarship. Let me read and reread the best ✓poets, as Shakespeare, Milton, Byron; the model prose writers or speakers rather, as Burke [and] Webster. Addison does not interest me. He is smooth but, to me, dull.

Choate, if this book contains his best, was not equal to Corwin or Judge Johnson in wit, in shrewd and telling remark, in anecdote, or illustration. With vastly more reading and scholarship than Judge Johnson, with more magnetic power, with warmth and enthusiasm, he was not equal to the judge in brains; not equal in illustration, in wit, or in shrewd mastery of the prejudices and biases of juries. Judge [Johnson] as a thinker, as a man of intellect, is far his superior.

Choate wrote a great deal; did not, it is said, commit his speeches to memory, but wrote them before he spoke. Benton, it is said, prepared for his greater efforts in the same way. It



must be useful to write and rewrite such portions of a speech or argument as require precision, and such parts as are intended to be "fine" — the statement of propositions and the rhetorical parts of an argument.

Dr. Boynton in one of his popular lectures on geology described the first and lowest forms of animal life of which fossilized remains are to be found in the crust of the earth. He showed that science teaches on this subject two facts of sound importance in our day, which general observation tends strongly to confirm. One is, that the animals of the early geological periods, and which exist only as fossils, were far inferior in structure and organization to the living animals of our own times, showing that fossils are not the favorites of the Creator; and the other fact is, that the lowest and meanest animals to be found either on the earth or in its crust, fitted only to crawl and wriggle in mud and slime, are those which the Creator has organized with the great primal defect of having no backbones!

Among the expenses of the American Revolutionary War which the British government laid before Parliament, one of the items was "*five gross of scalping-knives.*" — *Buckle*, p. 344.

*December 24, 1859. — Christmas eve.* Ten years ago tonight came to Cincinnati. Arrived at Pearl Street House about 9:30 P. M., a cold clear night, a stranger seeking "room" among the brethren of the greenbag. Without any extraordinary success, without that sort of success which makes men giddy sometimes, I have nevertheless found what I sought, a respectable place. Good. . . .

*December 26, 1859. —* Birtie and Webb both have measles — both light as yet, and Birtie probably past the worst. They both lie in the same bed in their grandma's room. A red, bladder-like balloon, a present of Uncle Joe's, floating against the ceiling in their sight, and other presents near them. . . .

*January 5, 1860. —* On Monday cousin John Rutherford Pease died at Fremont of consumption. We roomed together at Captain Thompson's in Fremont from the spring of 1845, when I first opened a lawyer's office, until he married his second wife about [the last of October], 1848, a period of [considerably

more than three] years. What a friendly man he was! Indifferent to the welfare of mankind in the mass, thinking that common men were to be used by their superiors in intellect, he was yet kind to all, and true as steel to the few select friends whom he loved; disposed to think well of his blood relatives, and ready and glad to aid them. He had a noble head, large, round forehead, developed like a promontory, of the sort Judge Johnson calls Doric. He was gifted by nature with the best intellect of any of the Hayes family. Could play perfectly chequers, chess, cards, etc.; was an ardent, unhesitating party man — Democrat; had no literary culture, could not write or speak grammatically, but knew the things which ought to be done in any exigency, and recognized and appreciated the best things in literature. He was physically timid — not decidedly so — but cautious, full of good anecdotes and fond of humor; excelled in ridicule.

Speaking of religion, he was an orthodox Episcopalian in sentiment to the general ear; but in his private sentiments, a skeptic. His only fear of the future was annihilation or loss of personal identity. Did not shrink from death but would greatly prefer to live longer. After learning from Uncle that he could last only a few days, I resolved to write him and say two things — how much I valued and loved him, and how confident I was that in the future he would share the fate of my dear sister Fanny. He would have considered that, as I do, the best fortune that any one can hope for. Dear, dear friend, hail and farewell!

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CINCINNATI, January 5, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE: — I heard of Pease's death yesterday at Columbus. As I was going to the depot, I met General Bell, Haynes, and John L. Greene, and asked them how Pease was and learned [of] his death for the first time. I left home before your letter and McLelland's dispatch were received. It is just as well; I might have gone up to the funeral, but it is all over. I feared from your last letter that he would not last long. He has been a great happiness to us — a good friend — a delightful companion. I did intend to write to him a few last words of friendship, and to

say what I thought of his future. I am too late—but it is as well. We shall remember him as he would prefer to be remembered.

The boys are getting well as fast as need be. The little one is just getting sick. No doubt he will get through as his brothers have. Mother is in better health than usual.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*Sunday, January 15, 1860.*—Little Ruddy has been very sick—the effect of measles; is today decidedly better. His lungs are easily affected. He is in temperament, etc., midway between Birch and Webb—smarter than either, his grandmother says. Glad he is getting well.

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CINCINNATI, January 19, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—I received your letter today. . . . I was gratified with Otis' letter about Pease. I felt hurt that the *Democrat* should have had no notice of his death except the ordinary naked announcement of the fact. You must miss him greatly. If Ruddy gets well enough, Lucy will go to Columbus; otherwise, of course, not. I had an excellent letter today from Laura. She describes her Vermont vacation visit as a very happy one. Mead and girls and boys with Laura dined at Uncle Austin's. Had a good jolly visit. We are all well except the baby. You must come down soon. You will find us uncommonly happy and good-natured.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*January 22, 1860.*—Bought an old book to muse over—"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." He quotes from the ancients proverbs and witticisms, saying of all sorts—some worth remembering. [Several are recorded in the Diary.]

CINCINNATI, January 29, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . We have had a lively time, full of excitement and interest for the boys, and men too, for that matter, receiving the official visits of Kentucky and Tennessee. All passed off agreeably. If no good was done, it is quite certain that very little harm was done. It is about time we were getting our winter visit from you. Can't you come soon? . . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, January 30, 1860.

DEAR MOTHER:—I have just read your good long letter. I sympathize fully with your feelings in regard to the old homes with which so many associations of your younger days are connected. I hope the Bancrofts are not to be left without any home of their own in their old age. The loss is sad enough, even if they have the means to provide a new one. It is pleasant to know that Laura finds so much pleasure among her Yankee relatives. Uncle writes cheerfully, and is in pretty good health. Our Birch and Webb are getting over the effects of measles, and are almost as rugged and noisy as ever. Little Ruddy is still weak and pale. Can't walk or creep at all. We hope he will get along better this fine weather.

We, too, had a great demonstration on the occasion of the visit from the Kentucky and Tennessee authorities. The great procession passed our house, much to the delight of the boys. Our house was adorned with flags and portraits of Jackson and Clay, in all which the little folks were more concerned than the older children. All passed off to the satisfaction of the city and the strangers. Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

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*February 4, 1860.*—If some Boswell would collect the good things of Judge Johnson they would excel in quantity and quality

the witty and pithy sayings of [Rufus] Choate or [George D.] Prentice. A new one yesterday. Of E. P. Norton, a waiter upon notabilities, he says Shakespeare's saying should be worded: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some thrust *themselves* upon greatness."

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CINCINNATI, February 4, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . You ask what I am doing. Not working hard — not working much. I earn my salary, I am sure, and am therefore conscience clear. I have read a good deal this winter — more than usual; some history, some poetry, some religion, biography, and miscellaneous matters, but no novels and no politics. I am intending to go into politics and novels as soon as I finish three or four books that I have now on hand.

I never enjoyed life better. Barring two or three anxious weeks on the boys' accounts, this has been a happy winter — very. Lucy is in finer feather than she has been for two or three years. We want you to come down and are sorry to hear that sickness has kept you at home. The weather is fine again and we hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, February 7, 1860.

DEAR GUY:— I am very glad to hear of your good fortune. Me and my wife send congratulations to you and your wife — our boys to your boy. Not done in the best of English, but the sentiment is sound and the good wish sincere. I am glad to hear from you once more.

George [Jones] and myself held a class meeting, or, if it is more in your line, a caucus, over your long silence a few weeks ago; and we began to fear that the deadening effect of long separation, added to intensity of political separation, had ended our correspondence. You are the only college friend from whom even an occasional letter or reminder is to be expected. All the rest have drifted off into unbroken silence.

I like Galveston as a home with a summer retreat from the fever. Ladies and gentlemen getting respectable, if not venerable, prefer, I find, a city; but children ought to be in the country. We hope to enjoy both conditions hereafter. Uncle has nearly finished a beautiful residence in a fine grove about a mile from Fremont, which is to be our home in summer.

You know we have three boys, the youngest nearly two — the eldest "going on seven." All fine boys, of course, and, what is not so fine, they are all just getting well of the measles. They have had (the two oldest) all the other baby complaints except the scourge of this climate, scarlet fever, and that we hope to escape.

Uncle is in usual health. Matthews, of Columbus, Buttles, and Case are all doing as well as ever; — Buttles better than usual. He is a church member and nearly rid of his insane appetite, it is thought. Dr. Little, as usual. George [Jones] is East buying stock (goods). The doctor (Webb) is with me; still a bachelor — and the best nurse and boy amuser living. I would recommend you and your wife, if there are any bachelor brothers, to cultivate them with increased affection. They are so useful when you have had enough boy, — and that time comes occasionally, your will find, strange as it may now seem. But these little ones are a great comfort. No doubt you will so find it. The precious little Guy, I hope he will be healthy and a living happiness to you all these many, many years.

As ever,

R. B. HAYES.

GUY M. BRYAN,  
*Texas.*

CINCINNATI, February 28, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE: — . . . As to the railroad bonds. The case at Columbus has been argued, but will not be decided for three or four weeks. But as I told you some time ago, bonds like yours — that is, first mortgage bonds, not exceeding ten thousand dollars a mile, on the C. & T. R. R. — are in my opinion, *perfectly secured under any decision that will be made*. I do not wish other people to act on my judgment, but so far as you



"BEFORE WAR LOOMED." FEBRUARY 22, 1860.  
Rutherford Birchard Hayes, city solicitor of Cincinnati, with his second son Webb, and Lucy Webb Hayes,  
then the mother of three boys.





are concerned, unless I am misinformed as to facts, I do not hesitate in giving this as my advice. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*February 28, 1860.*—The bell just tolled eleven or twelve o'clock at night. Kept up reading Bulwer's "What will He do with It?" This carries me back—sitting up to finish a novel! Years ago, fifteen or twenty, I did it often, but not lately. Wife and Webb away at Columbus.

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CINCINNATI, April 5, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have just read the decision in the railroad mortgage case at Columbus. It is, substantially, upon every important point, precisely what I have always told you I thought it would be. In one respect it secures the holder of a few bonds against combinations on the part of the large creditors in a way that had not occurred to me. It requires the railroad to be sold for two-thirds of an appraisement made in the usual way. Your C. & T. R. R. would never be appraised at less than two million dollars or three million dollars. It would be more likely to be four million dollars. So it is certain to sell for enough to pay the mortgages you are interested in fully. We are all well.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 11, 1860.*—Birch and Webb often discuss deep questions touching God, death, a future state, and the like. Birch is reverent and orthodox in his views; Webb is inquiring and by no means as serious as would seem proper. The other day in a thunderstorm they fell into a conversation on the cause of lightning. Birch said God did it. Webb interrupted, "Does God make the elephants?" "Yes, Webby."—"Well, *how does he get them down?*" puts in Webb. "Oh," says Birch, "there are a

great many things about God that we can't understand." — "Well, but," said Webb, "who made God?" "Webby," said Birch very seriously, "that is one of the things we can't understand. We shall know about that when we die and go to Heaven."

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CINCINNATI, April 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—I heard from you today. I hope your house arrangements have not caused you much trouble. We are quite able to get through the summer comfortably, and would prefer you should not be hurried. I will try to visit you during the next three or four weeks and stay a few days, when we can talk up all matters. I have talked with Judge Gholson about his railroad decision. It unquestionably gives perfect security to all first mortgages on all important railroads.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*April 15, 1860.*—I have just finished reading the first two volumes of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great." It is an entertaining book. Carlyle admires the doers rather than the talkers of the world. He loves earnest, truthful, brave men. "Veracity" is his pet word of praise. He says: "Nobody in these days has the least notion of the sinful waste there is in talk, whether by pen or tongue."

I have read Burnet's notes lately. In early times a code of rules to govern the settlers here was adopted in town meeting—about 1791. Where are they? William McMillan was judge, and received injuries which caused his death some years after in consequence of an attempt to arrest him by the military commandant of the fort for acting as judge.

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COLUMBUS, April 22, (Sunday) 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—I came up with mother Webb yesterday and shall return tomorrow. The grandmothers I shall leave together

about a week. . . . We came up by the pleasant new route. Since the contract of consolidation, as it is called, between the Hamilton & Dayton and the Little Miami Railroad companies, the middle of the day express train, between Cincinnati and Columbus, is run by the way of Xenia and Dayton without change of cars. The time is about fifteen minutes longer than the direct route, and is some twelve or fifteen miles greater distance; but this is more than made up by the fine country, and the greater convenience of the Hamilton & Dayton depot as the starting and landing point. Mother Webb and I walked down to the depot at 10 o'clock in the morning, and were set down at Platt's at about 3 o'clock P. M. — really a gain in time from our house over the old route. The return is still better, as it avoids the delay at the Little Miami depot, which you dislike so much.

I expect to have a good deal of leisure during a month to come, and shall probably visit you some Sunday soon.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, May 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:— . . . . Our delegates have left for Chicago. After Chase, they will prefer Wade, Frémont, or some such candidate — anyone named before Seward.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, May 23, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE: — We are all very well; have escaped the hurricane and floods without injury. Mother Webb was on a railroad train going to Lexington the afternoon of the great blow — the train ran over a tree causing alarm, but no injury to passengers.

. . . .

Lincoln you are, of course, pleased with. He takes well here. All well at Columbus.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*June —, 1860.* — A spring of storms; wind prodigious, rains unprecedented. May 21, a wind swept over Ohio and Kentucky, about one hundred miles wide by three hundred long, at the rate of eighty to one hundred miles an hour, unroofing houses in Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Xenia, Chillicothe, Portsmouth, Marietta. Probably twenty lives lost in the towns named. Since, storms in several places equally severe but not so extensive. A much severer one at the West June 4. Many lives lost. Rain on Sycamore street one inch an hour proved too much for the sewers and filled houses and cellars.

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CINCINNATI, June 11, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:— The city "speaking apparatus" is again in session. The street railroads want to get rid of their contract to pay one cent for every passenger carried, into the City Treasury. This is about three thousand dollars a month from the railroads now in operation. This is worth fighting about, and there is a good deal of hubbub about it.

Mother came down on Friday. She is in good health and spirits, and will stay some time with us. One thing I am in doubt about. She really seems to think she would like to go to Vermont. I fear it would interfere a good deal with our plans, but if it is likely that it would be best for her to go, we will modify our plans. If I had time at my command, I would certainly insist upon trying to gratify her. The difficulty is, our time will hardly allow us to travel, except railroad fashion — night and day. What do you think of it?

I have called several times to see Mr. Austin, but have not found him at home. From all I can learn from others, I have no doubt you are right as to his innocence of all connection with the attempt to smuggle powder. Neither he nor his partner was in the city, if my information is correct. I shall try to see him, for if the facts are as I believe, the public ought to know it.

By the by, if nothing prevents, I will come up and talk over my trip with you next Sunday, or the Sunday after.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

*June 24, 1860.* — Yesterday the Democrats put in nomination two tickets at Baltimore. Douglas and Fitzpatrick were nominated by the Northern wing and Breckinridge and Lane by the Southern. Lincoln and Hamlin, nominated by the Republican party, and Bell and Everett, candidates of the "Union" party, have been in the field several weeks. Four tickets for national offices. This is new in my day. My Republican friends are confident that Lincoln and Hamlin will be elected by the people. I have a good deal of apprehension on the subject. I fear the election will go to the House. Let me cipher. There are three hundred and three electoral votes; one hundred and fifty-two are required for a choice. We may count for Lincoln the States carried by Frémont in 1856 — eleven States, one hundred and fourteen electoral votes. Add Minnesota four, one hundred and eighteen certain. Pennsylvania, probably, twenty-seven, Oregon, probably, three — one hundred and forty-eight. Four more votes are necessary to elect him. If California, New Jersey, Illinois, or Indiana should go for Lincoln, the vote of either State added to one hundred and forty-eight would elect. But all the following States should, perhaps, be counted doubtful. I will append my view of the chances.

New Jersey (7), Pennsylvania (27), Oregon (4?), Illinois (11), doubtful, but probably for Lincoln. Their vote added to that of the Frémont States would give Lincoln a total of 167 votes.

Indiana (13), California (4), Missouri (9), Delaware (3), doubtful, but probably for Douglas — 29 votes.

Certain for Bell, Kentucky (12), Tennessee (13), Louisiana (6), Maryland (8). Doubtful, but probably for Bell, Virginia (15), North Carolina (10). A total of 64 votes.

Certain for Breckinridge, Alabama (9), Arkansas (4), Florida (3), Georgia (10), Mississippi (7), South Carolina (8), Texas (4). A total of 45 votes.

Lincoln's chance in New Jersey depends on having a small defection in favor of Bell, and an equal or larger defection from Douglas. The same in other States. That is, Douglas will carry almost the whole Democratic vote in all the Northwestern States I think certain. I estimate the defection from him to Breckin-

ridge as follows: In Ohio, Illinois, New Jersey, and Connecticut, three to five thousand each; in Indiana, five to eight thousand; in Pennsylvania, twenty to thirty thousand; in New York, thirty to forty thousand.

On the whole I think Lincoln's chance the best, but not a moral certainty; that Bell or Breckinridge will be next. All this is on the supposition that Breckinridge will remain a candidate. His withdrawal would change the programme *toto cælo*.

CINCINNATI, June 29, 1860.

DEAREST L—:— Thank you for the nice little letter. We were getting fussy about you. Always will if we don't hear often. One of you is, of course (!) of small moment but then *you three* make a void about home — especially at mealtimes, going-to-bed times, etc., etc. We do feel alone without you, but we'll be good and patient if you will write frequently.

Mother Webb is much better — calls herself perfect again. Webb sleeps with Uncle Joe — is a marvellously good boy; takes teaching from his Grandma Hayes. Last night he rode the circuit with me on top of the street cars. . . .

The Fourth of July has broke out in the usual way — the symptoms more violent than last year. Webb seems to think it is his birthday and that the flags and uproar have some personal reference to himself; insists on firecrackers, torpedoes, and the like in great quantities. . . .

Affectionately,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 2, 1860.

DEAREST L—:—. . . . You need not feel anxious about any of us. Mother Webb is better than when you left — not perfectly well by any means but improving and in very good spirits.

The failure of Dr. James is not a matter to mourn, and none of us so feel it. He preferred a re-election, but I much doubt if it was really desirable. He has got out of the place about all

the good there was in it, and his re-election would I really think have done him more mischief than benefit. Dr. Joe and his mother so regard it and have no feeling on the subject. There was nothing in the manner of the thing worth noticing. There was a division among the commissioners, no two agreed on the same candidate. The mayor voted for Dr. James, the auditor supported him a part of the time, but no two happened to vote at the same time for him. The argument of a needy family was the point in favor of his competitors. I would not have said so much about it, but you seem to have a good deal of trouble about it and I write to relieve it. It has not been mentioned or thought of by any of us for the last four or five days. He made six dollars the day after he left the office. . . .

Affectionately,

R.

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 5, 1860.

DEAREST L—:—The Fourth of July is over and we have escaped. None even of our particular friends have been seriously injured. As at this writing I have received no dispatch from you, I suppose you also are all safe. Many eyes and limbs must have been lost, but we do not know the particulars. The *New York Observer* will be full of it the next few weeks.

I devoted myself to Webb all day. He took to torpedoes at the first introduction, but was shy of crackers. I succeeded in conquering his fears and he became as fond of it as ever Birch was. At night Mr. Wilson and others had fireworks which even Mother Hayes approved of.

I spent the evening in a jolly, sensible way at the Club—got home sober at 1:45 P. M. [A. M.] Felt lonely without you, and ruminated how loving and confidential I would be if you were only with me. There is one side of my nature which is not seen at all times, which I sometimes think you do not know, a sensibility to saddening influences, giving rise to very strong emotions, when the requisite exciting causes are at work. A meeting of old friends, when some dear ones are absent, possibly dead, the occurrence of happy or sad anniversaries. I was yes-

terday happy enough, and yet it was a sad anniversary. Four years ago I was all day with Fanny, hardly expecting her to live out the day. She died after I came home on the 16th.

There was a long beautiful, jovial letter read last night from George Strong, full of pat allusions to old times and friends now gone or scattered, waking up slumbering trains of associations which filled me full almost to overflowing. We are passing on to the downhill side. We ought to be and shall be dearer and dearer to each other. The affections scattered among so many who are gone or going should and naturally will concentrate on each other, if we are true and good. One [member] recited the affecting piece, "Twenty Years Ago, Tom." I had no sweethearts in my schoolboy days, as Tom and his schoolmates had. No sunnier face shines in my memory than the one I saw first about thirteen years ago in the little cottage above the spring [at Delaware] and which so often since has rested on my shoulder imparting comfort and joy always.

Love to all and kisses for the dear boys. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. H.

George Strong said: "I hear the Club has grown dignified and orderly. Oh, don't. I long for the good old days when we called the President, not Mr. President, but Rud or Billy."

MRS. HAYES.

CINCINNATI, July 21, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE: — I ought to have written to you some days ago. I went to Columbus a week ago — remained over Sunday and returned with Lucy and little Babes Monday. Laura is in fine health, happy and cheerful — looks and acts more like her mother than ever before. Is improved in appearance and manners, but not greatly changed. I doubt about Platt's marrying again. Nothing said on the subject. Mother will return as soon as Mrs. Solis' visit is over at Platt's — say in about two weeks. Lucy and I will start on the first of August, or within two or three days of that time, if nothing prevents. We shall probably go by way of Toledo and Detroit, and on our old route to Quebec, thence



by railroad across to the northern part of New Hampshire, and down the Connecticut River to Brattleboro. Possibly you can meet us at Toledo, but do not put yourself out of the way to do so. We would like it if you could go on with us. I have hunted up two or three outside places to go to, of a good deal of interest.

We are all very well. . . .

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*July 22, 1860.* — Mother Hayes is here and tells me the following particulars about her parents. Her father, Roger Birchard, was born in Connecticut, emigrated to Vermont, died at Saratoga on a visit for health 1806, and was buried there; aged about forty-five. He was a country retail merchant at Wilmington, Vermont. His father, Elias Birchard, was a farmer in Mansfield, Tolland County, Connecticut. The brothers of my grandfather Birchard were Amasa B., of Paris, New York, Israel B., of Canandaigua. Mother's mother was Drusilla Austin, a daughter of Daniel Austin, of Suffield, Hartford County, Connecticut, a Revolutionary soldier, a captain under Washington. Daniel Austin, of Philadelphia, Cyrus A., of New York, and Linus A., of Ohio, were grandmother Birchard's brothers. There were five daughters, all with families. Rowe, Smith, and Debart. Mother's grandfather was *Daniel* Austin and probably also Elias Birchard. The Birchards are of French extraction — Huguenots. [Their ancestor] took refuge in England, married an English woman.

*July 31, 1860.* — Day after tomorrow Lucy and I start on a four weeks' trip to see the cities and scenery of the East. Montreal, Quebec, and the ocean lie in our route. We anticipate much pleasure. The children we leave with their Grandma Webb and Uncle Joe. May we all get again together happy and well as we now are!

CINCINNATI, September 2, 1860.

Sunday morning.

DEAR MOTHER:— We reached home last night and found all here in their usual health. We returned by way of Cleveland and Fremont. We stopped two days at Fremont and enjoyed our visit with Uncle quite as much as we did any part of our trip. He is getting on very well with his house and except a cold is in good health.

I saw a great many who inquired after you and sent affectionate words of remembrance. Aunts Emily, Martha, Bancroft, Aunt Noyes, and many more. I found Uncles Austin and Roger both well and in good spirits. The visits to the different families of relatives were all pleasant enough. We were at Granby, Chesterfield, and saw Aunt Noyes and John.

Lucy got tired of the sight-seeing in the cities and we came home a few days sooner on that account. . . . We are glad to get home. Our trip was in every respect a fortunate one but we had enough of it. I will sometime talk over the interesting parts of it with you.— Love to all.

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, September 8, 1860.

DEAR MOTHER:— We are glad to hear you are so well. If you knew the various ups and downs of our long trip, you would have even greater reason to feel glad that you did not attempt it than you now have. As I have told you, we enjoyed our journey as much as we expected—perhaps more. It was really a great happiness. But we are [were] out in steamboats in two storms—one on the ocean between Portland and Boston, and one in a still worse place, the lower St. Lawrence, when the tide was rushing like a torrent; lost one anchor, ran on a rock, were between two or three days in a fog in the midst of rocks. And, worse than all for a civilized being, we were three nights in sleeping cars. I had rather risk a shipwreck than a sleeping car. We rode nearly twenty-five hundred miles by railroad. Now, this you could not have endured. Seeing New England and the

relatives with nothing else in view, you would enjoy, and I hope you may do it yet.

Uncles Austin and Roger are but little changed and would be glad to see you. Aunt Bancroft is a fine-looking old lady; spoke very affectionately of you. It would be delightful for you to see her. Aunt Fanny is a beautiful old lady also. Lucy took to her particularly. Aunt Noyes looks very old; is quiet and earnest, reminding one of Uncle Russell. The cousins generally are agreeable people and it was pleasant to meet them. I can tell you more of them when we meet.

I got a long letter written by my father in 1820 to Uncle Russell which you will like to read; also one of your letters written about the same time. You know I am prone to keep old letters and relics and value them more than most people do. I am to have the old Hayes clock. . . .

Affectionately,

R. B. HAYES.

MRS. SOPHIA HAYES.

CINCINNATI, September 20, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—Walstein and his wife had, I hope, a visit that paid. We enjoyed it very much, but they totally missed the Fair. The good part of the Fair has been this week. I never was more agreeably disappointed than when I visited it yesterday. The greatest crowd I ever saw—the finest fruit, flowers, machinery, implements of agriculture, etc., etc. The amount and variety of stock was not great, but very superior in quality. Instead of being inferior to State Fairs, it was far beyond them.

I have got Grandfather Hayes' old clock. It arrived safely a few days ago. I shall have it fixed up to keep time. I am at leisure again, and hope you are well.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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September 29, 1860. — About 4:30 P. M. the Prince of Wales [later King Edward VII] passed here. He rode in a carriage

drawn by four gray horses with the mayor sitting by his side, the Duke of Newcastle and ——— Germaine sitting in the front seat. All saw him from our front window, second story, Birch, Webb, Babe, and all. He was dressed in the common style. Black silk hat, blue frock coat, and light pants. A mild agreeable face, long nose, fair complexion, light, slender, and medium height.

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CINCINNATI, September 30, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:—. . . . I have made a few little speeches in the country townships, and shall make a few more. I cannot get up much interest in the contest. A wholesome contempt for Douglas, on account of his recent demagoguery, is the chief feeling I have. I am not so confident that Lincoln will get votes enough as many of our friends. I think his chances are fair, but what may be the effect of fusions in such anti-Republican States as New Jersey and Pennsylvania, is more than I can tell or confidently guess until after the state elections. In this county, the fight is doubtful, but probably against us.

We saw the Prince yesterday as he passed our house. A modest, decently behaved youngster. His visit has been without unpleasant incidents. — Love to all.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 7, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:— I have not heard from you for so long that I conclude that you are unusually busy this fine weather, and that your health is good. I hope it will not be injured by hard work, nor, when the weather changes, by exposure.

I write chiefly to get your suggestions as to your room in the third story. Our neighbor east, Mr. Johnson, has built a brick kitchen which somewhat darkens my library room; besides, it is a sort of passageway for the whole family. I am thinking of moving my books, etc., into your room. I shall never be disturbed by you, and I think I would not want to occupy it in a way to

incommoder you. On the contrary, it occurs to me that it might be agreeable to you. If I am mistaken, do not hesitate to say so, for Dr. Joe wants me to take his room, but I prefer, on some accounts, not to do so.

We have had a pleasant, lively little election canvass. I have enjoyed it well; no hard work and some sport. Our meetings are prodigious; but for the American [Know-Nothing] element, we would carry this county easily; as it is, we shall do well.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

CINCINNATI, October 15, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE: — Glad to know that you will not object to my traps in your chamber. I shall move up my books, etc., this week. Mother has returned home from Delaware after a good visit with Mrs. Wasson. Stem told me of your visit to Green Spring. We have had jolly good times rejoicing over the elections. Lucy and the boys had the best of it. On Saturday I dined out at Joseph Longworth's. He has a few paintings — only ten or a dozen, — but they are superb, some of them equal, no doubt, to any in the world. He told me to bring you to see them without fail. He likes to show and talk about them.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

COLUMBUS, October 22, 1860.

Monday morning.

DEAR UNCLE: — I came up Friday evening and shall return home today. This is my first visit here since early in July, before my trip East. I find Mother very well and in a more cheerful mood than usual. She had a happy visit at Delaware and feels glad to be again home, with some new recollections to occupy her mind. Laura is natural and agreeable — has a few beaux — is "coming out" this winter, but will not, I think, be much injured by any attention she may receive. Elinor Mead [later to become the wife of W. D. Howells] is coming here in a

month or six weeks to stay the winter. Fanny is in improved health; the other children as usual.

Thanks for the six barrels [of] apples; they arrived safely. I have completed my removal into your room and like the change. No change in friends here worth noticing.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*November 6, 1860.*— Election day. Had a birthday feast in honor of Birch's 7th birthday (Sunday 4th) today. Aunt and Uncle Warren both present. Boys delighted with their presents.

The Southern States are uneasy at the prospect of Lincoln's election today. The ultra South threatens disunion, and it now looks as if South Carolina and possibly two or three others would go out of the Union. Will they? And if so, what is to be the result? Will other slave States gradually be drawn after them, or will the influence of the conservative States draw back into the Union or hold in the Union the ultra States? I think the latter. But at all events, I feel as if the time had come to test this question. If the threats are meant, then it is time the Union was dissolved or the traitors crushed out. I hope Lincoln goes in. All now depends on New York. The October elections settled Pennsylvania and the other doubtful States.

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CITY SOLICITOR'S OFFICE,

CINCINNATI, 1860.

Mr. E. T. Carson will be an applicant for the United States marshalship in this district. I have been requested to write you a few words in his behalf. Of his qualifications for the office I need not speak. You doubtless know enough about him to be satisfied on that head. He has done much good service in the cause, and has suffered in consequence. Having two years ago secured the nomination for sheriff of this county, after a bitter and expensive contest, he gave up his place on the ticket to promote what was thought then to be the interest of the

Republican party. I might refer to other facts, but you are so familiar with our local politics that I need not do so.

There will of course be other applicants for the place, but none I venture to say whose fitness for it and whose position and services constitute a better claim than that of Mr. Carson.

I have heard no facts from which to form even a conjecture as to what course you will deem it proper to pursue respecting appointments in Ohio under the new Administration, but in any event mention of Mr. Carson's wishes this early day can do no harm.

Your speech in Covington was the right thing in the right place. Your views of the way by which the Republican party expects to preserve freedom in the Territories strike me as precisely right. Some of our leading Douglas men complain that you are stealing their thunder. It ought to be taken from them. They have shown their inability to use it.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.\*

CINCINNATI, December 9, 1860.

DEAR UNCLE:— It is three weeks since you wrote. I do not feel uneasy about your health; if you were sick, you would write; but I am wanting in faith that bankers are ever safe, and I fear these squally times may bring you worriment and losses. How is it? . . . .

With me, matters are looking well. My health is not merely good, but really robust. The bell rings for tea. — Good-bye.

Sincerely,

R. B. HAYES.

S. BIRCHARD.

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*December 14, 1860.* — Mother is here quite ill with a severe cold; is able to sit up, but very weak. She fears she has the consumption. I hope not. She talks of her relatives, of her early days, and is fond of recurring to them. She is sixty-eight years

\* This letter, undated and unaddressed, was doubtless written in the fall of 1860 and probably to Governor Chase.

old; will be sixty-nine next ——. When seventeen or eighteen, she spent a winter in New York City with her Uncle Daniel Austin. Her complexion was very fair as now, but then with rosy red cheeks. Once walking on Broadway with a young lady, healthy and plump but pale, the contrast attracted the attention of two ladies they met. One pointing at mother said, "Oh, see the paint." Mother went home so mortified, she could not help crying; but her aunt said: "All of our young ladies would give anything for your natural roses." Mother was born in Vermont, ——. She was sent to New York to get her away from my father who had been her beau. Soon after she came to New York her Uncle Daniel brought in a letter from Brattleboro, Vermont. "Have you any friends in Brattleboro?" — "Yes, a school friend, Miss ——" — "But this is directed by a gentleman." — "Yes, I have a gentleman friend also." — "Does your mother know that he is your correspondent?" — "No." — "Do you expect to marry him?" — "I shall, if I ever marry anybody." The uncle inquired about him particularly and asked, "Do you intend to reply to this letter?" — "Yes, unless you say I shall not." The sensible uncle said, "I do not say so," and always afterwards handed mother the letters written by my father so as not to attract the attention of the rest of the family. On the return of mother to her mother in Vermont, her mother made no objection to the marriage, and in due time it took place.

*December 24, 1860.* — Christmas eve. Lucy gone to Chillicothe. *Mem.:* — All ought to be at home to make home happy on these festal days. Boys well; hardly know what they want "Old Chris" to bring them. Eleven years ago tonight I came to Cincinnati. A prosperous happy term of life I have had. I cannot anticipate a happier in the years to come. Only one sad spot in all the time — the death of my dear, dear sister. Mother is with us.



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